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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

JULY, 1923

# FATE

## A SONG OF THE SWING

Oh red,—red, glows the morning sun
And purple robes him round.
Sun-birds chirp on the emerald trees;
What truths the doves have found?

Hark!—hark! the magpie robin sings;
The drongo,—it mimics well.
The cuckoo marks the blanks between;
What doth the bulbul tell?

"There is hope and fear in all hearts,
There are wars of loves and hates,
But in all the world—in all parts
Fate pairs the suited mates!"

H. DON. CLEMENT

(The magpie of Ceylon really sings. It does not chatter as said in the Dictionary.)

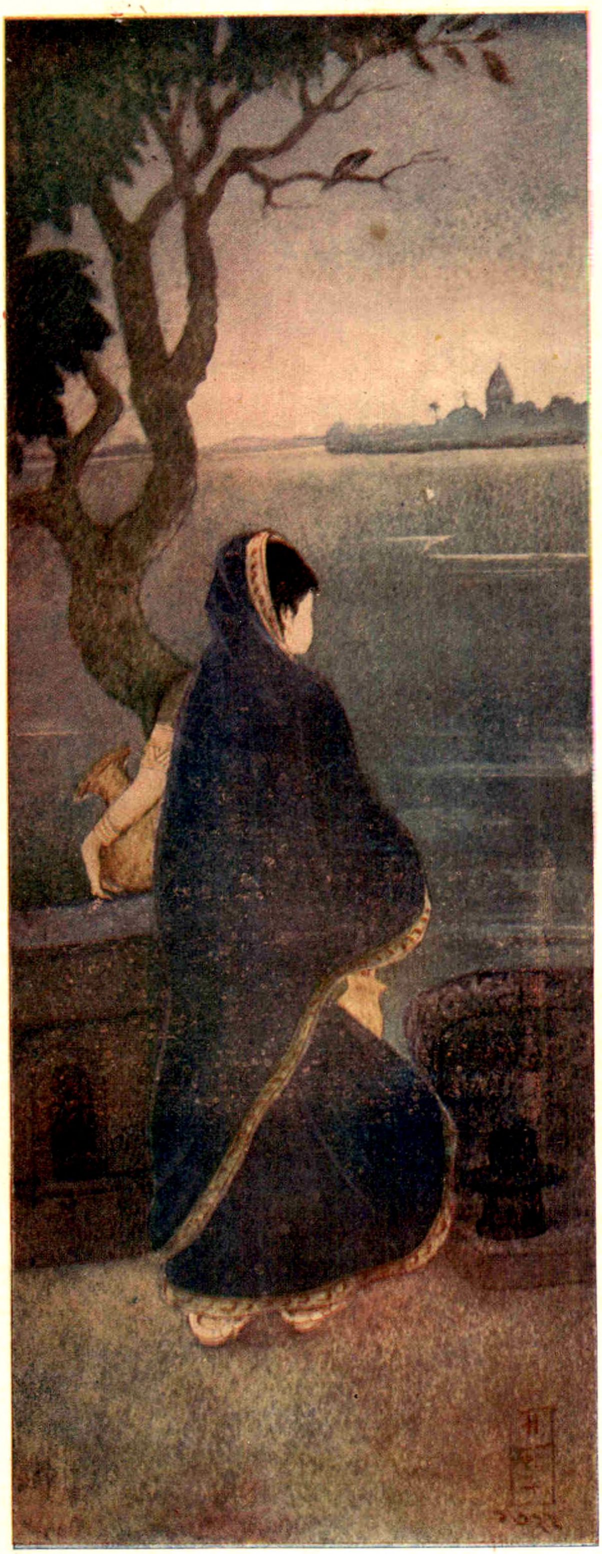
# SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE AND THE RAIN FESTIVAL

Rabindranath Tagore, more than any poet of modern India, has found inspiration in the harmonies of the universe; his inner ear has been open to the spiritual voices of nature and the ideal aspirations of man as expressed in the invisible forces of the cosmos. Being alive to the divine manifestations of music in this rhythmic world, he has set down his inspirations and impressions in the form of poetry and music.

Dr. Tagore has long been recognized as a poet of international note: as the winner of the Nobel prize, as a lecturer in both Europe and America, as a philosopher and thinker. That he is the greatest musician and composer "East of Suez" is not so widely known abroad, although in India he is loved and read from the lowest to the highest classes. His songs are sung, not only in Bengal, but all over the country. It is said that his music has reached even the driver of the bullock carts and those in the humbler walks of life. And that is the supreme test of popularity.

To attempt to define Indian music is to describe the indescribable. It transcends the limitations of mere words, and must be felt rather than analysed. Its lack of harmonic background and constant use of the grace note or gamaka would alone mark it as something different and strange to our ears. The fact that this melodic treatment of music has persisted for thousands of years, practically unchanged in mode and instrument has marked it as distinct and peculiarly India's own. This type of musical expression is inextricably woven into the very fabric of the nation's being, and to alter it to a new pattern would take away the essence which gives it individuality and indigenous flavour.

Dr. Tagore's relationship to Indian music is unique. Without losing any of essential character, he has modernized



TO THE RIVER

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Dr. Tagore's relationship to Indian music is unique. Without losing any of essential character, he has modernized the form by giving a definite subject to his songs; that is, in setting his own verses to music he has given it body and substance and an acceptable brevity more in accordance with modern conceptions.

One of the chief objections that more educated Easterners or Westerners have had to the old Indian modes, or methods, has been the endless reiteration and monotony of subject. Dr. Tagore's songs are not to be confused with this type of music. Instead of the rambling raga-bound extemporaneous accounts of the superhuman activities of the Gods on Mt. Meru, he has set his own beautifully descriptive poems to the music that is a part of them. And these songs reach a diversified public, from the little boys at the Santiniketan School, to the high type of audience who heard his music at the recent Rain Festival. His songs, like his poetry, have the universal quality of charm.

Dr. Tagore is essentially a lyric poet. His lines pulse with that rhythm which is an underlying principle of all life; and this rhythm is lifted into a lyric form of expression that almost sings itself. The poet, in reading his verses, naturally intones or chants his moving phrases, and it is this feeling of motion that makes his poetry a living thing, a part of the divine energy of life. His poems cover a wide field; he had written much of love, of nature, of philosophy and religion. In his later years he has come to be regarded almost as a saint, certainly as a seer, and has devoted himself largely to spiritual and cultural work. He comes of an illustrious family and has been hereditarily endowed with the highest attributes of an intellectual nature. He was surrounded, from his earliest youth, by an atmosphere of art, literature and music and his own genius combines the double gift of creation in music and literature.

Tagore has been called "the River Poet," "the Poet of Nature" and "the Poet of the Rains" and we are particularly interested in the verses which have for their subject matter the Rainy Season in India. If his poems lose any characteristic colouring through translations, they gain immensely in feeling and descriptive power when one hears them Tagore gave the original versions of his poetry and music at the Rain Festival.

The same spiritualized detachment which is so evident in his poetry pervade his music also . . . a quality of ideality and symbolism . . . the expression of a soul that has turned within itself for the divine source of inspiration. These songs have the simplicity of greatness, the mysticism of the spiritually introspective, the indefinable mystery of old India and the beauty of nature in the truthful interpretation of her varied manifestations. For what is poetry but a mirror of life turned inward to reflect the infinite phases of the soul through the absolute and eternal.

At Santiniketan, Dr. Tagore's school for boys at Bolpur, his activities have crystallized in priceless service to the youth of Bengal. He says that he was inspired to go to this forest home and devote his time and mind to teaching boys to learn truth and beauty and right living through nature and God. "I determined to do what I could to bring to the surface, for our daily use and purification, the stream of ideals that originated in the summit of our past, flowing underground in the depth of India's soil . . . the simplicity of life, clarity of spiritual vision, purity of heart, harmony with the universe, and consciousness of the infinite personality in all creation" (Shantiniketan, by Pearson).

While Santiniketan was actually founded by Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, the famous father of the poet, as a retreat in the forest for meditation and quiet study, it was developed into a school for boys in 1901 by Rabindranath, the son. His ideal was the old forest school of India and he too felt that "the chief teachers on whom the poet placed his main reliance, have been the open spaces around the groves, the trees, dawn and evening and moonlight, the winds and the great rains. He believed in the education of nature by which 'beauty born of murmuring sound' can pass into character." (Thompson's Tagore).

In the Santiniketan School Song the poet has expressed the love which they felt for this unique spot "the abode of peace" on the plains . . .

> " She dwells in us and around us however far we may wander,
> She weaves our hearts in a song making us one in music,
> Tuning our strings of love with her own fingers,
> And we ever remember that she is our own, the darling of our heart."

Speaking of a school address which the poet gave before his students, he said: "Music is of very great assistance to them, songs being not of the ordinary hymn type, dry and didactic, but as full of lyric joy as the author could make them. You can understand how these songs affect the boys when you know that singing is the best enjoyment which they choose for themselves in their leisure time, in the evening when the moon is up, in the rainy days when their classes are closed."

It is significant of the deeply universal spirit of Tagore that he has taught his pupils this prayer for evening. "The Deity Who is in fire and water, nay Who pervaded the Universe through and through, and makes His abode in tiny plants and towering forest to such a Deity we bow down for ever and ever." In this school of the Beautiful Idea there is no caste, that curse that fetters India's progress; no graven images of man-made Gods and no sacrifice of living animals, but only a worship of a Supreme Being that animates and pervades all nature and life.

Of the songs which the poet has written for his boys at the school, I will quote from a personal letter from Mr. C. F. Andrews, Dr. Tagore's secretary and assistant, at Shantiniketan, " I do not think that in the whole of India there is any music so good as that at Bolpur in our school. I love music though I am not a musician, and it has been a revelation to me ; it enters so deeply into the life, the common everyday life of the boys and teachers. It is as necessary to them as their daily food. The moment the word is sent about that there is to be music, the boys run from all parts of the Ashram to gather together to hear it...You will also find a little group collected in the evening around a boy with a flute or stringed instrument, in order to hear him play or sing. I think you know that each morning before sunrise the Ashram choir goes slowly round singing their hymns as they walk along the avenues, and the same singing procession takes place the last thing at night."

Could one conceive of a better ideal for a school than to have such a happy combination of music and poetry used as a vital part of the day's work ? The school can thus train in the impressionable minds of youth, the dormant sense of Beauty and plant the seeds of appreciation of the finer things of life in a natural way that will bear fruit all through their lives. It is here too that the very best influences of taste in music is cultivated.

In fact one may say that the first Rain Festivals started at Bolpur where the little boys gathered in the Sal groves, and garlanded with Kheya, Kadamba and lotus blossoms, go through the beautiful groves singing Tagore's songs to Rains.

Only those who dwell in India can know what the Rains mean to a drought-stricken, sun-smitten fevered and parched land. The coming of the rains is an occasion for praise and rejoicing for festival and thanksgiving. It is a manifestation of God and brings life to millions of His children. As the rains mean life itself to India, it is no wonder that this period of the Bengal calendar has been made the subject of a Music Festival.

The Varsha-Mangal, rain-festival, was given in Calcutta on August the seventeenth at the Madan Theatre under the auspices of the "Vishwa Bharati Sanmilani," or "University for Universal Culture" which was established at Bolpur by Tagore. The purpose of this public performance of the Festival was to aid the Shantiniketan school for boys.

The spacious new theatre was packed to the doors with a crowd of eager listeners, an audience representing the best elements of Calcutta's Indian society from a social and intellectual standpoint. There were others also present from the less cultured strata, for the Bengali, if he has the barest smattering of learning, loves the poet and comes to hear him. He is the great man whose flowing verses are the words of wisdom and light, and whose music is the soul of India idealizing all that is good in her.

It seems but fitting that music and poetry, the closest allies of the arts, should go hand in hand. There seems to be no higher form of creative art than for a poet to be also a composer; then indeed a work is one's own, body and soul, and so, the lyrics and music for this Festival, being all Tagore's compositions, seemed particularly vital and real...a voice crying out in the wilderness.

This Festival was the climax of Indla's musical activities, and was certainly the most artistic and satisfying performance that the writer has ever had the pleasure of hearing in the East. The opening song describes the misery of the people and country, wilted and parched, longing for the blessed rain.

> "The pitiless darts of fire from above strike my heart with thirst; my nights are sleepless, my days long and without comfort, scorched with heat. I hear the tired doves crooning in plaintive notes from behind withered boughs. Yet I fear not, but watch the sky, for I know that thou shalt appear in the guise of a storm in my heart which is parched and bare."
>
> —(From Tagore's new Ra n Poem.)

The plaintive strains of the melody accompanied by the slow beat of the drum expresses the longing and desire of the people for the coming rain...then later on, when the first signs of storm darken the sky, drum-beat takes on a quicker tempo and one feels the suppressed atmosphere of excitement.

" Come, thirst-quenching water !
Well out in liquid rapture rending the bosom of the hard !
From the mysterious dark leap out in overflowing streams,
—come, you who are pure !

The sun waits to welcome you, for you are his playmate.
His lyric of light wakens golden songs in your heart.
Come, you who are radiant.
The boisterous wind sends his cry to the deep where you dwell.
He comes and goes away and returns to call you again.
For you are to clap your hands to the time of his drum-beats,
you who are restless.
What magic spell has the desert demon cast on you and made
you captive with his fetter of rocks.
Break your prison walls, come running out with your current
free and dancing, you who are strong."

—(Tagore's new Rain Poems.)

These beautifully descriptive and symbolical lines picture the life-giving attributes of the storm and the moods of nature. Then, when the rains have come and the clouds darken the sky, and the trees bend beneath the beat of the heavy rain...the poet goes on to say,—

" In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers. To-day the morning has closed its eyes, heedless to the insistent calls of the loud East wind, and a thick veil has been drawn over the everwakeful blue sky. The woodlands have hushed their songs, and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh, my friend, my best beloved, the gates are opened in my house,—do not pass by like a dream."

—(Gitanjali, No. 22.)

" Last night clouds were threatening, and Amlak branches struggled in the grip of the gusty wind. I hoped, if dreams came to me, they would come in the shape of my beloved in the lonely night loud with rain. The wind still moans through the fields, and the tear-stained cheeks of dawn are pale. My dreams have been in vain, for truth is hard, and dreams, too, have their own ways."

"Last night when the darkness was drunken with storm, and the rain, like night's veil, was torn by the winds into shreds, would it make truth jealous if untruth came to me in the shape of my beloved, in the starless night, loud with rain ?"

—(Lover's Gift, No. 35.)

"The rains sweep the sky from end to end.

In the wild wet wind the jasmines revel in their own perfume. There is a secret joy in the bosom of the night, it is the joy of the veiled sky in its hidden stars, the joy of the midnight forest in its hoarded bird-songs.

Let me fill my heart with it and carry it in secret through the day."

—(Crossing, No. 34)

After a sequence of these gracious and graphic lines to the Rains, the skies seem to clear once more again when in Autumn, the more tempered sun-light returns as a friend.

"The sun breaks out from the clouds on the day when I must go,
And the sky gazes upon the earth like God's wonder."

I have made no attempt at giving the rain songs in their proper sequence, rather choosing a few representative poems on the subject of the rains. There were sixteen poems in all given at the Festival, in the form of solos, choruses for male, female and mixed voices with incidental readings by the poet himself.

The setting of the Music Festival, both from the standpoint of nature and artifice, seemed as near perfect as possible. As the hour of the performance approached, which was six o'clock in the afternoon, the sky darkened and clouds drew nearer, and almost simultaneously with the Chorus-prelude, the rain came down, while the thunder and lightning, augmented the accompaniment in a spirit of true harmony and in splendid accord with the character of the music.

As for the stage-setting ; it was the inspiration of artistic conception. The entire background was composed of saffron cloth draperies, hanging in long graceful folds against which the chorus stood out softly but clearly, like a cameo in its setting. About the front of the stage and footlights were garlands of fruit and baskets of flowers, while two large and beautiful *vinas* were posed on either side of the foreground.

The costumes were in perfect harmony with the setting; the colours chosen to blend with the pale saffron were white, yellow and dull red. The chorus was arranged in tiers, first the young women, clad uniformly in white *saris* bordered with red, wearing flower-chains and holding a lotus blossom in their hands. Back of them were the young men, dressed in white robes bordered in yellow, and wearing red turbans with a lotus placed in the folds over one ear. In the foreground was the orchestra, seated about on cushions, on either side of Dr. Tagore who sat in the front center. In his flowing robes of soft cream silk, with his white hair and beard, his pale ivory complexion, his dignity and poise, he looked like a benign God indeed, or one of the prophets of old.

Although the choruses were trained by Dinendranath Tagore, a nephew of the poet, who led the singing literally in a most animated fashion, from the center of the back row, yet the poet, kept the tempo of the music by an almost imperceptible movement of his hand...quite a different kind of conductorship, but none the less effective.

As for the orchestra ensemble, from our standpoint it would have been entirely inadequate. There was a drum, some *esrajes*, two *vinas* and a flute. There was the barest suggestion of accompaniment from the thin tones of the few stringed instruments, scarcely audible above the sound of the voices...the drum, as usual, formed the body and background... suggesting all the phases of the human longing for the Rains, to the patter of the falling drops and the rush of the storm in the decrescendo or crescendo and accelerando of the tempo. The harmony, was merely implied...all that one ever gets in Indian music. But, somehow the effect was there, and furthermore, given tempo and temperament, what more does one desire in an impressionistic musical creation ?

As for the *tout ensemble*, it was altogether satisfactory. In the brighter passages, the tempo and an indefinable quality of rhythm expressed the gladness of the rain, coming with life to droping tree and wilted flowers, listless and dust-covered from long months of drought.

It is remarkable that throughout the entire Festival, music was given from memory. There was no written score for orchestra or singers. That in itself was quite a feat! and says something for the intelligence of the participants. There was, in the chorus work as well as the solos, an absolute lack of self-consciousness, even more, that quality of semi-detachment which is so marked a characteristic of Eastern music and musicians.

As for the poet himself he dominated the stage in person and personality, as he sat in a Buddha-like attitude of serenity, relaxed from an inward peace. When he rose to his full length, his height augmented by the long flowing robes; he made an arresting picture. As he read his verses, with fluent gestures, warming to his themes with the latent natural fire of the creator, he might have been an inspired Patriarch of old speaking to his people.

An intensely theatric and dramatic effect was achieved as the poet spoke. The theatre was dark, except for the white spotlight which centred directly on his figure, throwing it into striking relief...an almost supernatural effect, though obviously studied.

At times Tagore seems the epitome of placidity, even impassivity, at best mildly animated; at others he expands under the inspiration of the subject and becomes quietly eloquent, and always impressive. One cannot describe his features as sculptured, they are too plastic and mobile, physically marked with the relaxed muscle of the tropical climate, and marked from within with the flexible moods of the poet, dreamer, philosopher and musician. He looks every inch a Patrician in dignity, reserve and power suggested beneath a mild-eyed gentle exterior.

For first sources and the origin of Rain Festivals in India, one must go back to those old days, four or five thousand years ago, when the Gods were the embodiment of the forces of Nature and were to be propitiated by Man at certain seasons of the year by the prayer or praise.

The ancient trinity of the Rig-Veda, India's oldest known religious book, was Agni, God of Earth and Fire; Indra, God of Air and Storm ; and Surya, God of Sky and Light.

Surya, the three-bodied deity of Light (Treyit) is given by Sir William Jones as "the one great fountain of all idolatry in the four quarters of the globe was the veneration paid by man to the sun." The offices of Surya are three-fold ; first to create ; second, to preserve ; third, to destroy. He is hailed in his capacity of creator as a beneficent God—

> "Lord of the Lotus, father, friend and King,
> Surya, thy powers I sing."
>
> —(Hymn to the Sun.)

Again, in his character of preserver, he is addressed thus—

> "But Oh, what pencil of a living star
> Could paint that gorgeous car,
> In which, as in an ark, supremely bright,
> The Lord of boundless light,
> Ascending calm o'er the empyrean sails
> And with ten thousand beams his awful beauty veils."

But towards the end of Grishma, or the hot season, and after long months of unrelieved heat, the people, weary with Surya's force as expressed in his third body, begin to invoke Indra, God of the Storm, for surcease from the ravages of drought. As the pitiless sun smites the stricken land, Indra and his cohorts, the Maruts were called upon in prayer and sacrifice especially in July when the rains are due to arrive.

India, through long month of dryness, is burned by the sun. Since this is the most powerful force of Nature it is but natural that the early mind of the Vedic age should have regarded the Sun as a mighty God, to be feared as the bringer of destruction. It is also natural that the elements in the form of the rains and storms should be another God, more benign because Indra with his forces of wind and rain, and lightning, brought relief to a tortured people. But for the rains, India would be as burnt out a world as the moon... because of the rains she lives, in green beauty in jungle and plain and mountain height.

The demon-God of the drought, Vritra, is described in the Vedas as—

" He whose magic powers
From earth withhold the genial showers ;
Of mortal man the foe malign
And rival of the race divine
Whose demon hosts from age to age
With Indra war unceasing rage."

In the yearly conflict between Vritra and Indra, the God of Rain was victorious and the " darter of the swift blue bolt " slayed the enemy of man —

" And soon the knell of Vritra's doom
Was sounded by the clang and boom
Of Indra's from power."

And with the beginning of Indra's victorious reign the earth breathed once more and the life-giving rain descended.

While in Bengal Indra is not worshipped so universally as before, a day is still set apart yearly, on which to propitiate him in chant, prayer and offerings. His gaily painted image, made of mud, is worshipped with "pooja," carried in processions and the next day, thrown into the river.

In the later religious books of India, the Ramayana, and others, the God Indra is described as living on Mt. Meru (somewhere in the northern Himalayas) where in a lovely green grove he dwells with his followers, his assistants, handmaidens, court and servants. He is entertained by the Apsarasa (nymphs) and Devangana (celestial singers). Rhambha, Urbasi and Tiluttama are three of the heavenly maidens whose beauty and grace are lauded in the amatory poems of the Hindus.

Although Rhambha is the name of the popular Venus, Dr. Tagore in his lovely lyric poem "Urbasi" makes the nymph another Aphrodite, sprung full-garbed from the sea, and describes her as a type of universal feminine beauty. In these verses one can feel the undulation of harmonious rhythm—

> " Like the black-bee, honey-drunken, the infatuated
> Poet wanders, with greedy heart,
> Lifting chants of wild jubilation !
> While thou...thou goest, with jingling anklets
> and waving skirts,
> Restless as lightning,
> In the assembly of Gods, when thou dancest in
> ecstasy of joy,
> O swaying Wave, Urbasi !
>
> —(Tagore.)

Tagore has done much for India in his poetry and music. In both he has expressed the universal spirit of love in nature and life, in their highest and best forms, freed of all dogma and the chains of many-Godded and many-casted India.

In his own development, he has long since evolved to higher planes of thought and emerged from the shadowy valley of superstitious, fettered, orthodox Hinduism, to the sunny tops of the mountains, reaching up to the light. He has long since freed himself from the " tyranny of the dead " in the recognition of one Supreme Being, Force, or what you will... Some say God. He sees India's old pantheon as an artistic background upon which to paint new pictures, as a treasure-house to draw upon for rich jewels of imaginative poesy with which to make a different kind of pattern, as an intricate tapestry whose warp and woof is brightened with threads of gold and silver lightening the dull dark fabric of an early conception. To all thinkers, the Past must be a valuable store-house from which he can go from time to time for instruction or for material to work over according to the fashion of his mind and generation.

As for Tagore's music it may be described in one word ...Elusive . I cannot imagine any Westerner ever singing Indian songs properly, for our Eastern brother seems fitted by Nature to interpret Indian music with the flexible throats relaxed naturally from climatic effects on the vocal organ. To sing as does the Indian, would be a physical impossibility to those hampered by the strictures of a more intemperate zone. But to be able to appreciate the gifts of others is in itself a gift and to be able to add a word of admiration for the work of genius is a pleasure and privilege.

Music is more than the language of the emotions, and the expression of the thought of the people ; it is the mirror of the spirit which reflects the highest aspirations and longing of the soul of Man. All feeling and effort to express it emanate from the common source of our divine inheritance, and whatever our country or creed we can share the gifts which inspired composers and poets give the world. Dr. Tagore has given freely of himself to the people. In doing so he has bestowed an inestimable benefit on India in the enrichment of her literature and the ennobling and spiritualizing of India's musical ideals and his creations will be known and loved wherever there are lovers of the good and beautiful in art.

LILY STRICKLAND-ANDERSON

# A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

"Liar!"

The word rang through the room like a pistolshot. A horrified silence fell upon the clerks and assistants. They stared with amazement at the slim upright figure of Edward Pope, intimately known as Teddy, a junior clerk who now defiantly faced the head of the firm after stopping him on his way to his chamber about a rise in salary. Was the man mad that he called Abbot, the chief, a liar?

"You are dismissed from this moment."

"Thank God I know the man you are before it became too late."

"I'll see you jailed for those words." Abbot was shaking with rage.

"By right you should be there already."

"Beware! Pope, beware!"

"I repeat you are a liar." Teddy was white, his eyes gleamed dangerously and his voice conveyed contempt. "You promised me an increase in salary and your promise is six months overdue. When questioned you give me an evasive answer, yet you admit my work satisfactory. Your conduct is a lie—such as I should have expected from one of your character."

"You have lost a golden opportunity by crossing me, you young fool."

"To give you the best of my life, to be underpaid and overworked; then cast aside without a regret when I am broken and unfit for anything. A fine opportunity lost indeed!"

"You wanted a rise to be married," sneered Abbot, "your future—"

"Leave that lady out of what you say before me or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!" Teddy, his eyes blazing with anger stepped up to Abbot who started back.

"Pay this man everything due him and be quick about it." Abbot turned to his head assistant.

"Yes, sir."

He then hurriedly walked to his chamber in fear of an attack from Teddy. Finding himself within reach of the door with an intention of regaining some of his lost dignity he turned round and said, "If that mad man does not leave immediately he is paid, kick him out." He then disappeared within.

As Teddy sat down a buzz of excited talk broke out from the others and some of the staff looked upon him with that appreciation seen on occasions when an unbearable and unpopular bully has been publicly taught a lesson.

"By George! The old duffer got it in the neck that time!"

"Silence!" The head assistant frowned upon the speaker, a youth.

Teddy's dues had been paid in full.

"Good-bye all," he said and made for the door.

"Pope!" The head assistant rose and rapidly walked up to Teddy who had turned round near the door. The best years of his life had been given in service of Abbot and Teddy had voiced the grim thoughts that had assailed him of late. Silently he stretched forth his hand and grasped Teddy's in a long clasp. "Good-bye lad, and God bless you," he earnestly said and abruptly turned back.

There was a scramble of the rest to their feet with the same intention.

"Less noise please. Do you want the chief to come out and slang you?" The head assistant dropped into his seat wearily.

One by one, his fellow-workers came up to Teddy and went through a last handclasp.

"Dearest," gloomily said Teddy the same evening to his sweetheart, "I've been thinking."

"Indeed, did it hurt very much ?"

The lovers were seated in a cosy little parlour of a country house.

The gloom momentarily lifted from Teddy's features as his eyes lingered lovingly on the fair face of Kitty Rive who had but recently accepted him. Yet the next instant it enveloped him.

"Upon my word it did hurt."

"Thank you," returned Kitty ironically.

"Now Kitty, don't be fierce. But seriously, dear, the horizon of life before us was black. It paralysed me."

Kitty sensed something unusual and was silent.

"I could hardly keep myself alone in comfort on my meagre income," he continued after a slight pause, "not to speak of both of us."

"Could not but now you can. I see you want to spring some good news on me."

Teddy felt as though he had been struck.

"It's for you to judge. To begin with I have been dismissed."

"Ah !"

"The dismissal was provoked, in fact forced. You remember I told you I was promised a rise in salary."

"Yes."

"It's long overdue. I challenged Abbot about it to-day and he gave me an evasive answer with no hope to cling to. I had already lost all faith in the man and told him exactly what I thought of him. He dismissed me."

Kitty nodded. Her face was expressionless.

"Dearest, the lack of opportunities in England, crowded with so many of greater abilities than myself, yet who are in many cases worse off kills hope. Under Abbot this is what I foresee. A few happy and joyous years and we pick up the shattered pieces;—regrets, disappointments, and God alone knows what else—then follows as some great man said: To work and suffer, in order to live; to live, in order to work and suffer; finally, miserable old age, miserable because it finds us broken and disappointed without ever experiencing the luxury or even ease that so many around us enjoy."

"I fully understand." There was an infinite sympathy in Kitty's voice, but her eyes were expectant.

Teddy smothered a sigh of relief. The ordeal had to be passed and he thought he made a favourable impression. It cost him no small effort to work up sufficient courage to open discussion on the decision he was about to voice.

"I have studied the question closely, and finally made up my mind to emigrate to America. I am confident that in three years I will be in a position to support a wife comfortably. You will then join me dearest, and we shall be married."

"Ah!" Kitty's eyes shone with the satisfaction of one who knows that her beloved is still as high as ever in her estimation. The fighting spirit was still in him.

Teddy timidly looked at her; but which man fully understands a woman? The moments throbbed into minutes. Would she understand? Why did she not scornfully laugh at his intention or do anything else instead of maintaining what he considered to be an unnatural claim? Good God! Did she think him so great a cur, as to adopt an excuse to emigrate with the ultimate intention of breaking off the engagement? Such were the thoughts that chased one another in his brain.

"I agree," said Kitty at last, "on condition that we break off our engagement."

"Why?" Teddy felt unnerved and frightened.

"Now Teddy dear," urged Kitty softly and she laid her hand on his, "don't think I doubt the strength of your love for me. I never will. Neither can there be any change in mine for you."

Teddy nodded gloomily.

"Strange to say that I have also thought and am glad for both our sakes that you have made up your mind to take advantage of the opportunities that America offers."

"But why break off the engagement ?"

"I'll tell you. Hitherto we have accepted the strength of our mutual affection as a matter of course, I don't say we are wrong. I don't believe we are wrong. But this is our opportunity. The depth of our love shall be proved. Think of the satisfaction that will be ours after reunion ; the comforting thought that we can fall back upon in after years in our trials and troubles, the thought that the bonds of our love have been tested and found firm."

"Prove that which exists ?"

"Why not? I am not wandering into that purified atmosphere of spiritual love of the very existence of which I doubt." Kitty's eyes were again shining. "Think of the satisfaction, the joy and the pride that will be mine to know that you, who have chosen me from the rest of the world; amid the temptations that you must meet uninfluenced and unfettered for three years, can still remain constant to me. If there are any risks dear, it's worth it."

Kitty's words thrilled Teddy and he now saw that her suggestion was really based on the depth of her love for him. Besides he was now being weighed and could he permit himself to be found wanting. Never. He was sure nothing could alter their love.

"I agree."

"But dear that is not all. My last amateur theatrical performance has caught the fancy of a successful London stage-manager who has made me a good offer, which I propose to accept and continue on the stage till it's time to join you."

"What ?" Teddy had received a shock.

"Am I to tell you," smiled Kitty, "that the same satisfaction and joy that will be mine when we meet again in America might perhaps be yours also."

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"But the stage," groaned Teddy, "think of the risks you run."

"Risks only to one with a weak will. Frankly, I think it's an instinctive aversion for the stage when somebody you love wants to earn a living upon it that holds you back."

"Perhaps so, but it is a natural aversion, although I believe there is the most remote chance of anything happening."

"Then you agree?"

"Yes, on one condition." Teddy's face was stern.

"And that is—"

"This." With a low laugh he drew her close to him. There followed a long silence.

## II

The end of three years found Teddy with a satisfactory income and Kitty earning a comfortable sum on the stage. She awoke on the morning of the third anniversary of Teddy's departure with a peculiar foreboding, and a few minutes later a cablegram was brought to her. Teddy held the same place in her heart. As she slowly opened it she thought that life without being able to look forward to him as her very own would be bitter indeed. She read the message. The next moment Kitty fainted. The silence of the room was broken by the buzz of a bee again and again dashing its head pitifully against the relentless window pane. Kitty on the floor lay perfectly still.

Some minutes later she came to and wondered what was wrong with herself. Her eyes fell on the cablegram she still held. With a rush of misery that bit deep into her soul she remembered, got up with an effort and a shudder shook her as with a forelorn hope that she had read the message wrong she re-read it.

*Teddy dying.*

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The words were plain. Horribly plain. In feverish haste she next dressed, went out, and few would have guessed that her outward composure was a cloak that hid an agony experienced by few in a lifetime. She replied to the message saying that she was leaving for New York immediately and to spare no expense on Teddy. Returning to her room she closed the door, tottered to her bed, where she fell into a paroxysm of weeping.

How Kitty passed the interval prior to embarkation she scarcely remembers. The voyage seemed a prolonged torture. The ever present mental oppression which she, from time to time tried in vain to shake off left her listless. She silently hated the ship, the ceaseless chatter of her fellow-passengers, and herself for permitting Teddy to leave.

New York at last. Kitty was almost distract with suspense. Was she too late? One moment hopeful, the next the most miserable being on earth.

" Are you the lady that cabled to the hospital in reply about Teddy?" questioned a kindly-looking elderly person who had come aboard from the launch of the medical officer of the port.

" Yes." Kitty turned as white as a sheet.

" I've been sent to meet you and there is no good in my delaying what I have to say. You must prepare yourself for ill news, my girl." He patted her sympathetically on the shoulder.

" Is—is—he—" faltered Kitty.

" Yes, he passed away just three hours ago. We did the best, the very best, but the case was hopeless."

Kitty collapsed. She was caught by the American as she fell to the deck.

" Dammit," he exploded to relieve his feeling and shocked many of the other saloon passengers, some of them stopped to give Kitty and him a petrified stare.

" Can't some woman come forward and help me?"

Every woman near him did so.

They rolled through the streets of New York on their way to the hospital a while later, and Kitty, a heart-broken woman, who had lost all interest in life silently listened to the American.

First let me tell you I am one of the staff of the hospital, a doctor. A man was brought in unconscious and with little hope of recovery, nobody knew who he was or where he came from. It's our duty to know this. Especially when a patient is dangerously ill, so that we might inform his relatives and there was an urgent necessity of doing that in this case. He died without recovering consciousness. But before he died we made every effort to trace where he came from, yet all our inquiries were fruitless. While going through his pockets we found a letter addressed to 'Teddy' and signed 'Kitty' with an address in England upon it. As a last resort we cabled to 'Kitty' to say 'Teddy' the name under which we now registered him was dying. Here's the letter."

Kitty took the letter and at once recognised it.

"Yes, it's the last I wrote him." She choked and her eyes filled.

There was a short silence.

"But how did he first get ill?"

"There was a smash-up," the doctor softly said, "a head-on collision between two cars, of which one was driven by Teddy." Tactfully he hid the fact that the driver was drunk at the time. "He was admitted into hospital with a severe concussion and died."

"Late by three hours only," was the thought that ceaselessly beat on Kitty's brain. She seemed to see the faces on the street flash by almost unconsciously and with a sickly grey tinge on her cheeks.

Soon they were approaching the room where a white sheet covered a silent form. The doctor heard a quivering gasp escape Kitty and she stopped.

"There, there girl," he coaxed, "the sooner you see him and get it over the better you will feel."

But Kitty did not pay the slightest heed to him. She ran up to a figure that had turned up a corridor ahead of them.

"Teddy! Oh Teddy!" she sobbed.

The figure swung round in amazement.

"Struck mad!" exclaimed the doctor hopelessly, "as mad as a march hare."

"Teddy dear! I thought you were dead!" Kitty flung herself into the arms of the man.

"Good Gracious, Kitt!" Teddy, for it was really him, felt bewildered as he received Kitty like a rocket into his arms; besides he was vaguely conscious of the amused grin of a few others who witnessed the startling reunion.

"I received a cablegram to say you were dying and left immediately. On arrival I was told by that kind gentleman that you were dead." Kitty laughed happily.

It's wonderful how quickly a broken heart can mend itself.

"Dead! But I'm not!" Teddy fiercely glared at the kind gentleman. "What do you mean sir, by telling this lady that I was dead?" he thundered. "I've never seen you in my life."

"Come here please," returned the doctor with dignity, and he stepped forward, "you might be able to identify the dead man."

They were in the room with the dead. Gently the doctor raised a corner of the sheet and revealed the features.

"Gracious!" Teddy had received a shock. "It's Joe. Poor old chap. He was my personal attendant and I left him in the country telling him that I would be away in New York for a week, but the week has grown into a month. He must have come down suspecting that I was ill, apparently discovered that it not so; and evidently made up his mind to have a short spree, before he made his presence known to me. He has I see got on some of my clothes."

"That then explains how one of your letters was found on him." The doctor felt relieved.

"My letter!"

"Yes Teddy, here it is. They wired to me on the address in it."

"Poor old chap! In a fit of enjoyment he must have put on one of my coats with the letter in it, but are you sure he is dead? He looks asleep."

"Quite sure," said the doctor as he replaced the sheet.

A week later Teddy and Kitty were married. As year followed year of married life their broken engagement was a never-failing source from which they drew fresh links of sympathy, understanding and love for one another.

JAMES D'TEA

# THE ROSE OF INDIA

## (ACT V; SCENE III)

[Mahadevan's hall of audience. The Maharajah and Manashtri seated on the throne. Gurprashad and other Brahmins, Sitaraman, Soldiers, etc.]

*Sitaraman*—

Reflect ere thou unloose upon the world
The tiger of thy wrath, Divinity!
Once freed he is not easy caged again.
The King wills war, his people will it not. (*murmurs of dissent*)
The wisdom of a monarch is not found
His people's will subduing to his own,
But voicing theirs and giving it effect
In and beyond the limits of his realm.
Oppose not, Sire, thy people. 'Tis ill swimming
Against the tide. In patience wait its ebb.

(*Renewed murmurs of disapproval.*)

*Mahadevan*—

Long while in either balance we have weighed
All arguments and reasons, setting one
Against another. Now the scale is turned
By this new tidings of clandestine flight,
Whereby a Prince of Narankot has dared
To filch a maiden of the royal blood,
And set at nought Mahadevan's decree.
Such bold effrontery may not scatheless go;
Rather on retribution, swift and just,
Our counsels are determined, and prevail
E'en o'er our tenderness and watchful care,

For that long dangered plant, our country's peace.
Now rudely trampled on by impious feet.
Wherefore on Gondophares and his realm,
In open Durbar and in Rama's name,
We solemnly declare a state of War! (*Brahmins applaud*
Thee, Sitaraman, Captain of our host,
We charge on thine allegiance that thou go
Muster our armies, marshal our arrays,
And congregate the hosts of Mailepur—
Our bright battalions cased in burnished steel,
Our serried ranks of veteran warriors,
Our youth heroic, all afire for fight;
And at thy peril fail us not herein.

*Sitaraman—*

Had I a hundred lives, Mahadevan,
They were surrendered gladly at the claim
Of the King's honour and my land's defence;
And gladly would I die as many deaths
In the King's cause, were it his people's too.
But now the King is pleased to set aside
His servant's counsel and his people's will,
And in his private quarrel to imbrue
The plains of India with his people's blood—
The King his servant pardon if he sue
With that same counsel to be set aside
Himself, and of his marshalship relieved.

*Mahadevan—*

Right gladly, Sitaraman, doth the King
Relieve thee of a charge thou art confest
By thine own words unworthy, nor hath need
Of one who duty shirks in danger's hour
On plea of conscience, such as ne'er became
A soldier under orders from his chief.

Relief from office brings upon thee too
Arrest for treason and conspiracy
Against thy sovereign and the common weal.
And of those hundred lives thou pratedst of
The King ere long may be content with one.

(*Guards surround Sitaraman*)

*Sitaraman*—

Treason! Conspiracy? Wherein the offence?

*Mahadevan*—

In that thou harbouredst beneath thy roof
One Thomas Didymus, who hath bewitched
Scores of our loyal subjects—who denies
Our ancient gods, and brings us evil hap;
Who now, accused of a heinous crime,
Stands here to clear himself thereof or die.
Ho, guards, advance—bring forth the prisoner.

(*Stir at the entry. St. Thomas is brought in, laden with chains*)

*Mahadevan*—

Whence art thou, sorcerer? and with what intent
Camest thou hither to disturb our peace?

*St. Thomas*—

I am the servant of the Most High God
From Palestine. I came to India
For the salvation in eternity
Of many souls; to bring to those in darkness
The light of knowledge, life to those who die.

*Mahadevan—*

Who is thy God?

*St. Thomas—*

The God who made the world,
And loved it. So He loved it that He gave
His son to die for it, that none should die
Whose hope is in that Name, by which alone
Men can attain salvation.

*Mahadevan—*

We might hear
Thy doctrine, ay, and reverence it beside,
Didst thou but sacrifice to India's gods.

*St. Thomas—*

One God I worship, and one sacrifice
Alone avails—the death of Christ His Son,
To One alone 'tis offered—nor may I
To idols render what is only His.

*Mahadevan—*

Thou wouldst expel our Gods from Hindustan?

*St. Thomas—*

I would expel all false imaginings
From minds of men, enslaved by ignorance,
And bring them to the knowledge of the Truth.

*Mahadevan—*

Enough! Thou art shewn guilty on this count.
(*To Gurprashad*) Most Holy Brahmin, in our hearing state
What other crimes he standeth charged withal.

*Gurprashad*—

Your will is my delight, Mahadevan,
He is accused of darkest sorceries,
Of being in league with Eblis, whence he draws
Such power of working wonders as outdoes
The Priests of Ram, and puts the gods to shame.
To Kali's temple we have taken him
With drum and dance and perfumes freely shed;
And there, instead of making sacrifice,
His incantations raised a Spirit of Power
Against her sacred image, till as wax
Melts at the fire it flowed, molten stream.

*Mahadevan*—

What hast thou, wizard, to reply to this ?

*St. Thomas*—

That on this charge, meseems, too early comes
My condemnation from thy lips, O King,
Naming we Wizard, Sorcerer, or ever
My answer can refute it. It is true
Great wonders have been wrought when I have prayed,
Yet by no spirit of evil were they wrought,
But in the Name and by the power of Him
Who cleansed the leper and who raised the dead
A few years gone in distant Palestine.
Then some were found to say those miracles
Were wrought of evil through Beelzebub,
Yet evil warreth not against itself
And none by evil ever wrought a good.
'Tis true the idol melted as by fire,
Because the spirit of evil that indwelled it
Quailed at the awful holiness of God,
Whose fires of judgment licked it, till it crawled
As doth a serpent on the marble floor.

(*Angry murmurings from Brahmins.*)

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*Mahadevan*—

Ere we can on the count of sorcery
Convict the prisoner, there must appear
Some proof of injury wrought on human kind
At invocation of the power he claims.

*Gurprashad*—

Varuna's[1] law is on thy lips, O King!
'Tis said he stole and slew a Guru's[2] child
And spilt its blood to satiate his God.

*Mahadevan*—

Who beareth witness to the truth of this?

*Sitaraman*—

A witness to its falsehood stand I here,
That Guru at an oracle's behest
Slew his own child for Kali's sacrifice,
Then as its murderer he denounced the Saint,
Who bade them bring the body. Thomas bent
O'er the dead child (I saw it with mine eyes)—
And spake as follows: "In the Name of Christ,
Arise, sweet child, and say who murdered thee!"
Then, King, that child arose, and with the words,
"My father slew me!" lift his voice and wept.

*Mahadevan*—

Rama, defend us! On this charge we hold
The Prisoner's guilt is doubtful. Is aught else
Laid to his reckoning?

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[1] *Varuna*, a god extolled in the Vedic hymns as the creator of the world, and the protector and preserver of its laws, as also of moral laws.

[2] *Guru*, a religious teacher.

*Gurprashad*—

Ay, Mahadevan,
A crime most grievous—that he treacherously
The Brahmin priest, Ramchandra, stabbed to death,
In the house of Sitaraman.

*Brahmins*—

Woe to him!

*Mahadevan*—

Dost thou confess this, Thomas Didymus?

*St. Thomas*—

I neither do deny it, nor confess.

*Mahadevan* —

How sayest thou? thou either slewest him
Or didst not slay him. If thou'rt innocent,
Who else was in thy chamber when he died?

*St. Thomas*—

I saw none other.

*Mahadevan*—

Then thou wert alone,
Alone, ye gods, with Rama when he died!

*Sitaraman*—

'Tis not a sure conclusion, Majesty,
As like he did not see because 'twas dark;
As like the murder happened while he slept.

*Gurprashad*—

The moon had risen. If the prisoner waked
He scarce could fail to see the murder wrought
And if he slept, the struggle and the cry
Could scarce avoid his waking.

*Sitaraman—*

But if he
Awoke to find the murdered on the ground,
The assassin flying from his scrutiny,
What then ? He would be guiltless.

*Mahadevan—*

Is this plea
His own or Sitaraman's ? Such a tale
Seems all outside the bounds of likelihood.
Then must the assassin into Thomas' room
Have trackt his victim and despatched him there,
Where crime could scarce elude discovery,
What saith the prisoner ?

*St. Thomas—*

I have said. I saw
None other save the Brahmin. He was dead.

*Mahadevan—*

Dead—but who slew him ? If thou didst it not,
Know'st thou the hand that dealt the fateful blow ?

*St. Thomas—*

Yea, King, I know it.

*Mahadevan—*

I adjure thee, then,
On pain of death, disclose it. Else thou art
By silence proved accomplice to the crime.

(*A pause, St. Thomas is silent.*)

*Gurprashad—*

Perchance good Sitaraman, who describes
The scene so vividly, can also tell
Whose was the hand that smote the holy seer.

*Sitaraman*—

Nay, Gurprashad, I know not, but believe
'Twas not the hand of Thomas Didymus.

*Mahadevan*—

Enough! we hold him guilty of the crime,
And here pronounce our sentence that he perish
Upon the mountain of Avenging Doom,
Pierced with the lances of our soldiery,
Ere a third sun have dipped behind the hills.
Mahadevan hath spoken. Look to it.

*Sitaraman*—

Stay, stay, dread sovereign, ere thou strike a blow
At the foundation of thy very throne,
Already trembling while the murmur swells
Of thine aggrieved people for this war
Thrust blindly upon endurance long sustained.
Pause ere thou doom a dynasty to fade
Among the ghosts of glories dead and gone,
Nor plunge the setting sun of Majesty
In clouds of shame no dawn shall drive away.

*Manashtri (kneeling before Mahadevan)*—

By our life's bond and all thou holdest dear—
Our children, and what love thou bearest me,
Revoke thy sentence, lest thou doom thy soul
To quenchless fires of endless Misery.

*Mahadevan*—

Thy intercessions, Queen, were better spent
On worthier causes.

*Manashtri*—

O Mahadevan.
Be gracious once, and let this just man go.

*Mahadevan (rising)*—

By Rama we are surfeited of this.
Woman away! Guards, bear the man condemned
Back to his dungeon; yonder traitor load
With chains, to share his Saint's captivity.

*Sitaraman*—

I thank thee, King; I would thou also gave
Me privilege to share his martyrdom.

*St. Thomas*—

My Master's friends forsook Him. Thou hast stayed.

(*Exeunt guards with St. Thomas and Sitaraman.*)

*Gurprashad*—

One thing remains ere burdened Majesty
Seek respite from the troublous cares of State.
It is my duty to communicate
A grave decision, after pondering due
And learnèd argument of sage and seer
Reached by our college, none gainsaying it.
Whereas a certain teaching new and strange,
Called *Christian,* hath of late like harvest blight
Spread o'er the sacred soils of Hindustan
To prejudice of ancient piety.
We Brahmins now in Rama's sacred name
Hereby proclaim that Hindus, one and all,
Man, child or woman, who avow this way,
From home and hearth, community and caste,
Forthwith be driven; and, moreover, who
Shall aught bestow on such, or food or drink,
He share their doom, an outcast and accurst.
And (lest in framing laws we should appear
Less merciful to others than ourselves)

That if within a score of paces come
A Brahmin nigh a Christian, he be barred
From every Pilgrimage, and held unclean
Till rite and Penance purge him of his sin.

*Mahadevan*—

'Tis a just measure, and commends itself
Unto our judgment.

*Brahmins*—

Jai Mahadevan !

*Manashtri*—

The Maharani craves the right of speech
For the last time in Durbar it would seem,
If this most pitiless, most inhuman law
Now in the ordering of the realm obtains.
Think you by framing edicts to restrain
A kingdom that comes onward like the tide ?
With persecution to destroy a Church
Which like a vine, for pruning buds the more ?

*Gurprashad* (*ironically*)—

Even he they call Apostle could not urge
His cause more ably than these royal lips !

*Manashtri*—

I urge it, Brahmin, of sincerity
Because I am assured of its truth ;
With all my heart I urge it, though I can
Well count the cost at all that life holds dear ;
That I must lay aside this crown of gold
Were but a little thing—relief indeed
From a life's burden. That I must withdraw
From thee some twenty paces, I desire
Nought better—only would it were more far

That from my house and kindred I be driven,
An outcast widowed of my lord's embrace,
A mother from her children torn away—
(My children, ah my children !) that is more.
Yet all I pay it for my joy in Christ
Of owning me His handmaid, Him my Lord,

(*An usher advances hurriedly, prostrates himself and presents a letter to Mahadevan on a salver which he raised above his head.*)

*Mahadevan* (*reading from latter*)—

The Prince Vizayan sick and like to die !
Unconscious !—stricken by the noonday sun
While in the garden chasing butterflies—
Hasten—the court Physician fears the worst,
Ram, Ram have mercy ! 'Tis as though there fell
On human justice judgment from the skies.
In Rama's name we close this audience.

*Manashtri* (*wringing her hands*)—

O cruel woe ! My child—my child—and I,
His mother, banished from his dying hours !
Nay, nay, a thousand times, I will be queen
As long as breath is in him, and my place
Shall at his bedside be a mother's still !

*Gurprashad* —

The laws of caste admit no privilege,
Nor shew regard of persons.

*Manashtri*—

Silence, wretch !
Let him who dares oppose me. O my Lord,
Against this man uphold me in this strait.

*Mahadevan*—

Come, then, Manashtri; 'tis *our* child not his;
And we into this sea of cloud will pass
Together, hand in hand, for we are one,
And this is Law above, the laws of men,
As snows far visioned over scorching plains
Range upward to a height beyond our ken,
Serene, eternal and unchangeable.

CURTAIN

(*To be continued*)

FRANCIS A. JUDD

# RETRENCHMENT AND THE INDIAN EDUCATIONAL POLICY

Much has been said already in regard to the recommendations of the Retrenchment Committee on education. As the recommendations are of a very far-reaching character, affecting the most vital interests of the community at large, it is of utmost importance that the policy underlying the recommendations should be examined in the light of that followed in England and other European countries, and of the policy of the Government of India, as it has been revised and enunciated since 1904.

The Calcutta University Commission in their Report Part 1, Chapter IV, have carefully traced the history of the gradual development of the educational policy of the Government of India since the memorable despatch of 1854. They have shewn how, and when the demand for education increased, Government alone found it impossible 'to provide adequate means for the education of the natives of India,' and introduced the system of grants-in-aid for a far more rapid progress of education than would follow a mere increase of expenditure by the Government and 'for fostering a spirit of self-reliance upon local exertions and combination for local purposes which is of itself of no mean importance to the well-being of a nation.' Here the Government of India intended 'to stimulate and encourage the efforts of private individuals and local Committees' and desired 'to see local management under Government inspection and assisted by grants-in-aid taken advantage of, wherever it was possible to do so:' and it was ultimately the desire of the Government 'that no Government colleges or schools be founded in future in any district where a sufficient number of institutions existed capable, with assistance from the state, of supplying the local demands for education.' Finally, the Government 'looked forward to a time when any general system of education entirely provided by Government might be discontinued with the gradual advance of the system of grants-in-aid.' But it was 'far from their wish to check the spread of education in the slightest degree by the abandonment of a single school to probable decay.'

In 1864 the same principles were reaffirmed; and during the next twenty years 'the establishment of private high schools was sedulously fostered by the Department of Public Instruction, Bengal, so that in 1882 there were 152 high schools under native management, 96 of which received grants-in-aid.' Bengal was thus singled out for praise, as having liberally encouraged private effort in education.

The Indian Education Commission which was appointed in 1882, reported, "under the operation of the Scheme (of grants-in-aid) for eliciting private effort by far larger proportion of the education of Bengal,—in mere amount it may almost be said to be the whole,—has come to be provided by the people themselves. At the same time it must be remembered that a small but highly influential part of the educational system is in other than native hands, and that the most influential of all its parts rests on a different basis from that of grants-in-aid."

The Commission, on the whole, upheld the system of grants-in-aid and recommended its further extension and continuance to encourage private efforts in the higher, secondary and middle education, and was in favour of the policy of the gradual withdrawal of the Government from the charge of institutions of a higher order, and especially of colleges, as contemplated in the despatch of 1854.

A note of warning was, however, sounded by Mr. (afterwards Mr. Justice) Kashinath Trimbak Telang, a member of the Education Commission. In his minute upon the question of public policy involved in the recommendations, he says, "I hope the local Governments concerned will not allow themselves to be influenced by the cry that too much is being spent on higher education in India. I unreservedly accept the view that without mass-education the country will never be able to enjoy to the full the benefits which it has a right to expect from the higher education. For that purpose, you must bestow brains, as Mill has it, on those who have only hands. And, in my judgment, the time has now come when, with that view, mass-education must be pushed onward. But the argument, that for the money spent on giving higher education to one student, you might give primary education to one hundred, is to my mind, utterly futile and unworthy of a moment's consideration." "We have nearly all of us," says Mathew Arnold, "reached the notion that popular education is the state's duty to deal with; secondary and superior instruction, many of us still think, should be left to take care of themselves." After pointing out what has been done in European countries on this matter, Mr. Arnold winds up: "In all these countries the idea of a sound civil organisation of modern society has been found to involve the idea of an organisation of secondary and superior instructions by public authority or by the state."

'During the next twenty years, when it was found that in England Government action in educational matters had become more extensive, than ever before, and the examples of the United States, of Switzerland and of Germany had shown the value of public funds and public authority in the development of a wide-reaching system of efficient Secondary and technical schools, faith in the adequacy of private enterprise to cope with the educational destitution, or even to supply what is needed in Secondary education for the less well-to-do classes, had declined.' And thus the Indian educational policy received a set-back, was revised and enunciated as follows:—

"From the earliest days of the British rule in India private enterprise has played a great part in the promotion of both vernacular and English education, and every agency that could be induced to help in the work of imparting sound instruction has always been welcomed by the state......The progressive devolution of the primary, secondary and collegiate education upon private enterprise, and the continuous withdrawal of Government from competition therewith, was recommended by the Education Commission of 1882 and the advice has been generally acted upon. But, while accepting this policy, the Government of India at the same time recognise the extreme importance of the principle that in each branch of education Government should maintain a limited number of institutions, both as models for private enterprise to follow and in order to uphold a high standard of education."

During the next 10 years (1904-13) there was a fairly rapid growth of public opinion in England with regard to the national importance of secondary education and the part which the state should take in encouraging it and guaranteeing its soundness. The Board of Education pressed the matter upon local administration and the governing bodies of endowed schools. Associations of teachers were active in calling attention to the need of more and better secondary schools. The New Education Committees convinced the more public-spirited among these members that money should be spent more freely and systematically upon this grade of education. There was a growing demand, on the part of parents with moderate incomes (including many among the skilled artisans) for better schools, publicly managed, well-equipped and accessible at a small fee. Competent secondary schools, widely distributed and meeting in different ways the needs of boys and girls with different prospects in life, had come to be regarded by a large number of influential people as indispensable to the nation's economic vigour and to its social welfare. Moreover, in the United States, in Switzerland, in Scandinavia and in Germany public authority, whether Municipal or State, was playing the chief part in supporting secondary schools. So the old idea that, apart from what could be done by means of endowments, secondary education should be left as far as possible to private enterprise or to the efforts of associations organised as companies with limited dividends, was gradually fading into the background. In England, the best kinds of private enterprise held their own and furnished a type of educational excellence rarely, if ever, found in schools established and controlled by public authorities. But the proportion which the private enterprise of this fine quality bore to the whole number of private adventure schools and to the mass of national education was comparatively small. The cost of supplying secondary education of good quality was rising, and, except when high fees could be charged, was passing beyond the reach of unaided effort. Yet the belief that Secondary education ought to rely for the most part upon the fees paid by scholars together with such further help as endowments and private subscriptions may provide, influenced public opinion and public policy not only in England but also, though less deeply, in India. There are many traces of this idea in the Indian Commission, 1882. The conviction that in the long run it is against the policy for the state to " tune the pulpits " in schools and colleges is as strong as ever in England. 'But the great mass of public opinion in England has been convinced by experience that secondary education according to modern standard of excellence cannot be provided or maintained in efficiency by private enterprise alone, except where there are large endowments or where much higher school fees are charged than any but well-to-do parents can afford Five chief reasons have led to this departure from the opinion which was held half a century ago:

(1) It is recognised that the needs of modern life, and especially of scientific industry, call for a variety of courses (including science) in Secondary schools, a variety which entails a greatly increased expenditure upon staff. and equipment.

(2) It is admitted that secondary schools cannot be competent unless the services of efficient teachers, trained in the art of teaching are secured and retained. But the raising of the payment of teachers to a point which will attract a

sufficient number of able and highly educated men into the teaching profession involves great expenditure and will greatly increase the cost of secondary education.

(3) The study of Hygiene has disclosed the importance of securing healthy conditions of school-life for boys and girls, and abundant provision for their physical development. This again entails great expenditure.

(4) Secondary education now appeals to classes of the community which in earlier days were tacitly regarded as lying, in great measure, outside its pale. Families with small incomes demand good education at low fees, and in the interest of the community it is desirable to meet this demand.

(5) There has arisen a strong feeling that the methods of school examination and school inspection should be reformed, as systematic inspection, watching every side of a school's work is necessary for the progressive efficiency of secondary education.

The relationship between Government and private enterprise in education, especially in secondary education, in India has very closely followed the trend of public feeling in England in each of its successive phases. So, when the temper of expert educational opinion in England tended in the way indicated above, the following resolution on Indian Educational Policy was issued by the Governor-General in Council on February 21, 1913:—

Subject to the necessities of variation in deference to local conditions, the policy of the Government of India in regard to Secondary English Schools is:—

(1) To improve the few existing Government schools, by—

(*a*) Employing only graduates or trained teachers;

(*b*) Introducing a graded service for teachers of English with a maximum salary of Rs. 400 per month.

(*c*) Providing proper hostel accommodation.

(*d*) Introducing a school course complete in itself with a staff sufficient to teach what may be called 'the modern side' with special attention to the development of an historical and a geographical sense.

(*e*) Introducing manual training and improving Science teaching.

(2) To increase largely grants-in-aid, in order that aided institutions may keep pace with the improvements in Government schools on the abovementioned lines and to encourage the establishment of new aided schools where necessary.

(3) To multiply and improve training colleges as may, on a survey of local conditions and with due regard to economy of educational effort and expense, be proved to require them.

And this new policy of the Government of India has been due to the fact that although 'admirable' schools have been and are maintained by missionary and other bodies, the underlying idea of the grant-system, the subvention of local organised effort, has not always been maintained. Schools of a money-making type, ill-housed, ill-equipped, and run on the cheapest lines, have in certain cases gained recognition and eluded the control of inspections. Schools have sprung into existence in destructive competition with neighbouring institutions. Physical health has been neglected and no provision has been made for suitable residential arrangements and playfields. Fee rates have been lowered; competition and laxity in transfer have destroyed discipline; teachers have been employed on rates of pay insufficient to attract men capable of instructing or controlling their pupils. A special inquiry showed that out of some 4,700 teachers in privately managed high schools in Bengal, East Bengal and Assam, about 4,200 were in receipt of less than Rs. 50 a month, some 3,300 of less than Rs. 30 a month, while many teachers of English and classical languages drew salaries that would not attract men to superior domestic service. (*Vide* Indian Educational Policy, 1913.)

Now that the pay and prospects of the teachers of Government schools have just been revised, the cry has been raised that they are costly. The state of things described above and as disclosed in the report of the University Commission, Part I, Chapter VIII, has elicited the following remark by the Commission:—

"The warmest advocate of economy and the most zealous upholder of traditions of simplicity would flinch from justifying some of the school class-rooms which we have seen. They are bad for the health of boys, injurious to their eyesight, and incompatible with satisfactory methods of teaching and discipline.......In this branch of education, the sphere of private effort must inevitably suffer contraction."

Added to this, the Non-co-operation movement has created havoc in most of the schools, and left them in a most miserable condition. Their roll strength has dwindled, income has fallen, the teachers' pay has been reduced, and discipline has gone, and but for the Government high schools, they would have been totally wrecked. Yet it is at this time that the Retrenchment Committee have advised Government to deprovincialise all Government schools, and reduce them to the status of the aided and private schools, because they are 'costly to erect and maintain.'

ASWINI MOHAN GHOSE

# THE TYRANNY OF WORDS

Despots have disappeared from the face of the earth. They have been killed in battle, beheaded with the sword, guillotined, exiled or annihilated, where they have proved most arbitrary, unreasonable, recalcitrant and stubborn. Some of them have escaped condign punishment by executing agreement to disclaim divine right and its concomitant prestige and power, contented with a depreciated dignity, a splendid pageantry and a comfortable livelihood. They do not rule, but are serviceable in uniting the conflicting forces of democracy and generally in lubricating the machinery of government. They are called limited monarchs, that is, limited in power, and in some cases limited in the period of the rule. Kings have become presidents of republics, hereditary, triennial or quinquennial. Duryodhan ended his life on the field of Kurukshetra. Cæsar was mangled in his Council Hall. Charles I was beheaded. Louis XVI was guillotined. The Czar of all the Russians has been annihilated, root and branch; the very atmosphere he breathed has been blown away, and his blood washed out. The Hapsburg dynasty now live in beggardom. Even the Kaiser, the central figure, the sun in the solar system of Europe, now lives in exile, as a condoned offender, by the permission and sufferance of limited monarchs, presidents and peoples. It requires a telescope to look over the shoulders of George V, and across his ancestor George III to the Tudors and Plantagenets of mediaeval times. The whole race of political despots are now extinct, thanks to the authors and the initiators of the Great World War.

But there still exists a subtle, illusive, sneaky race of despots, though the power of most of them has been curbed and limited by peaceful revolution. The despotism of words still torment and torture mankind, literally hang them on the gallows, imprison them, intern them, put shackles on their legs and arms, when they fail to live up to their ambiguous, unintelligible, unreasonable orders and ordinances. They are punished for their ignorance or their timidity as if they were criminals in the eye of God and Ethics.

Ignorance of law or inability to penetrate its import is not excused in the penal code of any nation. The strangest part of the matter is that while ignorance or misreading of law is culpable in the ordinary man, it is venial for judges and administrators of justice. Judges of the highest court may even so far infringe it as to extract the poisonous teeth of law and make it harmless, though in the meanwhile fifty thousand men may have been hanged for looking at the same angle of vision, and showing the same respect to it as the Judge, who finally struck it, clutched it, throttled it, and drew out its fangs with the pincers and forceps of his legal interpretative authority, like the snake-charmer, who converts the cobra into a harmless, amusing public dancery.

But Law is not Literature, in which the tyranny of words shows itself more abundantly, and eventually with greater effect than in the courts of law. Millions may lose their lives by the arbitrary power or the fascinating blandishment of a word. Millions may be made homeless. Millions may be thrown out of employment. Millions may suffer by heavy taxation, and millions of homes may be made gloomy and desolate. Governments may become bankrupt and helpless. Markets may be lost, and trade and industry depressed, causing embarrassment and consternation. Nations may be impoverished, and their civilisation may decay, eventually threatening them with the return of primitive barbarism. A word may by its vagaries create a great war and ruin the world.

Law selects its victims, and shows reason and discrimination. It cannot hang, imprison or flog a whole nation. But literature is ruthless. Permeating the pores of the social organism, its morals and manners, its culture and civilization, and the very intellect of the people, it may spread poison over entire humanity by creating an atmosphere that challenges the deodorising and disinfecting power of science or theology, until the whole world runs out of its accustomed orbit into the depths of illimitable chaos in quest of a new order or disorder.

A word, in its imperial ambition, shows its despotism by throwing out branches, twigs and leaves, overseas colonies and trading establishments by misappropiating foreign territory, by forming dependencies and ultramontane outposts by its uncontrollable covetousness, with the help of the irresistible expansive force of rhetoric. Its passions and powers may be slowly arrested and limited by constitutional means. Its branches may be pruned, its colonies and settlements defined, delimited and demarcated by commissions of Sahitya-parishads, by lexicography and terminology. Even with these precautionary measures, it is sometimes difficult to restrain the aggressive proclivities of certain words, or to escape from their night attacks and treacherous aggressions.

Mill made a supreme effort to circumscribe the empire of the despotic word 'Nature,' but did not fully succeed. Its intrusive violence is felt everywhere, in ethics, psychology, politics and sociology. Those who wish to study the treacherous, tyrannical character of the word will do well to study the first of the "Three Essays on Religion." In this famous work after assuring his readers that art is as much nature as anything else, and everything which is artificial is natural, the author falls into the trap, and gives art a higher place than nature, and finds no divine justice in nature, though only imperfect justice in art. "There is no evidence whatever in nature for divine justice, whatever standard of justice our ethical opinions may lead us to recognise. There is no shadow of justice in the general arrangements of nature, and what imperfect realisation it obtains in human society is the work of man himself struggling upwards against immense natural difficulties, into civilisation, and making to himself a second nature, far better and more unselfish than he was created with."

Mill thinks that Nature creates a second nature in man and fights with his child to be vanquished and humbled, to be held up to ridicule and be a laughing-stock for ever. Science would do well to let Nature alone and study this second nature, this patricidal nature, and elevate man in the scale of civilisation. Whether the father or the child is responsible for the Great World War and its aftermath of insolvency and melancholy, must be told by a second Mill. The child created Western Civilisation. Is the father going to destroy it? Yet Hellen Taylor assures us that Mill considered the opinions expressed in the essays as fundamentally consistent. The only possible explanation is Nature as a word has proved too tyrannical to be brought to reason or under human control.

No philosopher has so far succeeded in divesting Nature of an inborn tendency to claim a personality, possessed of purpose and passions and a free will and a mind, subject to nervous perturbations in the shape of pleasure and pain, and trouble by a habit of anticipating results, instead of doing its destined work irrespective of consequence. Even Darwin when he explained Natural Selection as synonymous with the survival of the favoured races, failed to cast off the slough of superstition and unscientific ways of thought. He certainly had, lurking in his mind, something like the chosen people of a personal God, like Jahveh. Herbert Spencer corrected the error by substituting 'Survival of the fittest' for 'Survival of the favoured races,' and thereby threw the entire theory of biological evolution into the vicious circle which made survival the test of fitness, and fitness the test of survival.

In the passage quoted from the Essay on Theism, Mill seems to invest Nature with a personality possessed of selfishness and purpose, which inclined her to throw obstacles in the way of civilisation, and to chuckle over man's struggle to reach it. He does not, no doubt, convey this idea in clear and precise terms, but the fogginess of the situation only proves the tyranny, which the word 'Nature' exercised over him, by its equivocation, treachery and mystery.

'Nature' has many meanings, including in their range every object and every phenomenon ranging from the universe to the smallest particle of matter, their movements and mode of life. It is generally applied to physical phenomena and sometimes to intellectual and moral ones. The last application moves with a good deal of meticulousness and misgiving. Even in the phenomenon of volition, Nature is traceable. Among the generally accepted meanings of 'Nature' I might mention, vital power; course of life; nakedness; a primitive undomesticated condition, etc. We are continually contrasting Nature with art, and frequently identifying them with each other, so that we have to rack our own brain to determine what is really meant in any particular application. This is intellectual tyranny. But words are capable of inflicting physical, mental and mixed pain of monstrous dimensions.

Huxley in a process of delimitation, finally came to discover that the frontiers of 'nature' and of 'the law of causation' were coincident. He thus deprived nature of her pretensions to personality and purpose, but failed to extricate her from the entanglements of the everlasting dispute between Fate and Freewill, which every well-wisher of the universe must wish to see ended, and permanently settled, not by a patched up compromise, like the Treaty of Versailles, but an authoritative decision passed on the legal merits of the case.

The words Fate and Freewill have made a great noise in the world. Their dispute is still unsettled. The decision that Will is caused, for nothing is uncaused, by preceding phenomena is not satisfying. The only solution so far discovered is the plausible one that whether we are or are not free we must act as if we were free, and that whether conduct be or be not determinate, we must reason about it as though it were determinate. This is as much as to say that we must take sides with free will in our action and with fate in our thought, a fine piece of humour and self-deception which leaves us in philosophic darkness as thick as ever. Yet the moral life of man is inextricably dependent on the solution of the problem; and though we have so far managed to live a routine life from day to day we cannot permanently permit ourselves to be pulled now to this side and again to that. By this submission to circumstances our action loses vitality and our thought loses consistency and truth. If the European nations, now in the ascendant, firmly believed that free will, with its paraphernalia of moral responsibility and fear of hell-fire or eschatological retributive justice, was a philosophic fad, a mere nightmare, they might have advanced more rapidly and much further in spreading civilization all over the world by their ruthless unhampered exploitation, expropriation, extermination and enslavement. The socialistic propaganda and the labour strikes, which threaten civilization at the present moment, might have been avoided if the capitalists and the labourers believed in fate from the beginning, and never, for a moment, swerved from this belief. But capitalists, unsteady followers of free will in action and of fate in thought, by showing their weakness of conviction for about a century calculated from the time of Robert Owen, have sown the wind, and are now reaping the whirlwind. The labourers also would joyfully and in perfect contentment, have submitted to fate and never thought of trade-unionism or strikes. Fateful events such as trade-depression, financial embarrassment, magnetisation of money, governmental weakness and human insolvency and utter helplessness tend to prove the triumph of Fate, which has unmistakably decreed that ninety per cent. of the people must toil and moil, and only ten per cent. live in comfort and joy. Nature favours differentiation and man in his ignorance and stupidity fights for equality and sameness. But for this futile struggle civilization would have attained higher altitudes. Man cannot raze down the heights of the Himalayas or fill in the depths of the Pacific Ocean. High wages have made the labourers more miserable by the process of unemployment. The present difficulties of Europe are owing to the endeavour to resist the decree of Fate, called in Economics, the Iron Law of wages. Let the labourers be pacific in their depths and the capitalists proud and fearless in their Himalayan heights. Fate is irresistible. She emancipates black Africans and enslaves white Europeans. Was the great war the work of Fate or the issue of human Freewill and intelligence ? In the latter case man has very little reason to be proud of his divine gifts. The war which was intended for the amelioration of the condition of man, has certainly plunged him in the slough of despond. The present situation of the world is, to say the least, desperate. The flower of the youth of the civilized world has been swept off, and statesmen in their prime, are aging fast with gray hair on their heads and wrinkles on their faces in place of the customary dimples. Bankruptcy, maddened exchange, intolerable taxation, unemployment swiftly following upon higher wages, sale of ducal mansions, privations, starvation, and above all doubts and misgivings about the future have stunned the world. The only escape from the catastrophic situation, lies either in plainly admitting the claims of Fate or in acknowledging that civilization had been made to stand upon a weak pedestal, and is in need of a stronger one. Its draperies, overalls and heavy accoutrements must be chiselled out, to make it stand with security anywhere. In short its science for the control of outer nature must be retained, and the forces generated by it in the inner world of spirit must be curbed and brought under control. The task is difficult. But human Freewill is on its trial and the issue is momentous.

Words as despots forget that an empire loses rather than gains in power by expansion, that connotation runs in inverse order with denotation. It has thus come to pass that really self-respecting, respectful ministers have taken care to give up ill-governed outposts and colonies and dependencies of words in order to secure and strengthen their power at home, to rub out the superfusion of rust and fungus, to cut out the excrescences and protrusions of words in order to make them shine in their natural spheres. But with all their efforts certain Knights-errants are continually making their appearance in the field of literature for purposes of predatory aggression and harrassment. Take for instance the words 'nation,' 'people,' 'society,' 'state,' 'country,' and 'race.' How wild they are! How irresistible their power! How fascinating their blandishments! How uncontrollable their invasive propensities! How liable to self-destructive explosion! Those who have read Dr. Bluntschli's book on the 'Theory of the State' have experienced the tyranny exercised by these despots in the world of politics. They have, as it were, foiled the attempts of statesmen to come to terms and make international peace possible. Dr. Wilson has made confusion worse confounded by propounding the principle of 'self-determination,' and drugging the world into madness.

What is the meaning of the everlasting Irish trouble? A couple of despotic words are responsible for them, namely, Race and Religion. The Irish belong to the Celtic race with a slight admixture of other races imported into their country from outside through the English, who though ordinarily supposed to be Teutons, are in truth a tangled mass, composed of most of the European and a few of the Asiatic and African races, consisting of Angles, Saxons, Danes, Jutes, Normans, Jews, Anjevins, Burgandians, emancipated Negro slaves and naturalized Germans, Russians, Hungarians, Austrians, Indians, Americans and all. The blood of the entire world courses through their veins, but they are proud to limit themselves as Anglo-Saxons, as probably the contributors of the chief elements to their blood and mood. Both the races are Christian, but the Irish are mainly Catholic while the British are fundamentally Protestants, consisting of High Church and Low Church men, methodists, presbyterians, unitarians and dissenters and non-conformists of all varieties of thinkable and unthinkable shades. How the miscellaneous groups in Britain came to form one mass is not known. Probably in the olden days, ethnology as a science was not known. The different races looked upon one another as parts of the same race, I mean the human race. But civilization invented the new mechanism of society, discovered that one race descended from the orang the other from the outang. They could not make up their minds to make a single race of orang-outang between the Irish and the British. Both are Christians, that is, followers of Christ; members of the Universal Brotherhood. But Religion is restless; not the essence of it, but some excrescence of Religion. Ethnology is responsible for the word 'Race,' I mean for its abominable strength. We admire European or Western Science. How vicious is the Science of Ethnology! It has divided mankind, created fictitious differences between them, placed unbridgeable gulfs between them, produced and accentuated divergence, and given an irresistible impetus to hate, by separating culture, sentiments, habits and instincts, traditions and customs, and by generating a sense of superiority or inferiority and by letting loose, forces of social disintegration and political disruption. Hate and lie live together as spirits embodied in the flesh of words. Morally or rather spiritually speaking, there ought to be one race among mankind, namely, the human race or the human family, and that is its original meaning. But ethnology, without obliterating this meaning, asked it to grasp the descendant of a common ancestor, much younger than Adam; a tribe or national stock; and Rhetoric extended it to a line of persons, as of statesmen, or of animals, as the feline race ; a herd; a peculiar flavour as of wine by which its origin may be recognised. The same word coming from another stock means a strong and rapid current ; a competitive trial of speed, that is, of the strength of sinews and bones, of muscles and nerves of hate and lie. Generally the two stocks coalesced and befriended each other, and the ethnological race and the competitive race became one and the same ; that is to say, two families placed in contact, cannot remain in peace. They must complete, fight, humiliate or annihilate each other. The process is strengthened and quickened by the addition of a drop of religion, in the same way as the process of melting gold is quickened by the addition of a particle of borax.

The fiction of ethnology has brought in more wars and disturbances, bickerings and heart-burnings, in the world than almost anything else. Hate has been pampered, strengthened and let loose with power and speed enough to run round the world, and sow the seeds of war far and near, exploiting, plundering, stealing, swindling, usurping, and still coveting more. The power of 'Race' is greater than that of the Tzar or the Kaiser, and its greed is greater still. It came into the world to thwart the efforts of the prince of peace, without credentials or pedigree or a fixed home in the rock-cave of science or history. There is no data in science to determine whether man has a mono-genetic or a polygenetic origin ; while religion, I mean religion followed by the most strenuous haters of the world, admits but one father, God in heaven, who through Adam created the race that has overspread the world with different degrees of progress in different branches of it. 'Race' has turned man's attention from his inner to his outer nature, from his soul to his skin, from his personality to his entourage, from morals to manners. It is largely responsible for obvious evils which have been exhibited in limelight by the Great War and its aftermath. Europe has been deliberately mangled and minced, mashed and chopped, by these triumphant and now-ascendant nations who are at present responsible for the peace and prosperity of the world, more than they felt themselves to be, prior to the war. Hate has been given free play in the name of racial self-determination, and the world is rapidly returning to the savage state of war of each against all, each nation against all other nations, each people against all other peoples, each society and culture against all other societies and cultures, each race against all other races, while the frontiers of each nation and of each race, which are uncertain under ordinary circumstances, have been rendered still more uncertain by the new policy of the responsible authorities who are afraid of the monster created by them, imbecile and admittedly unable to check the course of events, set in motion in the process of creation. What dire tyranny has been established by the despotic words mentioned above! What a reign of terror! The world is cracking and crashing and crumbling to pieces and the weight of the arbitrary power of a word, with greater noise and with more serious consequences than it did, geological ages ago, by the withdrawal of the love and the warmth of the sun, which had failed to keep this earth in the lovable and loving mood of fluidity, and to prevent it from becoming hard and hard-crusted and hard-hearted. Did even monarch possess such power? Did even a tyrant exercise such cruelty? Are we destined to see in the inner world upheavals of mountains and depressions of oceans like what have occurred in the cooling earth, slowly converting itself into a travelling gravestone?

The fatherland of the British is in Germany. Germans and Britishers (English) ethnologically belong to the same race of Teutons. The latter have now received the appellation of Huns as if Hate would languish without the help of an accentuated difference of race in British ethnography. Probably the Germans also have invented a name for the

British people, so that each regards the other as barbarians. Barbarians they are, suffused with a paint of civilization in water-colour, now in the course of being washed by rain and storm. The tyranny of 'race' is visible beneath. The greatest event in the history of the world owes its origin to a fiction of literature, to the power of a false science, to the despotism of a word. Love makes John and Johnny and hate makes him a Johanne.

Words and passions are closely related together, each showing itself now as cause again as effect. The word 'Race' has deprived man of his birth-right, his inheritance as the son of God. It has divided brother from brother, and has so far demoralized them as to turn one's own brother into one's wife's brother. It has turned the world from a paradise into a hell. Yet it is based upon a fiction, a figment of an ethnologist's brain. Its base is continually shifting from language to colour of skin; from colour of skin to form of nose; from the latter to the texture of hair; and from the last to the form of the head, mystified by the term cephalic index. Philology, ethnology, morphology and physiology have alike failed to satisfy the intellect of man, but its passions are still running in the search after the source of the monstrous lie as if it were the highest Truth destined to bring about the millennium. The word (Race) has maddened mankind, and kept them tied to the most pernicious illusion of human life. It has created and destroyed civilizations, and challenged Buddha and Christ to touch its person.

Instead of preaching universal brotherhood we preach patriotism, which, out of sheer wickedness and hypocrisy or self-delusion, we call love of country, but which ought to be called the gospel of hate, the hate of humanity living outside our country. The Jews, the chosen people, having lost their patriotism, became scattered over the world and for centuries lived under prosecution, among people, proud of their patriotism, but not of the founder of their religion, or of love of humanity. They lived in humility and submissiveness, and have come to be a cosmopolitan race, a truly chosen people of God. If the world is ever regenerated it will be by a people like the Jews, who have no country of their own, but live as citizens of the world, who have overcome hate by humility and attachment, and have become true followers of Christ at heart, while rejecting him outwardly. I have misgivings about the mandate of country-building preached by our beloved poet-philosopher, Rabindra Nath Tagore.

Another word, whose tyrannies and vagaries have corrupted mankind, driven them from their heavenly Father into the hands of the Devil, is Religion. In the name of unity it has divided mankind, decimated them, obliterated them, destroyed empires, declared Jehads and Crusades, invented inquisitions and inequities, faggots and fires. It has destroyed civilization and made the world desolate. The ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome owe their extinction to Christianity. In the name of God, Religion has slaughtered men and desolated their countries and destroyed their hearths and homes, desecrated their gods, and subjugated and enslaved them. This is a machinery invented by God's creatures and patented by the Devil. God does not wait for prayers to do good; to benefit mankind. Prayers put limitations upon the illimitable, inject the poison of passions into His heart, make Him in the image of Man, give him bread to eat and finally eat Him in the name of consubstantiation. Man creates a monstrous fiction in the name of Truth when he prays for bread and comfort on earth and salvation and bliss in heaven. He puts his own will into the God created by him, and prays that His will might be fulfilled. Thus did the Germans pray to their God for victory and the Allies fearing that the latter might be won over by the Huns, prayed more fervently during the war. Having obtained victory the Allies offered thanks to God, and I am sure they will write histories showing how the victory had nothing to do with supernatural intervention. Such is the cobweb woven by Religion. Let man openly worship the Devil rather than desecrate God. Yet it is not religion but ritual that makes the difference between man and man. Men worship the same God, the source of good, in different ways and become irresistibly differentiated, with different customs and traditions, as if they had faith in, and worshipped different gods hostile to one another, each full of love for his worshippers and filled with hate in regard to people outside their circle. They make a fusion of ritual with religion, flesh with spirit, form with substance, non-essential with essential, lies with Truth, an adulterated God with the real God, rising the latter in argument and thought and the former in action. Instead of elevating man, Religion has debased him.

Such is the power of words! and such their despotism! But the malevolence and power for evil of most of them have been gradually arrested and limited by philosophers, by ardent advocates of limited monarchies and democratic rule in the sphere of literature and science. They devote half their energy to terminology and nomenclature out of love for their readers, who are apt to fall victims to the blandishments and tyranny of words, veiled like women, and speaking from behind the screen. Words are most fascinating when least understood, and are most dangerous when allowed to issue orders from the zenana. But philosophers boldly bring them out into the light of the street and the *maidan*, make them uncover their heads, and dress them in plain *khaddar* to shine in their natural beauty and simplicity. Without the reforms and limitations of lexicography and terminology, language would be a pandemonium, a real Babel, rather worse than Babel, for people would think they understood one another while really they did not. What is still called diplomacy, for we are told diplomacy is on its trial, is nothing but an exploitation of the power of words to deceive mankind. Poetry also exploits it under different circumstances [and with different motives. Philosophers deprecate this exploitation, I mean unadulterated, genuine philosophers, uncorrupted by poetry or diplomacy, who are inspired by the desire of doing good to mankind, not of amusing or befogging them, who, having long experience of exploratory expeditions in inaccessible heights of mountains and depths of sea, in central African heat or Arctic cold, desire to serve the cause of Truth, ugly, unpalatable or unmusical, by lanceting, vivisecting, and turning upside down the beauties and charms of illusion, of lies of the inner world as well as of the outer. Diplomatic despatches are poetical exercises written on the brink of a precipice. The enemy must be kept in good humour even when threatened with extinction. Reference to his greatness, his largeness of heart, his broad outlook must be made along with the exposure of the evil policy and mischievous measures adopted by him, leading to imminent disruption, explosion and destruction affecting continents and nations. Truth is sought to be veiled, not revealed. But words are not slaves. They are masters, and often very cruel masters. Their tyranny is driving the world into a swampy slough of despond at this very moment, exhibiting itself in famine and pestilence, strikes and unemployment, commercial depression and financial embarrassment, in the soundest and most solvent countries of the world. There are two words, 'honour' and 'interest' (self-interest), mutile hostile in truth, sometimes friendly in their manner, deceptive in character, and when united, maddening in power, which are largely responsible for the present predicament of the world. Central European aggression on Serbia and Belgium roused the Allies to a sense of honour, and the fear of possible aggression on themselves awakened them to a sense of their interest to stand up against Germany in a cataclysmic war, whose aftermath has sent both out of the civilized world. Honour in exile, is now desperately hiding her face and refuses to return. Interest has been pining as a public force, and has, now in his sickness, taken refuge in hidden compartments in the houses of sneaky profiteers and money-lenders, and sticky statesmen and politicians. Tyrants are cowards. 'Honour' and 'Interest' have now convincingly proved the truth of this old saying. Honour refuses to help Russia or Central Asia. Pining interest is too weak and imbecile to hold up the triumphant, ascendant nations in the hour of their embarrassment, insolvency and distress. If tyrants are cowardly, they are still more treacherous. Honour attracts public esteem and love; Interest generates hate and hostility. The belligerents synchronously set both in motion with the result that the first enfeebled the second, and the second vanquished the first, though they were strangely intended to uphold each other. Both are now lying in the dust in a moribund condition with very little hope of recovery, for doctors are optimistically hopeless and pessimistically sanguine, or in other words, bewildered, mad in melancholy, laughing in tears and wailing in pleasant concert of music.

K. C. SEN

# PORTUGAL AND SPAIN

A distinguished representative of the *Diaro de Noticias* recently interviewed the King of Spain in Portugal and Spain. In the interview King Alfonso gave the Portuguese journalist, he spoke pretty freely, and his remarks on the subject of expansion had such a weight that the Peninsular Press could not refrain from quoting the Spanish monarch's utterances at some considerable length. Thus, an international interest was suddenly imparted to the Iberian schemes in the Peninsula.

The map of Europe has already undergone many changes, and it is not improbable that the political complications which accumulate on Europe's head may result, among other things, in endangering the position of Portugal as an independent power ; and we cannot help reasoning as well as sorrowing over it.

"In the case of events rendering European intervention necessary in Portugal, the geographical situation of Spain would be taken into account." Such was the clause VII of the basis of the Franco-Spanish agreement signed in 1913, agreement which we understood was consonant with the Anglo-French agreement of 1904. We discussed it in the article entitled *Portugal : Her Fate* published in the *New Age* (London, Nov. 27, 1913). We were irresistibly reminded of the fact that the Triple Entente in the Mediterranean was one which was steadily pursued by King Carlos of Portugal with tenacity unrivalled, with watchfulness unsleeping. "The foreign policy of King Carlos," we wrote, "contained the germs of prolific fruit and anticipated in many respects the Triple Entente ; he was the author of the Anglo-Portuguese agreement signed in 1899 which lessened the importance of the Anglo-German agreement of 1898 providing, if necessary, for the partition between Great Britain and Germany of the

Portuguese Colonies; he invited to Lisbon the Kings of England and Spain and the President of the French Republic; and he influenced for long years the attitude of Portugal as to the place she should have had in the Triple Entente." But the policy of King Carlos was frustrated by his assassination in consequence of which Portugal enjoys to-day a sinister prominence.

"You have rehabilitated the people, you have dignified it," was the entravagant language addressed by Senhor Joas Chagas to the murderer of King Carlos. These sentiments were expressed by Senhor Chagas in his *Cartas Politicas* before the revolution of 1910 had the effect of making him Portuguese Minister in Paris. Senhor Chagas espoused the murderer's cause because he believed it was the cause of the people. But the fact cannot be disguised that the words used by the Portuguese Minister in Paris were peculiarly ill-chosen and had better left unsaid. "The murders of Edward and Richard II, and the death of Henry IV, and his son or the infant princes of York," wrote a bold English writer, "differ from the condemnation of Charles I. They show two different stages of civilisation, in one case they show the English unscrupulous as to the means to rid themselves of a sovereign and in the other bespeaks the progress in the minds of the people." If this be true of the ancestors of English people, it is certainly true of some Portuguese to-day.

King Carlos was murdered because he spoke truths unpalatable to Portuguese politicians. In the interview he gave M. Galtier representing *Le Temps* of Paris the king spoke a few days before his assassination, of the want of character in Portugal—words which have been endorsed by subsequent events in Portugal. False principles of government, corrupt motives of action must have exasperated the Portuguese monarch and made him take a foreign journalist into confidence regarding men who saw with secret exultation the gradual erection of a new sovereignty the reins of which must, they foresaw, be ultimately transferred into their hands. "King Carlos," wrote J. L. Garvin, the Editor of the London *Observer*, "was murdered not for his faults but for his virtues not for his follies and sins of his previous career but for the gallant and resolute patriotism he showed at the last." If in the entire Portuguese nation there was one man who after eighteen years of political experience had studied the means of creating its welfare and was capable and anxious to practise them, King Carlos was the man.

Be that as it may, better things were confidently expected from the republican regime because worse were held to be impossible. But the mountain has laboured and the end has come in the mode which some at least who foresaw it looked for.

The Portuguese Revolution so wild in its principles and so impracticable in its purposes, was the work of men who themselves acknowledge that they did not represent Portugal. We beg therefore to call attention to the words uttered by a revolutionary leader, who to-day, is the President of the Portuguese Republic :—

"The Republic found at its back and ready and willing to help it, the elements which had been the cause of its triumph—the people of Lisbon and the Army and Navy. These elements were but few—are but few if we have regard to the complex political condition of the country. On the opposite side, filled either by hostile distrust or at the best, by the most deplorable apathy, is the whole nation of the Portuguese people who heard talk of a Republic set up in Lisbon no one knows by whom nor for whom. The public reads the papers, follows the political debates, watches the attendant quarrels, and shrugging its shoulders as it did in the bygone days of the monarchy, repeats :—'They are no better than the others.'

And this state of things is bad. Portuguese politicians must make up their minds before they do anything else, to tell the country the truth, and the whole truth, no matter how bitter or painful it may be."

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"He commits a crime who watching a house on fire, tells the inmates to have no fear and thus causes their ruin in the general downfall."

*Antonio Jose d'Almeida.*

Strong and painful words these last when applied to any country. We quote them because they appear to us to state the truth in frank and manly language.

The Portuguese Revolution found, no doubt, its supporters in Europe among men whose passions it flattered. But whatever else republican government may be, it means in our modern age government by public opinion. A Republic based on a population 75% of which is illiterate, and a Republic that must not conceal from itself the fact of being faced with difficulties arising from the encouragement it gave to the turbulent elements in the country cannot possibly be a success.

"Portugal would direct her efforts to the founding of Republics in Spain and Italy," said Professor Peofilo Braga, the first President of the Portuguese Revolutionary Government when he announced the Portuguese Revolution to be "the rare and notable event, the expression of the pride of an indomitable race, the bravery of which has rendered it legendary, which filled with joy and enthusiasm the heart of patriots." It is said that Professor Braga's indiscreet utterances, when President of the Republican Government, provoked the hostile attitude of Spain towards Portugal.

"Some weeks ago," wrote at the time, the London weekly *Penny Illustrated Paper* (July 9, 1911) "we published in these columns a statement by Senhor V. de Braganca-Cunha who claims that the people of Portugal are not likely to rest content under a Republican Government.

The article we print below embodies the views of the Spanish Socialist leader Senor Pablo Iglesias which he has specially communicated to a representative of this Journal. We take no responsibility for Senor Iglesias' views, but coming as they do from the only revolutionary member of the Spanish Parliament they are not without importance as indicating the trend of certain sections of thought."

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"The establishment of a Portuguese Republic," said Pablo Iglesias, "will have the profoundest effect upon Spain—far more so than if a Spanish Republic had first been established. It will act as a tremendous inspiration, as a spark which will ultimately set fire to the explosive ingredients lying to-day under the apparently smooth surface of Spanish affairs. If the Portuguese Republicans are really sincere and will combine with the Spanish confreres, then the thing is as good as done."

It is interesting to note that in 1873, when the Spanish Minister accredited to the Court of St. James, called upon the British Foreign Secretary and desired to speak to him on a delicate matter, he is known to have said "*that there was a disposition on the part of the Republican party in Spain towards an union with Portugal and there were some Republicans in Portugal who would be ready to assist in such a project. If it was generally believed in Spain that such a project could be carried out without opposition from Europe the Spanish Government might not be able to stop some aggressive movement.*" The answer that the Earl of Granville, the British Foreign Secretary, gave the Spanish Minister was "*that Great Britain had always disclaimed the wish to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries but there were Treaty engagements between Portugal and Great Britain to defend Portugal against external aggression and that the Spaniards could not count upon the indifference of England to an external attack upon Portugal.*" (Dispatch from Earl of

Granville to Her Majesty's Minister at Madrid; also to Her Majesty's Minister at Lisbon: Foreign Office, February 19, 1873.)

The Anglo-Portuguese Alliance, which is almost an essential element in the national security of Portugal, is an alliance so precious in obligations that it has been maintained by Portugal throughout the whole of her national career. It dates back to the time of the Crusades and was renewed in the compact of modern Europe—the convention of Vienna. It is in fact the most ancient defensive and offensive alliance in the British archives. Unhappily, however, as far as Portuguese affairs in the Peninsula are concerned, the Anglo-Portuguese alliance is no safeguard against the dangers threatening Portugal. The clause VII in the Franco-Spanish agreement of 1913 which had the assent of England, was—sad to record—in direct contravention of the compact agreed to in ancient days by England and Portugal; and this seems the more sad when we remember in what spirit England encountered every previous attempt of intervention in Portugal.

The right to intervene—no matter in what form it is—we think a direct infringement of the independence of sovereign States; and the maintenance of Portuguese independence ought to be the object of every Portuguese to secure. "Had it not been for the Balkan War," wrote the well-known Liberal daily the *Daily News* (November 25, 1912) the semi-official organ of the British Government, then in power, "the British Government in conjunction with other foreign Powers intended to intervene and obtain more humane treatment for the political prisoners, many of whom are men of culture, as well as several ladies of noble birth." When the Liberal press urged England to go knight-erranting in Portugal, we remember having drawn the attention of the Liberal Review *The Nation* (August 9, 1913) which supported the British foreign policy, to the following facts:—"Fate," we wrote, "has played an extraordinary part in the Republic's career, obliging her among other things, to take as protector the nation the Portuguese Republican was wont to term the evil genius of Portugal, the marplot of the world; hence the well-known assertion of Teofilo Braga that '*the four great causes of the decadence of Portugal had been the Inquisition, the Jesuits, the Braganzas and the English alliance.*' The British policy indeed, had not changed. But after twenty years of wiles and bluff, a Republican deputation visited London, early in August 1910, with the object of informing the Foreign Office that the establishment of a Republican Government in Portugal would make no difference to the Anglo-Portuguese alliance. More than that, a speech of Mr. Asquith, in which stress seemed to have been laid on the alliance between England and Portugal as being one of peoples and not of dynasties, was interpreted by the Republican press as a direct encouragement to the Revolution of October, 1910. Thus nothing was neglected for the success of the conspiracy. Whatever may be the present attitude of England towards Portugal, however, it is certain these facts were a mighty aid in the further development of the revolutionary movement; they gave to it a shade of respectability. But if there was some encouragement in this, I am bound to say there was more in the attitude of England at the time of the proclamation of the Republic; and strange to say the sudden transference to Brussels, in the height of an exciting crisis, of Sir Francis Villiers, the British Minister in Lisbon—an affair which concerned nobody but Sir Edward Grey—was an event which in the eyes of the members of the Constituent Assembly seemed tantamount to humiliation."

The greatest curse which can be inflicted upon a people, said somebody, is to live and delight in perpetual illusion and to consider all its visions as realities. This may be verified and confirmed by an inquiry into the politics of the past which is not without a direct bearing on the present day problems of Portugal.

Portugal furnished England a favourable ground on which to meet the armies of Napoleon. She was according to Canning's words "the fulcrum for the lever of England to wrench Napoleon from his power. But even then when all was hope in Europe the seemingly immitigable evil destiny of this land prevailed. "To a mind not steeled against the pleadings of humanity," wrote a distinguished British Officer who had fought at Bussaco, "the field of battle presented a less painful view when strewn with the mangled forms of dead and dying than did the rescued villages, where in order to secure Portugal from the reflux of this desolating tide, we were necessitated to receive from her children almost their last mouthful of bread and to see them paid what in itself was a wretched compensation, though all we had to give." The fall of Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo brought peace to Europe, but that peace found Portugal in the most distressing condition. The Peninsular war exhausted her resources and was the cause of bankruptcy. Portugal could evoke military glories achieved in the war but could hardly pay the loans imposed on her by the expenses of war; and paper money was issued to save the situation. Besides, Spain evaded the restitution of Olivenha which had been provided for by the Congress of Vienna, and Portugal was made to restore the part of French Guiana taken from the French.

Portugal had, therefore, much to learn by the failure of 1815, failure to meet in a reasonable spirit the then modest demands of small nations menaced in their dear possessions—their honour, their independence. But nevertheless Portugal —monarchical and republican—went to war with Germany among other things, because of her alliance with England, and fought side by side with her ancient ally. Indeed, she performed her task in the great contest, which a few years ago involved the whole civilised world, with a fine sense of duty which could not be surpassed.

The *Times*, however, writing during the great war, took Republican Portugal to task for her friendly attitude towards the Iberian Entente. It criticised the Portuguese politicians, whose mind was not sufficiently alert to grasp the bearings of the Spanish policy; and in this connection the London daily told the curious story of the Portuguese Republican Premier, then in power, who succumbed before the temptation and consented to be a Knight Commander of the Spanish Kingdom.

This brings us to the very heart of the matter. Whatever may be the dreams of the Pan-Iberians, the realisation of a project of bringing Spain and Portugal under a single head is beyond every possibility. It is utterly impossible in consequence of the different kind of life and traditional opinions which prevail in Spain and Portugal respectively. The Portuguese like the Basque, the Catalan and the Galician preserve their ancient customs and traditions. If the union could not be effected when Philip II annexed Portugal, it is impossible now.

Under Philip II who was a despot by position and by temperament, the Portuguese soon discovered the omens of a ghastly reign and in the two Philips, who came after him the fatal heritage of a vicious blood. Philip II's cruelty was such that from the number of the corpses of the victims of his fury, thrown into the sea " people would not fish again." The sixty years of captivity as the Spanish domination from 1580-1640 is called, presents only one uniform tale of treachery and blood. The savage decree of his Catholic Majesty closing all Portuguese ports to "the heretics of Netherlands" brought ruin and shame to Portugal; and while promises given at the Cortes of Thomar were flagrantly violated by the Spanish usurpers the Portuguese possessions in the East fell into the hands of those whom Philip's intolerance had made enemies of Portugal.

Treachery was so much the order of the day that Christovam de Moura and some Portuguese accepting Philip II's bribe looked forward to a permanent union of their country with that of Spain. In the instructions Philip II had left his son, the Castilian Monarch wrote: "that he should strictly watch the Duke of Braganza closely examining into his actions but always showing him every attention until the opportunity offered him of persecuting him and all his family. As for the rest of nobility the only course was to remove them from the country sending them to fill honourable posts in Flanders, Germany and Italy." In this manner Philip II believed "the kingdom of Portugal could be monopolised and reduced to a province and the people rendered powerless to make any movement." These doctrines, however aroused the Portuguese sentiment and hastened the revolution of 1640, which was a task worthy of patriotic Portugal. Indeed, the revolution of 1640 was distinguished from any revolution on being the work neither of a military class nor yet of the mob of a capital. It was certainly an effort of an injured people to overcome a tyrannical and perfidious domination.

Again, when the Spanish monarchy became almost extinguished with the flight of Isabella II to France, when none of the Bourbon candidates were thought acceptable and Prim was free to find, if he could, a monarch for the vacant throne, the Government of Madrid made a proposal for offering the crown of Spain to Dom Ferdinand, the King-Consort, who had survived the death of his wife Queen Maria II of Portugal. But Dom Ferdinand, though a foreign Prince, as we pointed out in the *Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy*, (London, 1911) had the conscience and self-command to declare to Spain that he was not prepared to abdicate the rights of a Portuguese and convert himself into a Spanish King; and the Portuguese Government lost no time in informing the Portuguese representative in Madrid that Dom Ferdinand was not willing to receive the Spanish delegates of the special mission coming over to Portugal—a step of which it was hard to prognosticate the effects but which undoubtedly contributed to lower the importance of the Iberian Federation. This refusal naturally displeased Spain, and Castellar, the great leader of the Spanish Republicans, gave vent to his indignation by insulting Dom Ferdinand openly in the Cortes!

"These people are our great enemies, for they hinder the passing of useful legislation which might work for the common good of the two peoples, such as the development of international communication, progress in the betterment of the material conditions of the two countries, the unity of weights, measures, money and custom regulations," were the suggestive words of Dom Pedro V when this same proposal was made to that Portuguese Monarch, words which strengthened the belief in Portugal for the Portuguese.

But to return to the present. The past can look after itself.

In what form of justice or injustice Spain proposes to inflict her good services on Portugal we cannot tell.

"Organized nations," affirms Hobbes, "assume the personal character of men and consequently that there is no difference between the moral rules which ought to be observed by nations and those which ought to be observed by individuals." But this ideal of a philosophical visionary has long been refuted by the logic of experience. There is to-day, a certain energy in almost all Great Powers which under favourable conditions makes for territorial expansion. "The race of statesmen who authoritatively reproved it," wrote Gladstone, "are gone or passed into the shade; and a new race have succeeded of whom a large part either administer strong incentives or look on with indifference." We believe, this to be the worst calamity that could befall a small nation. We seize, therefore, the first opportunity to analyze, with some detail, a crisis which, momentous from the very outset, may at any moment prove fatal.

V. DE BRAGANCA CUNHA

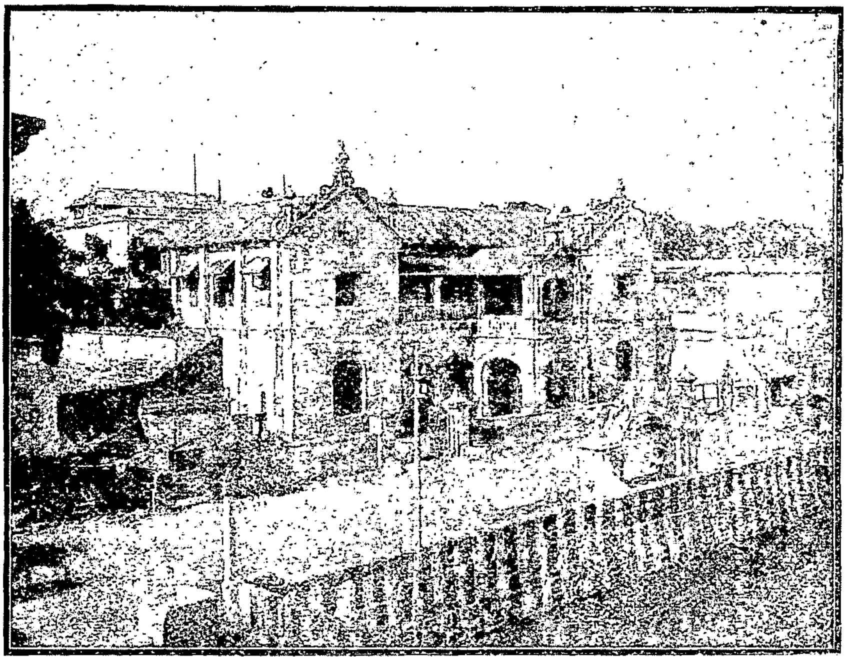
# MISSIONARY EDUCATIONAL ENTERPRISE IN SOUTH INDIA

## I. S. P. G. College, Trichinopoly.

The first society of the Anglican branch of the Church to undertake organized Missionary work in South India was the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. From the year 1710 this Society contributed liberally to the maintenance of the work of the Danish Mission which had first been sent to Tranquebar in 1705 by H. M. King Frederick IV of Denmark. That Mission ascribed its inspiration to the example set by the S. P. G. in America, and its object was actively promoted by the Society. In 1714 the Danish Missionary Ziggenbalgh received a warm welcome and hearty encouragement in England from both Church and Crown. Three years later he addressed a letter to H. M. King George I reporting the progress of his work and urging the importance and need of its extension.

In the year 1728 the S. P. C. K. opened an independent Mission of its own in Madras, and subsequently established other centres of work in South India. In 1762 the Rev. C. F. Schwartz visited Trichinoply. The Church which he founded stands opposite the Caldwell Hostel for students of the College, the hostel itself being built on the land which he acquired. His house stands close by. It is also recorded in the annals of the S. P. C. K. that a small building was quickly erected to serve as a school during the week and as a temporary House of Prayer and Worship on Sundays till the building of Christ Church was completed. This was the seed from which the present educational institution of the S. P. G. in Trichinopoly have grown till, by the grace of God, they are what they are to-day.

Founded in the year after the Wars of the Carnatic had been brought to a close, this institution passed its early days in stirring times. With the fall of Pondicherry in the previous year the supremacy of British influence had been finally established in South India, and the Treaty of Paris brought the struggle between the British and the French to a satisfactory conclusion. Mohammad Ali was recognized as the Nawab of the Carnatic and this town was placed under his rule. It should be recorded with gratification that this Nawab was one of the earliest and most generous benefactors of this institution.



S. P. G. College, Trichinopoly.

But Trichinopoly did not enjoy uninterrupted peace for long. In 1768 Haidar Ali of Mysore swept through the District and besieged the capital. His defeat at Porto Novo in the next year compelled him to withdraw his invading armies. Twenty years later, however, another determined attempt was made upon the Fort by his son and successor Tippu Sultan but it met with as little success as that of his father.

In the year 1801 the Carnatic was finally ceded to the British by the Nawab of Arcot.

In 1823 South India still formed part of the Diocese of Calcutta and it was to this fact that Trichinopoly owed the privilege of a visit from the great Dr. Heber, the second Bishop of Calcutta. The effect of that visit upon the fortunes of this institution was of a far-reaching character. In the first place, at that time the old school buildings were falling into disrepair and were no longer large enough to meet the increasing demands of the people of this town. Bishop Heber expressed an earnest wish, which was noted down two or three hours before his lamentable death, that better buildings with increased accommodation might be provided for these schools. This was duly effected in memory of his honoured name. In the second place, it was largely owing to the influence of Bishop Heber that the Mission of the S. P. C. K. were handed over to the S. P. G. In 1825 the Committee of the S. P. C. K. resolved—

> "That this Society do continue to maintain the Missionaries now employed by it in the South of India during the remainder of their lives and that the management and superintendence of the missions be transferred to the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel."

The charge was readily accepted by the S. P. G., the S. P. C. K. continuing to aid liberally in the work of education. At the time of the transfer the S. P. C. K. were maintaining six European Missionaries (including the Rev. M. D. Schreyvogel at Trichinopoly) and employing about 150 Indian teachers in their schools which contained about 1,500 pupils.

The development of this institution during the last century was rapid. As a result of Bishop Heber's appeal the old school in the Fort was enlarged and improved so as to constitute a higher-grade school with the other existing schools affiliated to it as branch schools. As the sphere of education extended, this school was raised to the position of a recognized High School in 1864. In 1867 the institution was still further enlarged and attained the rank of a Second Grade College affiliated to the University of Madras which had been founded about ten years earlier. In 1883 the present First Grade College was finally established, crowning the whole institution, which now comprises a University College, a High School, and three Incomplete Secondary Schools affiliated to it.

The S. P. C. K. which founded this institution one hundred and sixty years ago and maintained it for more than half a century in the early stages of its development, still contributes a sum of more than Rs. 3,000 annually towards the education of its Christian scholars and in 1911 also made a special additional grant of Rs. 3,000 towards the new High School building—very pleasing bonds of union between the Institution and the Society to which it owes its origin.[1]

"T. M. S."

[1] I am much indebted to Mr. Gardiner, Principal, S. P. G. College, for the information.

## MITES FROM MANY

### III

On Life-tree perch'd the turtle King,
His Queen so close him by,
They were not two, but double one,
And Love filled earth and sky.
Unmark'd the fowler, Death, stole on ;
How swift his arrow sped !
He pierced the Life-tree through and through,
And Death to Love was wed.—*Modern.*

### IV

O, if of love the Lover I,
O, how can I that Love offend,
And from the Love in low or high
This little heart mine meward bend ?
I look below, I look above,
I look within, I look without,
I love but Love, I see but Love
In moan of grief, in joyous shout.
In pain and strife
But Love gives Life
For Life through Love to be,
Of Love the pain,
Like Sun-lit rain,
Is Love's dumb mystery.—*Modern.*

## ADORATION

### (1)

*World-mother.*

Plenitude of Godhead, World-Mother,
Formless, all-formed,
Limitless, portionless, destroyer of
Diversity!
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Creatrix of name and form,
Thyself without form and name,
Self-radiant, by speech unspoken,
Beautifier of the void,
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

As Thy own work art thou form'd,
Thou, Mother of the Universe,
Formless as the cause art Thou,
Our Father seen and yet unseen.
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Male nor female Thou
Nor yet the sexless third,
Thou art but what Thou art,
Unminded by the mind.
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Casting aside corporeal thought,
Thou art impartite Bliss,
For Thee within, without are naught,
Alone, only, one art Thou,
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Thou nor light nor gloom, termless truth,
By sages Paramātmā called
Jehovah, Sakti, Allah, God,
Infinitude of names are Thine,
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Mother of all, may Thy children,
Freed of the brute in heart,
See all in God and God in all,
Thou, Father, Lord, Spirit pure,
The Ruler in the heart.
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Be this an offering to Most High.—*From Sanskrit.*

### (2)

### *World-king.*

May I my thoughts fix firm in Him,
Of all the Lords supreme great Lord,
Of all the gods supreme God He,
Of all the masters Master He,
The supremest He of all supreme,
The Object of all pious thoughts,
Of all the worlds the one great king.
—*Svetāsvataropanishat.*

### (3)

### *World-ruler.*

### I

Lordships all from Him proceeds,
Rules He all from heart within,
Powers that in any seen
Him thy have as origin,

He directs the wind to blow,
He directs the sun to shine,
He directs the cloud to rain,
He withdraws this time in time,
Death of death and Fears' fear He.

## II

Pleasing Him the world is pleased,
Loving Him the world is lov'd,
Him to worship honours all,
Roots bewatered flourish trees
—Branches, leaves, flowers and fruits;
He ador'd—ador'd all gods.[1]

—*Mahanirvan Tantram.*

### *In my God's praise.*

Thou knowest all, great or small,
But knows Thee none as Thyself,
Causeless, timeless, all in one,
Stainless, formless, present yet
In all forms—sun, moon and fire.
All, beyond all, causes' cause,
Beauty Thou on woman's face,
Mother Thou, life-stream's support
First cry, Thou, of new-born babe,
Broken lisp of infants Thou,
Victor's exultation Thou,
Moan of despair and defeat,
Old decrepitude art Thou,
Delusion, hate and fear,

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[1] Anglice, Angels.

Anger, shame and grief art Thou,
Joy and sorrow of worlds all
Are from Thee, O Lord supreme!
Sin and merit are not Thine,
Perfect merit yet art Thou,
Wise, unwise Thou canst not be,
Plenitude of wisdom Thou!
Faith, unfaith, tho' same to Thee
Thou alone canst faith bestow,
Quintescence of causeless joy,
Called by Scripture sweetness pure,
Oneness, moreness touch Thee not,
Word or mode define Thee not,
All beyond, Thou art but Thou,
Actionless, by being mere,
Witness of Thy creatures' acts,
Creatures act by Thy behest,
Effortless Thy being pure
Makes, unmakes, sustains, the all.
Eternal Thou, Simple, One
Nor making, unmaking Thou,
Sustaining yet art Thou not.
Spirit pure, all knowledge-fails
What or how of Thee to know,
Essence Thine all knowledge mocks,
Works of Thine alone are known,
Thine no praise nor Thine dispraise.
Essence Thine is Essence mine,
Such is Thine eternal vow.
Silence is Thy perfect praise
Worship perfect Thine is peace.—*From Sanskrit.*

MOHINIMOHAN CHATTERJI

# EXTRACT FROM "WITHERED LEAVES."

(*Translated from the Persian.*)

فصل از باب شکست رنگ انشا کرده‌ام
میتوان راز درونم خواند از سیمای من

'LIFE AND ITS CHANGING SCENES.'

I have never known the intoxication of power; for power I have never had: but I can well imagine what it is like—also what it is to lose it. Power is the driving-force of the world, its coveted prize. Nay, it is the divinity which man has worshipped with unfailing and unflagging zeal, and which he will continue to worship until the end of time. In some countries it is a more popular cult than in others; but in all it has its ardent devotees. Probably it has its largest following in my own beloved country. Centuries of "patriarchal government" and "benevolent despotism" have taught us the divinity of Circe. We know the power of the Crown, of the minister, of the judge, of the magistrate, of the office-clerk, and last but not least of the police. Incense and hymns and gifts and lévees—ah! what is it that we do *not* offer at that all-attracting shrine? Honour—what is that but a convention? Truth, a fad. Honesty—an inconvenient fiction. Character—idle chatter of the fool. All these—are they not thy trophies, thy tributes, O Power terrestrial, O Influence divine? But *Reputation*! Yes, *that* we believe in—thoroughly; and for that we work, spend sleepless nights, and intrigue. Reputation can be arranged for. And why not? 'Tis the path of least resistance. *Character*......pouf! The powers that Be are themselves short-sighted, if not blind, to that. But by *Reputation* they—even they—are readily impressed.

These reflections were borne in upon me on the occasion of a farewell entertainment given to a retiring friend of mine. Around me I saw faces wreathed in (as it were) stucco smiles. I saw floral tributes, radiant in their spotless splendour. I saw the little ever-ready courtesies of "friends." I heard faint whispers of admiration, and, yes, even of censure; for in this world praise, rarely if ever, is unmingled with blame. I saw naught but mirth and laughter—blent together in apparently flawless perfection. But my own heart was troubled. All the gaiety around evoked in me no joyful response. To me it was an occasion of unrelieved sadness. For years I had been intimate with him—years of unclouded friendship Now, that delightful chapter of our life was closing. Can anything be more pathetic or painful than to see or do a thing for the very last time? But sad it was for another reason too. It meant the official demise of my friend. With physical death the tragedy is with the survivors—with official death it is otherwise. It leaves its victim shorn of glory, bereft of power, robbed of that magic robe the hem of which thousands, only a moment ago, were striving to touch. Eyes, erstwhile so eagerly directed, are now averted. The hand that before rose so readily to salute becomes strangely stiff and motionless; the world so radiant of yore, seems plunged in gloom; the once admiring, *salaming* throng of *Umidwallas* appear to be suddenly smitten with a paralysis of the appreciative faculties; prayers and presents and hymns—formerly so incessant in their flow—disturb no longer the pervading calm; by some seemingly malignant stroke of fate the adulated, adored one is divested, of the charm and the magnetic power which drew and rivetted grovelling mankind to him. And oh, *how* grovelling mankind can be! How false they all seem!

Everything around me pointed unmistakably to the transitoriness of the world, to the vanity of human wishes, to the intense selfishness of man. I was watching the setting and the rising sun. How would I have loved to know the thoughts of these two *dramatis personæ*—the one for whom the sun of glory had set, and the other for whom it was rising. Some thought like the following must have been the former's: "why wrenchest thou, O Fate, power from me? Am I not still able to wield it effectively? Have I not, through all these mortal years, served my master zealously, whole-heartedly, anxiously? Have I ever failed in my loyalty and devotion? Have I not imperilled my health; nay, have I not, at times, hushed into silence the still small voice within me, because that voice was at variance with my master's command; have I not invariably fought my master's battle and won my master's cause. And yet to-day I am abandoned, forsaken, cast adrift to the mercy of wind and waves! Who knows whether the evening of my life will be gilded by soft moon-beams or close in weeping gloom?"

Perchance the situation even recalled to him the poignant words which the Bard of Avon has put into the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey.

But if despondency was probably the dominant note in the heart of one—serene confidence, hope, cheerfulness, equanimity must have characterized that of the other. For him a new world now burst into view for conquest—a new sphere of activity opened out for the display of talents, vigour and wisdom. The splendour of power encircles him—his is the incense of flattery, the hymn of sycophancy. In quite a different channel must his thoughts have run: "Reforms within and without; popularity but not at the expense of firmness; justice but justice fair and divine; conscience, not expediency, my light and guide—something good, something noble achieved, and done before the end comes and the curtain falls." I would be mistaken in the reading of human character if thoughts other than these possessed the minds of the two heroes of the day. But no one can claim infallibility—not I, to be sure.

To me, as I have observed, it was a sad, solemn sobering occasion. How many, alas, are the hopes that we so fondly cherish! How many are the plans we so lovingly lay! How many are actually realized on earth! Time turns them into derision. But everything has a lesson, if we but take it as such. The power that *really resides in man* can never be taken or lopped away from him. It is his to the end. It is the power which earthly magnates *bestow* that has no permanence about it. How then is that *enduring* power attained? By feeding and fanning the spark of that "purer fire" which dwells in every man, and which Goethe says can never be altogether quenched, covered though it be, by the ashes of indifference and daily wants. That "purer fire" in man is lit by the spark divine which permeates life. Has not Sallust said that man unites in himself the God and the beast? Cultivate the God in you, and you have virtue, excellence, goodness. Cultivate the beast in you, and you have vice, ugliness; nay, all the lower world within you—the world of the tiger and the ape. But it is not the *God* but the *brute* that has fascination for man. Hence the world, as we see it, is steeped in darkness, plunged in strife. True wisdom never fears, falters, frets.

In this world where everything shifts and changes; where joys and sorrows are closely interwoven; where sunshine and shower alternate; where marriage-song and funeral-dirge are sung side by side; where hope fails and love decays—in this world of changing scenes—is there anything worth weeping, sighing for?

Those very flowers—so splendid in their loveliness—which adorned the room and charmed the eyes—were they not symbols of our frail hopes and fleeting existence?

Say with Baba Fighani:—

پیش ما خاطر شاد و دل غمناک یکیست
حال اسوده و درد جگر چاک یکیست
راحت و رنج فغانی ز خیال من و تست
راست بین باش که نیک و بد افلاک یکیست

And again say with him:

فارغم از بیاغ و ناز سوسن اراد ار
و ز فریب باغبان و جلوه شمشاد ار

S. Khuda Bukhsh

# FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS' FIGHT WITH MALARIA

## VIII

Food is unquestionably one of the most important factors of health. A well-nourished body can resist or overcome attacks of malaria and other diseases in a way an ill-nourished body cannot. At the Imperial Conference of 1909 Captain R. S. Christopher, I.M.S., showed that the amount of mortality in any town or village was "determined very largely by the relative proportion of well-to-do to partially poverty-stricken dependent classes." He says, "comparing curves showing the price of foodstuffs and the prevalence of epidemic conditions in different years, we see that out of the nine great epidemic years described seven, namely those of 1878, 1879, 1890, 1892, 1897, 1900, and 1908 were during times of high prices. A great epidemic in 1869 and one in 1870 also occurred at a period of specially high prices. Comparing the annual death rates of Bombay from 1872 to 1900, Dr. Bentley has shown that the number of deaths increases as the price of food advances. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries mortality in London was eight per cent. greater in years of dear corn. Charles Booth of the Salvation Army found that the rates of mortality in 27 districts of the city of London were "generally in order of their poverty."

All the evidence we have goes to show, that previous to the close of the eighteenth century the material condition of India, on the whole, was as good as, if not better than, that of Great Britain. Then India became poorer and poorer as Great Britain became richer and richer. This fact, we are strongly inclined to think, to no small extent accounts for the gradual deterioration of the health of India, and as gradual improvement of the health of Great Britain. With improvement of economic condition the food and sanitary condition of Great Britain improved and disease, in consequence, tended to become less rife. With deterioration of economic condition, the food and sanitary condition of India worsened and disease tended to become more rampant. A good portion of the mass of the people in India have an insufficiency of food essential for the maintenance of vitality, famine having become almost chronic ; and the middle classes generally suffer from an increasing dearth of wholesome nutritious food. Milk and milk products, such as clarified butter, *chhānā* and *dohi* formed for several millenniums the principal articles of nutrition in their diet. The excessive veneration for the cow among all sections of the Hindu community, amounting generally to superstition, for untold centuries, had probably its origin not so much in humanitarian as in hygienic and economic considerations.[1] But milk has of late been getting so scarce and so dear, that even well-to-do people often find themselves at their wit's end to provide a sufficiency for their families. Consequently, it is very largely substituted, especially in the case of children by artificial foods which, however loudly they may be boomed in advertisements, cannot serve the same purpose as pure cow's milk. It should, in this connection, be borne in mind, that the nutritive value of food does not depend upon chemical composition alone, but also, and possibly to a greater extent upon certain substances, called vitamins, of whose chemical nature little or nothing is known. Three kinds of these vitamins have so far been generally recognised, and pure cow's milk is probably the only article of food which contains them all.

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[1] Our forefathers found out by age-long experiments in the vast field of Nature the immense dietatic value of milk, especially in a climate like ours. And their conclusions in this, as in various other respects are now being confirmed by detailed scientific investigations in the laboratory. These show that "cow's milk is a combination, properly mixed and balanced and emulsified of all the elements of nutrition Whole milk—that is, milk with the butter fats left in it—not only contains every element of nutrition, but the elements are combined in an easily digestible form......Among the solids in the milk is protein which builds tissue, muscle and blood. Then there are carbo-hydrates, fuel elements, and mineral matter. Another substance found in milk is milksugar or lactose. It is the first thing absorbed by the system when milk is drunk and stimulates and warms the stomach......The minerals contained in milk are many, but among them are sulphur, lime, phosphorus, and magnesium. They build up cells and bones and glands."

Then, again, the rapid march of science and "civilization" has made faked and adulterated comestibles as common now as they were rare half a century ago. Froude complained that "from the great houses in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust that any article you buy is the thing which it pretends to be. We have false weights, false measures, cheating and shoddy everywhere.......We Londoners are poisoned in the water which we drink, poisoned in the gas with which we light our houses, we are poisoned in our bread, poisoned in our milk and butter, poisoned in the remedies for which when these horrible compounds have produced their consequence, we, in our simplicity, apply to our druggist, while the druggists are in turn cheated by the swindling rogues that supply their medicines." The commercial people of India are making frantic efforts not to be left far behind their western prototypes, and it is yearly becoming more and more difficult to procure such articles as *ghee*, mustard oil, flour, etc., in an unadulterated condition. Further, the tendency of recent changes in our tastes, views and habits after the western fashion has been to promote adulteration. Formerly meat was partaken of but seldom by the Hindus and was practically confined to the flesh of goats killed with some sort of religious ceremony. The ceremony may often have been of a more or less farcical nature, but it insured the purity of the meat. Now, the relegation of such ceremonies to the scrap-heap of worn-out superstitions and the wide diffusion of a taste for "civilised" flesh-food compel recourse to butcher's meat. Meat is always risky in a climate like ours, and the risk is considerably enhanced when the supply comes from Bazar shops. Innumerable refreshment rooms and hotels have sprung up in cities and large towns where chops and cutlets are served prepared from meat of questionable ancestry and with *ghee* of generally unquestionable impurity. The supersession of such light refreshments as *Muri* (inflated rice), *chira* (beaten rice), *khai* (parched paddy), cocoanut kernel, *chhānā* (curdled milk) or *sandesh* by bread, biscuits, pastry, etc., has been a change decidedly for the worse at least for the great majority of our middle class gentry. The former are quite as palatable as the latter, and quite as nutritious, especially *chhānā, sandesh* and cocoanut kernel, and have the supreme advantage of not lending themselves to adulteration.

Five or six decades ago, even in well-to-do households, ladies used to do the cooking themselves or have it done under very close supervision. The kitchen was a model of cleanliness, and the food cooked and served was pure and toothsome. Owing to the gradual dissolution of joint family, and various other causes, cooking now even in families that can hardly afford it is becoming a vanishing art, and is left to servants who care as much for the well-being of the families they serve as for that of the man in the moon. The class from which they are recruited is not noted for honesty and cleanliness. Besides, the modern relationship between master and servant being one of mere contract, there being hardly any sentiment concerned on either side, the cooks so long as the dishes served are presentable, do not generally care about the conditions and the way in which they are prepared.[1] To

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[1] The following account of the way in which even highly-paid servants prepare dishes is taken from Kishorilal Sarkar's "A Dying Race, How Dying," pp. 83-84 :

"An uncle of a friend of mine held a high office in the government *toshakhana* in Lord Northbrooke's time. His Excellency was out on a tour and my friend's uncle accompanied the viceregal party. On one occasion by the side of a tent, Buddhu, the Khansama of the good Viceroy, was seen by the Hindu gentleman dressing a dish for the Viceroy's dinner. A pestilential ditch with filthy water was close at hand. Buddhu in dressing the Viceroy's dish was dipping his hands into the ditch and with the moisture of the pernicious ditch was smoothing the dish for the Viceroy. Said my friend's uncle, 'Buddhu, begin with, some at least of the articles used for cooking are adulterated. They undergo a further process of adulteration in the hands of the cooks. Several cooks within my own experience (one of them, an old and otherwise good servant) have been detected stealing the *ghee* allowed for cooking and using Bazar fat instead. The detection in each case was accidental, and there is no knowing how long we had been imposed upon. The evil effects of dependence upon servants for the most important function of our animal-life, that on which physical health largely depends is not confined to deleterious food. The loss of mental equilibrium which is constantly caused by their laches and peccadilloes also tells upon health.

Formerly, provision of wholesome drinking water for the public was held to be the most approved form of *punya* (merit) which one could acquire in this world, whatever his religious persuasion might be. Writing about Hindusthan, Abul Fazl says in the *Ain-i-Akberi* :

> " The whole extent of this vast empire is unequalled for the excellence of its waters, salubrity of air, mildness of climate, and the temperate constitutions of the natives. Every part is cultivated and full of inhabitants, so that you cannot travel the distance of a *cos* (about 2 miles) without seeing towns, and villages, and meeting with good water."

Alas ! the reverse of this would now be true for a good portion of Hindusthan (especially Bengal). Large tanks with sheets of limpid water, stocked with fish, often large enough to simulate lakes which formed such an agreeable and useful feature of the landscape all over India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin have been silted up and thickly covered with weeds. And the water of the rivers and rivulets is fouled by an infinity of abominations from mills, factories and distilleries and by the steeping of jute in Bengal.

what is that you are doing ?' Buddhu answered with a smile, ' Sir, the Lat Sahib should be thankful for what I am doing. Why should I take the trouble of going to a distance to fetch good water for the purpose ?' "

Further, the number of people whose thirst is not quenched by pure "Adam's ale" has been increasing. In the earlier years of English education, in Bengal at least, indulgence in alcoholic drinks was regarded in Neo-Indian Society as an indication of enlightenment and "progress." Happily, it is no longer so considered, but the idea has not died out. The drink evil among the upper classes, however, is confined within a small section. But, the "cup that cheers but does not inebriate," has become a very popular beverage among all classes, among the rich as well as the poor, among men as well as women, among the old as well as the young. It is doing incalculable mischief, perhaps, on the whole more than alcohol, as it is immensely more widespread, especially as Indian tea is generally very strong, and its mode of preparation is such as to extract all its poisonous strength, it being boiled in many households, and the red decoction drunk with great gusto. It is highly prejudicial to the nervous and digestive systems, and, I am fully persuaded, is one of the primary causes of the physical degeneration which has of late become so pronounced in our community. In England, the popularisation of tea has done some good, as it has weaned many from the more pernicious habit of indulgence in alcoholic drinks. There tea is a counter-attraction to the much more baneful alcohol. In this country it is taking the place of the innocent water and *sharbats.* Yet such is the pro-Western bias with which new India is obsessed, that if one were to denounce it he would be confronted with the argument, considered unanswerable there, that Englishmen drink tea and they keep good health, and, I am not sure if there would not be derisive titter at his back in presuming to be better judges of health than they.

Another highly pernicious recent charge is the substitution of cigarette for *hooka*-smoking. The latter is bad enough. But that it is a vice was recognised. Young people would not indulge in it before their elders. But there is hardly any such restraints on cigarette. It must be telling upon health seriously, especially as students and even ladies are becoming its votaries and the facility for indulging in it while travelling is much greater than in the case of *hooka*.

Many, if not most, of the larger towns have now got a good water-supply. But their advantage over rural areas in this respect is nullified by the atmosphere permeating them being vitiated by dense smoke from the chimneys of mills and factories and by clouds of dust from whirling carriages and motor cars. As urban life has been expanding at the expense of the rural, the debilitating effect of noxious air has been increasing. The women-folk of the upper classes are the greatest sufferers from this cause. In the country, they had comparative freedom and could walk about in fresh air. In towns, they are cooped up within the four walls of the Zenana, practically debarred from the enjoyment of Nature's greatest gift to living beings.

The evil effects of insufficient, innutritious or impure food, of unwholesome drinking water, of tea and alcohol, of cigarette-smoking and of vitiated atmosphere, are aggravated by wrong hygiene.

The Westerners and Westernised Indians often ascribe our increased ill-health to our ignorance of hygiene. This is adding insult to injury, "sprinkling salt over a festering sore." The essence of hygiene is cleanliness, and the Hindus, especially the higher castes, have long been noted for it. Even Englishmen were struck by it in the earlier years of the English rule. "The cleanliness of the Hindus," observed Elphinstone, "is proverbial." The truth is, that so far as our increased ill health is due to hygiene at all, it is due more to its recent "progress" than to lack of it, more to wrong hygiene than to no hygiene. The "progress," as in good many other things, being on English lines, its results have been in many, if not in most cases, far from salutary. The hygiene of a civilized community is to a large extent determined by its climate. The English people naturally are afraid of chills and are therefore averse to the use of water, especially of cold water. Our hygienic "advancement" has imbued us with the same dread of chills and similar aversion to cold water.

Sir Charles Bedford in his "Elementary Hygiene for India" which is intended for Indian students and which has run through four editions declares, that the "whole body should be washed with warm water and soap once a day; and the feet, face and hands oftener. Cold baths are too severe for most people in India." Such is the pronouncement of an Englishman whose bias in favour of hot baths is not incomprehensible. But the following hygienic gem is culled from a primer on Hygiene which has long been used as a text book in Bengali schools, and of which the joint author is a distinguished Bengali physician:

"সাধারণতঃ শীতল জলে অবগাহন করিয়া পরক্ষণেই উঠিয়া আসিলে স্নানের প্রয়োজন সিদ্ধ হয়। স্নানের পরক্ষণেই যদি ত্বক্ স্বাভাবিক উজ্জ্বল বর্ণ ধারণ করে, তাহা হইলে শীতল জলে স্নান করিলে কোন ক্ষতি হয় না।.........গা শীত শীত বা কন্কনে বোধ হইলে উষ্ণজলে স্নান সুখকর এবং স্বাস্থ্যকর।"

"Generally, the purpose of a bath is served by plunging in cold water, and instantly getting out of it. There is no harm in bathing in cold water if the skin assumes its natural glow immediately after.........If a chilly sensation is felt in the body, then bathing in warm water is pleasant and healthy."

I do not know if it is possible even for elderly people, not to speak of the young persons for whom the sage advice of the learned doctor is intended, to judge of the exact tint of the skin, or of the degree of cold sensation after bath which should regulate its duration or temperature. My school days were passed in a town which is situated on a river. We used to bathe in it every day throughout the year. Happily, health primers were not in fashion in our time. Or else a good many of us would have had to forego the delights and benefits of a good plunge and swim, and would probably have become hypochondriacs and valetudinarians like so many of the present generation.

In Bengal it has been a long-established practice to anoint the body with mustard oil before bathing, and rub it out while bathing, The body thus rubbed is fairly well cleaned, apart from the fact that oil-rubbing invigorates and smooths the body. With the spread of "civilization," and "hygienic" knowledge, however, the oil is being superseded by soap to the detriment of health. Influenced by hygienic "progress" on western lines, my Neo-Indian brethren and sisters avoid exposing their body and feet to fresh air, but swathe themselves and their children from head to foot, and with warm clothing when there is the remotest apprehension of a possible chill. Knitting woollen garments for infants is becoming a favourite occupation of good many of our ladies, as it is with their western sisters. The use of too much clothing and hosiery, and of close-fitting shoes and boots, cannot but be prejudicial to health in a climate like ours. The excellent practice of rinsing out the mouth after every meal is falling into dissuetude as it is not in fashion among the Westerners; and instead of cleaning the teeth with fresh twigs, preferably of Nim tree, the far less beneficial western practice of using tooth brushes is being more and more largely resorted to. No dentist was needed in old India. He is, however, gradually establishing a roaring practice in new India. Six or seven decades ago even middle class people seldom used to call physicians, but treated their ailments themselves with indigenous simples. Elderly people, especially women, pessessed a wonderful knowledge of these nostrums, the result of age-long experience. It is now becoming obsolescent, and a physician has to be called in for every little ailment, to the great advantage, no doubt, of his trade and that of the druggist, but to a proportionate disadvantage, if not embarrassment or ruin, of the impecunious house-holder. The result is enormously enhanced consumption of drugs which must tend to seriously impair the constitution. In the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the world would be better off if the contents of every apothecary shop were emptied into the sea, though the consequence to the fishes would be lamentable."

Physical exercises which are suited to the constitution and economic condition of our people are being replaced by football and other games which are not so suited. The practice of bicycle-riding which has come into fashion among students is by no means commendable, nor is that of using tramcars in cities to the extent they are at present. Walking, perhaps the best and certainly the cheapest exercise one could take, is going out of fashion. The daily devotional practices of the Hindus in old India have their hygienic value in that they tend to steady and calm the mind and teach one to sit and breathe aright. The abandonment of these practices in new India is condemnable on considerations of health, if on no other consideration. The hours for education and for the transaction of business which were in vogue in old India, allowed one a leisurely midday meal, and rest after it. The present hours necessitate a hurried meal and a hurried departure to school or office without the needful rest requisite for proper digestion.

A sound, well-balanced, peaceful state of mind is as essential for health as wholesome food in sufficient quantity, fresh air, good water and free drainage. But through the influence of modern civilization, emotions and impulses, such as selfishness, greed, jealousy, fear and worry, are gaining strength to an extent which is inimical to mental harmony and, therefore, to health. The propagation of the gladiatorial view of life, of false notions of equality, and of the silly idea, that the progress and the happiness of man lies in multiplying his wants and desires, and the appliances to meet and satisfy them, is leading to the replacement of the religion of amity by that of enmity, and is destroying that harmonious, tranquil, contented, benevolent state of mind which was a marked characteristic of our people, and which must have influenced their health favourably. The middle class people have been the greatest sufferers from this cause. The prices of the bare necessaries of animal existence have been doubled, trebled, or quadrupled within the last five decades. But the means of the majority of the middle class has not increased in anything like the same proportion. To add to the tragedy of the situation, their "progress" after the western fashion has created tastes and wants for the gratification of which more means is needed than was necessary when they were contented with the indigenous simple way of living. Their struggle for existence has thus been intensified to such an extent as to make their life a sempiternal round of trouble and anxiety.

The strain on the mind begins early with school life. Formerly the school hours were suited to the climate. The students were under no necessity to bolt their meals and run to school. They had but few text-books, and the range of their studies was restricted. The text-books now prescribed comprise such a wide variety of subjects, are so frequently changed and are so numerous, that it is difficult to say whether they are intended for the benefit of students or for the benefit of text-book makers and the Education Department. Generally poor they have a weak physique to begin with and the violent efforts which they make to pass the University Examinations tell severely on it.[1] But the natural vigour and buoyancy of adolescence, and the hopes of a future career make up to some extent for the noxious effects of their mental strain. The trouble which begins when their academic life ends is much more serious. The terrible struggle for existence they are then confronted with taxes what brains and energies they have left in them to the utmost.

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[1] The report for last year (1922) of the Students Welfare Committee of the Calcutta University shows that "in certain colleges, as many as 10 per cent. of the students show enlarged spleen. The defects of eyesight are as high as 51 per cent. in a certain institution...., ..About 71 per cent. of the students suffer from some sort of defects ......The incidence of disease increases after the age of 21 showing a weakening of the resistance of the body after the period of maximum efficiency."

The causes we have cursorily reviewed above have been operating with annually accelerated force during the last five or six decades. The vitality of our people has, in consequences been diminishing, and their susceptibility to malaria and a host of other maladies increasing. The malaria problem has thus been growing in complexity, and from what we have said above, it will be seen that we are to no inconsiderable extent responsible for it. We have not spared Government in our criticism of their culpable connivance at the depredations of the Malaria fiend, lest by seriously endeavouring to restrain them, they should jeopardise the interests of their potent allies, industry and commerce. Justice constrains us to be as severe with ourselves for not only not resisting this sinister, nefarious alliance, but also to a large exent, for aiding and abetting it. If Government has been casting far and wide the dexterously-knit exploiting net of the modern industrial civilisation of the West, or assiduously helping shrewd scheming people to do so, we are to blame for heedlessly, sheepishly, rushing into it and getting entangled in, and in not a few cases strangled by it, physically as well as morally. By our senseless multiplication of wants after the western fashion, which instead of promoting health often prove prejudicial to it, we have aggravated the evil effects of impoverishment inseparable from western rule on commercial principles. We have been acting like the simpleton of the Sanskrit *sloka* who neglecting the water at hand aspires to water from the clouds and despising the readymade repast at home wanders abroad begging for better meals[1] and are suffering from the inevitable consequences of such stupidity. In the language of the poet, " we are being drowned by the waters of a reservoir dug by ourselves."[1] It is not ignorance of hygiene, but hygienic reform on western lines, not dearth of academically trained midwives and medical men, but dearth of nutritious, suitable food, of wholesome drinking water, of pure air, of free drainage, of tranquillity of mind, and indulgence in tea, alcohol, manufactured medicines, cigarette, etc., that is sapping the vitality of our people and reducing their capacity for resisting or overcoming the attacks of malaria and other diseases. If Government is to blame for creating the malaria problem and for never sincerely and earnestly endeavouring to solve it, we are to blame for thoughtlessly adding to the difficulties of its solution.

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[1] " करस्थमुदकं त्यक्त्वा घनस्थमभिवाञ्छति।
सिद्धमन्नं परित्यज्य भिक्षामटति दुर्मति॥ "

PRAMATHA NATH BOSE

[1] " কারও দোষ নয় গো শ্যামা।
আমরা স্বখাত সলিলে ডুবে মরি মা ॥ "

# VENGEANCE IS MINE

## BOOK II: CHAPTER XVI

### A SAMPLE OF THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE BAWAS

Jasubha got up quite early in his eagerness to see Varat. By half-past four he was in the saddle. The roads were far better than what Raghubhai had led him to expect. Champa followed in an open carriage. There was also a small escort They all reached the confines of the little township just as the summer's dawn had begun to glow in the east. Jasubha had built such high hopes during the night that he would scarce have felt surprised had he found a second London there. He gracefully bowed to the citizens gathered to welcome him and returned the salute of the escort that had came to fetch him. Through a fine avenue of shady trees he arrived at a small but comfortable cottage.

Jasubha stretched himself on an armchair. Every want of his had been anticipated. He scarcely had such peace and comfort even in Ratnagadh. Was this the small village that Revashankar and Raghubhai had referred to contemptuously or was it an exquisite garden-suburb of some great metropolis?

Jasubha was not used to early rising and so his eyes closed again till he was suddenly aroused by the sound of music. He heard a sweet melody from a distance—as if many children were singing in chorus. He got up and went out upon the open gallery in the direction whence the music was floating in. It looked out upon a fine garden. The first rays of the rising sun were gilding the tops of the noble trees. The music came from under those trees. Quite a thousand children were playing there, romping about and picking up flowers, the boys in white and the girls in pink dresses. All were from seven to about twenty years of age.

The sweetness of the morning hour, the clear air of the garden, the innocence of the children, and the pure notes from their throats—all these gave Jasubha an exquisite delight.

"By Jove! This is Arcadia!" he murmered.

Below at a window stood Ranubha and Champa. They saw a *sannyasi* coming out of a new building, a little distant, and coming towards them through the garden. He had a smile and a pat for each child that he met. Many were eagerly running after him. Jasubha knew him at once. He was the Head of the school who had been with the deputation. But the children did not seem to be afraid of him neither did they interrupt their romping to greet him with artificial decorum.

"Ranu, do call up that *sannyasi*. This Varat seems to be a very interesting place."

In a couple of minutes the *sannyasi* had come up. Ranubha and Champa accompanied him.

"Swamiji, what is on to-day? Why are all these out to-day?"

"Prince, there is nothing special to-day. Every morning the children come here to gather flowers. They will presently go to school."

"What are your school hours?"

The Swami smiled as he replied: "Sire, our scheme of education as well as our whole life is ordered on a different plan. Up to six years of age all children are brought up in our 'Infant Home' and only at night do their mothers take them away. After that all children are sent to school. They come here in the morning and stay here the whole day. They have their food, their play and their work all here. Only at night do they go home. We do not think our school is merely for teaching alone."

"How long do they continue like this in your school?"

"Till the boy attains the age of twenty and the girl eighteen. Then we have also sections for grown-ups, such as for carpenters or for blacksmiths. The men of these sections work all day at their own trade and try to reach perfection. Each boy is free to go there and choose any trade he likes."

"All this is very well, but is there no moral danger from boys and girls being educated together?" asked Champa.

"Moral danger in co-education! That is the popular superstition. I believe that no system has such moral advantages as co-education. If there are two girls in the class even two hundred boys become modest and well behaved. And similarly for girls. Their mutual relations, not being confined to members of their own sex, become purer and more decorous. But there is an even greater advantage."

"What is that?" asked Jasubha.

"The main reason for the greater part of sexual lapses is that from childhood we keep them apart and we emphasise the natural difference of the male and the female and thus we encourage the desires and emotions to become stronger. When they are brought together as children this encouragement disappears. On the contrary they look upon each other with greater respect and the lower desires and emotions never come to the surface."

"But when do they marry?"

"Whenever the youths and maidens wish. If it is before leaving the school it is regarded as a betrothal and if on attaining the age of twenty years they desire to marry they are allowed to do so and a separate cottage is given to them."

"All this is very well: but where do you get the money for all this?"

"Money? Prince, do you talk of money when there is so much self-sacrifice? The full revenue of the Varat monastery is spent on this. Our people have been so well trained that they can produce things we need the best in quality and at the cheapest cost."

"But all this profit goes to the maker himself?"

"No, sir. The necessities of each citizen are provided from the city-stores. On special occasions certain luxuries are also allowed. His children are looked after by the city, both when he is living and after he is gone. And hence all he earns is deposited in the city-treasury."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Jasubha. "This seems to be the beginning of another Garden of Eden. I almost feel like acting the Serpent and bringing in some vices among you."

"You will certainly fail; as long, at least as our Mahatmaji is here."

"So, Ranu, your Swami is the creator of this Paradise?"

The faces of both Champa and Ranubha glowed with pride.

Champa replied: "Yes, sir. Your Revashankar says that the Bawas have been extravagant. Here you see it for yourself."

"Very well, Mr. Principal, I am very much obliged to you. Good-bye," said Jasubha and then turning to his companions he added, "If all our native states worked thus, a new era of prosperity would dawn on our land."

"And it does not dawn because in every state there are Jasubhas," rejoined Champa.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A RIFT IN THE LUTE.

Champa and Ranubba came down. Their relation though outwardly peaceful was not so in reality. Ranubha was totally ignorant of that famous incident at night in the temple of Rama six years ago between Anantanand and Champa. Champa had changed completely since that time and Ranubha had simply thought that she being now the disciple of the Swamiji both their life-streams would unite easily into one channel. Champa lived with Ranubha almost as his wife but still Ranubha could see that she was not so open and frank-hearted as she used to be in the days of her careless worldly ease. She tried now to please everyone, she interfered with affairs of the state, but her heart was another's. At first Ranubha was upset; he thought it hard that the woman who shared his life should have in her heart the image of another. But he knew well what slender bonds held her to him and was silent. And the adored image in her heart was no other than that of his own revered Teacher; and so there was not any great objection at first. Moreover Anantanand did not visit Ratnagadh for a long time and so Ranubha gradually lost all suspicion in that quarter. But the more he tried to lift the veil between her and himself, the more he felt its presence. Champa had yielded her body, her heart was, however, wholly the Swamiji's.

When they saw the tangible results of their Swami's greatness they both rejoiced at first. They were both as proud as if they had a share in the effort that had brought all this into being. But the reason for this joy and pride was different in each case. Ranubha was glad because he was his teacher and he was proud to be the pupil of such a man. Champa looked at it quite differently. To her Anantanand was her very own. Her life was absorbed and mingled into his and she felt a spiritual unity with him. The son may rejoice in the father's triumph, the wife in the husband's. But these two rejoicings are different in kind. The first is based on reverence and is incomplete, the second is based on complete union—feeling as her very own—and is perfect.

"Ranubha," exclaimed Champa in a serious tone, "all this is new to us even. We have not done anything."

"God willing we would do every thing."

"What *could* we do? Have we the power? Have we the pure heart?" cried Champa meaningly. This subject was inconvenient for Ranubha. She might leave him suddenly in her search of the pure heart!

"If you desire it, let us marry and unite," he cried eagerly.

"Impossible, Ranubha, impossible," cried Champa, "why should I plunge you into grief by marrying you? I have seen all the pleasures the world could offer. I have sold myself for filthy lucre, and I have lost my body to please the senses of lascivious men. I hate all sensual pleasures now. I was a public woman but yesterday, but I feel that I care not now either to stay with you or to sing before the Prince."

"Then what will you do?" asked Ranubha sadly.

"Whatever Swamiji wills. Are you coming, I am going to him to touch his feet."

"No," cried Ranubha—he was irritated—"you go by yourself. I have something to do here." His eyes were green with jealousy.

(*To be continued*)

KANAIYALAL M. MUNSHI

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# MR. E. J. THOMPSON'S POETRY

Having ventured to say (in a previous article) that what is wrong with present-day criticism (it is what has always been wrong with contemporary criticism) is that it is written by men who have not read their authors carefully enough, and for people who will not do that either; further that, in a perfectly organized republic of letters, one critic would be told off to study each writer, so that each should be studied adequately, I may be said to have laid upon myself the charge of studying one writer myself. At any rate I have done that, and this is the result of it. The writer is Mr. E. J. Thompson, better known, perhaps, as a student and critic of Dr. Tagore's work than as a poet; but he is a poet also. He has several volumes of verse to his credit, and I understand they have been read by hardly any one.

One thing that stands in the way of due attention being paid to the work of new writers is the excess of attention that the Ancients exact. The appearance of a reprint of Greene, Marlowe, Vaughan, Donne, or whom it may be, sets twenty critics writing about Greene, Marlowe, Vaughan, Donne, or whom it may be; though obviously, unless the critic has given some year or more of study to the Ancient, he cannot have anything to say about him that has not often been said already. I have just come from reading a page on Donne by a critic whose writings are read by half the English-reading world. It is a page of praise of Donne that no not-mesmerised reader of Donne could think due. The critic quotes:—

> "But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee
> That, which betray'd mee to my enemie:
> A loud perfume, which at my entrance cried
> Even at thy father's nose, so we were spied.
> When, like a tyran king, that in his bed
> Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered.

> Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
> That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought; "

but does not go on to assure us that, in a world in which so much has been written since, nobody need trouble to read that; but regrets the omission of the poem ("The Perfume") from the reprint.

It was of the essence of my plan that the writer whom I should study should be an unrecognised man; so my choice of Mr. Thompson requires no explanation; but, as Mr. Thompson's work is in the old tradition, it may require some justification. The selection of a writer of the latest school, some "futurist," would have been a greater opportunity, as showing whether the old rules of judging poetry apply, or do not apply, to "futurist" work; as showing whether the highest poetry is still the revelation of the secrets of things in the light of other things, as I claim that it has been in the past. Well, the opportunity that I have given myself is, to my mind, quite great enough. To judge an unrecognised, or a not yet recognised, man's work is a high enterprise, almost a holy one; so that it is to me now still more a wonder that any writer is ever kept waiting.

Any other unknown contemporary poet would have served my purpose, which is to perform, once for my part, the act of justice which I claim is due to each poet, and to show, as well as I can, the judging of a poet so far unjudged. The judging, it will be obvious, could not always be done in public: consideration both for the poet judged, and for the public, would forbid. Mr. Thompson has had a sufficiently adequate experience of life to make it probable that his poetry is worth our attention. It shows (not a little of it written after the age at which those who are only poets in their youth leave off writing) that he has a healthy mind in a healthy body; that he has known nature, man, and work; that he has taught; that he has been responsible for others; that he has travelled;

that he has read; that he has thought. He has loved and suffered. If dealing with a known poet, one would either pass over such matters altogether, or refer to them only when some poem could not be fully understood without some such reference. It is different, when the question is whether a man should be read at all. The knowledge of what a man's life has been may then be decisive. In addition to all the rest, Mr. Thompson had a long and varied experience during the War. He has kept, too, some hold on the faith of his fathers. He has clearly succeeded in many things: it is improbable that his poetry should be of no value.

If Mr. Thompson should hereafter be held to have written the greatest poetry, in which of his poems it is will be more certainly known then than can be known now. The contemporary praise of any real poet is always afterwards felt to have been as faint-hearted as the contemporary over-praise of the favourite of the coteries or the populace is afterwards felt to have been absurd. That is a thing for no critic ever to forget. I doubt myself if Mr. Thompson has written poetry revealing the secret of things by showing us them in the light of other things. He comes very near it often: it is certainly his manner. One feels he would sometimes have reached it, if he had brooded a little longer. Or one feels that not even he realises what he himself could do. There are poems of his that are in the vein of reflection or emotion without imagery; but when he is most himself, his mind naturally thinks in images. The following is a poem about the Indian banian, the fruits of which, large but not bright red berries, though many be scattered on the ground, crowd the tree, the vastness of which is its so well known feature:—

" Now for their winter feast
In the banian boughs joy-tremulous guests are shrilling;

The tree is a laurelled priest,
His old palms spreading, the air with blessing filling.
The winds fly forth from his hands,
And wide through the ways his benedictions scatter—
" Lo," they cry, " where he stands,
Offering fruits, four on each four-leaved platter."

Another poem of imagery is: —

" This ancient thorn now like a beggar stands,
Thrusting through tattered sleeves its agued hands
That shake to the chill breeze, a mendicant
For such poor boon as niggard skies will grant.
Yet still one branch survives; and still, with spring,
Life will flood back to this dead, dreaming thing,
The swelling sap will rise, the old delight
Wrap up one wrinkled arm with blossomed white."

Mr. Thompson may owe " mendicant," " boon, " and " niggard skies " to his reading; I think he does, but also that he would be the first to admit it; but

" Thrusting through tattered sleeves its agued hands,"

and

" Wrap up one wrinkled arm with blossomed white "

are Mr. Thompson himself. There is only needed some deeper love or pity to make a melody, a music of words, to ensure that the phrases would reverberate in us, as the melody, the beauty of the word-music, makes

" when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,

Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea,
As the tides change sullenly"

reverberate. Or as

"unheard
Save of the quiet Primrose, and the span
Of heaven and few ears"

does. One suspects that the younger men are a little afraid to be melodious. May they have said, I have thought they have said, "Let So-and-so, who thought of nothing else but to be melodious, and ended by being over-sweet, be a warning to us." Warnings are never of much value to poets ; only examples are, good examples : if Shakespeare, and Keats, and Shelley, and Heine, speaking the deep things they had seen, thought it right to speak them melodiously, it must always be right, is what they should say.

Another poem of imagery is :—

"Smoking Reeds.
See how the struggling fire
From the damp heap in a white wraith escapes ;
But, deep within, the red heart fiercelier glows,
Till with a leap the ghost becomes a god,
And shouts and dances on his shrivelling cage."

What one misses in that is rhyme, let me think. But here a word. It is my thought that I should not say too much as one appraising ; for *that* no contemporary critic should do. What I hold he should do is to select, with the best of his judgment, from a new man's work, and lay it before people, not committing himself to more than this : that in his opinion it is work that deserves the study, the frequent readings, that will "create in us the taste by which to appreciate it." That is task enough for a contemporary critic, and not to venture more is the smallest recognition required of us of the repeated failures of the critics of the past; a recognition, moreover, required of readers as well as of critics; for if readers will that a critic should appraise, needs must he.

The poem of imagery in Mr. Thompson's work that I think has the strongest claim to such study is :—

"*The New Year.*

Red berries on the banian,
And in the pipal tree
The sickle of a silver moon
Most beautiful to see.

Red berries on the holly,
And in the apple leaves
A waxen gleam of mistletoe,
A rustling stir, a silver glow,
White beard and sickle's glint which show
A Druid ghost of long ago
That gathers in his sheaves."

If that fails of something it is that it is more fanciful than imaginative, and that the melody again fails of depth: it has not the deeper note of

"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree;"

but it is no shock to me to read it either immediately before or immediately after the poem of Keats.

The following, written at Shumran in Mesopotamia, is a farewell to a country grown familiar to Mr. Thompson during the War, as so many countries to so many men, but never likely to be seen again:—

> " Red autumn on the banks,
> Where, through fields that bear no grain,
> A desolate Mother treads
> By the brimming river, torn with rain.
> A chill wind moves in the faded ranks
> Of the rushes, rumpling their russet heads.
> And out of the mist, on the racing stream,
> As I drift, I know that there gathers fast
> Over the lands I shall see no more
> Another mist, which with life shall last,
> Till all that I watched and my comrades bore
> Will be autumn mist in an old man's dream."

The following is a sad *Nunc Dimittis*, which like the glad one might have been without imagery, but there is imagery in it. The ghost-plowman is such as the foul fiend in the mediæval chronicle of Lanercost, which had been among Mr. Thompson's reading. That story is that a monastery brought a corrupt action to take away some common rights, and succeeded by means of a bribed jury. The jury one by one sickened and died, "and during about two years afterwards there appeared in that country a fiery plough, glowing like hot brass, having a most foul fiend as driver, who drove the dead men, harnessed in that manner, to the ground where he had incited them to guile when living." The poem is:—

> "O Plowman, thrusting thro' the furze and thistle
> Thy dripping, sanguine share,
> Silent, with onward stare
> Driving, athwart the wintry blasts that whistle,
> Thy furrows that are graves, wherein our best
> Are laid.........
> I pray thee speak, and say thou dost prepare
> A bed for one whose eyes, that may not weep,
> Have seen all comrades slain and buried deep."

Of descriptive poetry, which better suits our too earth-loving paces, Mr. Thompson's volumes are full, and it is often so happy that, though the poems do not stir that deepest passion in us that great poetry stirs, they are revelations of the secrets of things. Those that have appealed most to me are the following :—

"*Norton Common.*

Flowing at last, now Pix
Through willowherb's jungle of gray, dry sticks
Straggles, while thwart-flung twig and grasses
In flakes of shadow his waves thrust down,
Black-berried privet cowers, drab, forlorn,
And the ragged thorn
Out of all his swelling, crimson crown
Scarce a handful lifts of wrinkled haws.
Flits furtive jay round bushes brown
And, with sudden rush under briar's red clusters,
Fugitive blackbird flusters."

"*The Yarmuk Valley.*

Light green of tamarisk shows
Pale on the dark, sharp oleander leaves ;
Deep through a jungle Yarmuk flows,
With loop and curve his swift path cleaves ;
And the long valley glows,
A burnished shield, far-sheeted with gold,
With light packed full as the hills can hold.
Though tamarisk's head's but a clouded dust,
His beauty faded, his youth grown pale,
Red hollyhocks
Flower from the steep, rough rocks ;
Rose-laurels over the oil-black shale
Their fragrant, pink-tipped spears upthrust ;
And the reed-muffled brook through the vale
Runs glad, for the Goat-God lies
Piping at ease in some wind-cool grot."

" *Willian Trees.*

The winter evening spills
Its store of quietness ineffable,
And from its horn of beauty fills
The empty elms with sunset.
Low fields lie blue in distance; the grove throws
A shadow-copse on the gleaming lake's repose.
Against the darkness glows
One lamp, a diamond."

" *Damascus Orchards.*

Lovely with almond blossom and flooded water,
With wind-flushed sheen of swaying orchard-meadows;
With azure starred of infrequent grape-hyacinth ;
Misted blue with the fig-groves' wintry haze ;
Ruddy with budded apricot, snowy with apple,
Damascus now into April glory awakening."

" *The Last Vigil.*

Under the swaying boughs of the apple,
Where gracious snows drip down,
Knee-deep in early flowers I stand,
Waiting, at watch where the sunbeams dapple
The spring-time, flecking with silver the brown
And emerald, glowing wave-bright on my drawn brand."

Is not the melody elsewhere somewhat lacking in those last three ?

There are poems on the East in Mr. Thompson's volumes, and seeing how rare it is for an Englishman to succeed in grasping the elusive charm of that land sufficiently for poetry, and believing that Mr. Thompson has succeeded, I would like to quote several of those poems. I must not do so, I fear ; but I will quote five others, choosing them with the object of showing Mr. Thompson's range (with what have already been given), that being probably the best way in which to substantiate my having said that his experience of life, as shown by his work, has been such as to establish his claim to be read I will try to place the poems in such an order, that it, the order, will add something to the value of the poems. Mr Thompson's range strikes me as wider unquestionably than is at all common among the writers of to-day, and that, if it be so, is again a claim.

The first poem, "Wild Broom," is perhaps the best of all. Once, and sufficiently, a thing not done before, the broom in flower is made to pass into English poetry. That is a great achievement.

" *Wild Broom.*

O perishing, wasteful Broom,
Each spur and spire
A splendour outleaping, a flickering fire,
Thou wilt burn thyself out.
Why lavish thy gold
On this bleak hill-side, where no eyes behold
Save the flitting birds that pass unaware,
And the scuttering bunnies who never care ?
Be thrifty and keep for the bare, dark days
Some wisp of bright raiment, some spark of thy blaze.
Be wiser, O Broom,
Be wastrel no longer, but mindful of doom."
But the Broom—
"I flame, I expire ;
I am Beauty's plumage, my wings are a fire;
For a boon, neither buying nor sold,
I scatter my gold ;
I have made this hill-side one far-trumpeted shout
Sky and field may behold,
And the wind-ragged rout
Of tumultuous clouds,

The passionate dawn, and the hurrying crowds
Of fear-stricken lives—they may pause, they may listen
To my pealing thanksgiving,
My clamouring glory, my fierce boughs that glisten,
And blaze to dry scrub, as I perish by living."

### " *Epilogue.*

With words as counters, talk of day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, using such toys as these,
I play, who towards the timeless shape my flight,
Seeking a home that knows nor lands nor seas.
Hereafter, on the mirror of that mind
If any shadow of these times should fall,
Amid that brighter world how shall I find
Utterance that can my vanished dreams recall—
How magical the orange moon arose
Over my palms, or on stark Moab hills ;
How musical the brook of Weston flows
Thro' hazel shade which March with windflowers fills ?
So, after sleep, its mists of fleeing thought
Vainly upon the mind's clear sky are sought."

### " *The Visit.*

I stood with chalk in hand, at point to trace
Hard meanings on the board,
When suddenly His face
Shone in, abstracted, sad, as though He sought
Within that frequence, something, finding nought
Of all He hoped for, marking there alone
One long a slave, unprofitable known.

Dear disappointed Presence, come again.
For though, with vision foiled and fading brain,
I falter from the gracious duty set,
I could be faithful, did the Face remain ;
I could remember, didst not Thou forget.

And, Soul, be swift and eager, that, when next
The room grows calm beneath thy gazing Lord,
Those eyes may rest, with no misgiving vexed,
Well-pleased upon thee, where thou dost fulfil
With gleaming chalk and ignorant lips His will."

### "*F. B.*

She dwells within the temple of my heart,
A little priestess; her remembered face
A silence makes in that dishallowed place;
A silence whence a nobler song shall start.
The walls that sin's fierce anger rent apart
Lo, vines she planted bind and interlace,
A shelter making and a chequered space,
By shadow and sunshine woven with gracious art.

Dear child, if you inhabit still this fane,
I think it will become God's home again;
The Dove will brood within the shattered shrine:
There will be altar both, and mercy seat;
And in the place a little child made sweet
Heaven's peace upon a kneeling man will shine."

### "*The Owl and the Lady.*

Owl in the hollybush
Sitting so still,
With wide eyes staring,
What Fear climbs the hill?

Now, through the winter eve
Tinted with flame,
Riding, a Lady
Along the wood came.

If the bird were a man,
He would leap for the sight,
But the foolish old owl
Is already in flight.

On the pale, flushing skies
To wet fields he flits down,
And is lost, as he settles,
Brown wings in the brown.

J. A. CHAPMAN

# Reviews

**The Co-operative Movement in India.**—By Prof. Panchanondas Mukherji, M.A., I.E.S. (Offg.), F.R.E.S., pp. 468+lxvi. Thacker Spink & Co. Price Rs. 6.

The third edition of the book is practically a new work for the author has thoroughly revised it, brought it up to date and introduced much new matter. It contains everything that a student of economics or a practical co-operative worker requires for a thorough knowledge of the subject. The book is divided into 21 chapters and in them Prof. Mukherji deals with all aspects of co-operation—theoretical and practical, and the reader of the book can fully realise how far afield Prof. Mukherji has gone in his search for the applications of the co-operative principle adaptable to Indian circumstances. After dealing with the history, theory and achievements of credit co-operation, Prof. Mukherji takes up the subject of non-credit co-operation which is the chief desideratum in the economic development of India. In the opinion of many critics the co-operative movement in India is suffering from a one-sided development, too much stress having been laid on credit co-operation to the neglect of co-operative purchase and sale. That this charge is not without some foundation will be apparent to any one who goes through the illuminating chapter on Agriculture and Co-operation. The chapters on Consumer's Co-operative stores, Co-operation and Industries and Co-operative Housing are highly instructive and contain a clear enunciation of principles and a mass of detailed information not easily available elsewhere. Equally instructive are the chapters on Higher Co-operative Financing Agencies where the true scope and functions of Central and Provincial Co-operative Banks have been discussed. The annotation of the Indian Co-operative Societies Act of 1912 given in the last chapter and the valuable appendices containing among other things, the Government of India Circular of 1912, the Government of India Resolution of 1914 and a summary of the Maclagan Committees Report will render the book valuable to those officials of the Co-operative Department upon whom devolves the task of watching over the movement in India. From the above brief description of the contents of the book one can easily see the thoroughness and comprehensiveness with which the author has treated his subject. The work should find a place in the library of every student of economics and of all who desire to know the details of a movement which as Mr. Donovan says in his excellent foreward "is the greatest albeit the quietest movement in India to-day and the movement with the greatest future before it."

ECONOMICUS.

**Poems of Science: Pages of Indian Earth History:** With a Foreword from Professor T. G. Bonney, M.A., Sc.D., F.R.S., (Emeritus Professor of Geology, University College, London; Past President of the Geological Society of London and of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; Formerly Vice-President of the Royal Society): by K. A. Knight Hallowes (M. A. [Cantab]; A.R.S.M. [Lond.]; F. G. S., A. Inst. M.M.; F R.M.S.; F. Inst. P.; Mem. R.S.L.; of H.M. Geological Survey of India). London: Erskine Macdonald, 1923. [Printed by W. Newman & Co., Calcutta].

The above is the title-page of a small volume of twenty sonnets which are, as the author tells us, "a selection from those which have resulted from direct observation of Nature during the author's seventeen years (1905-1922) of scientific travel as an officer of H. M. Geological Survey among the mountains and forests of India and Burma." Professor Bonney's Foreward sums up the aims of the author: "The great processes of Nature—the making of this earth, the course of its history, the development of its living creatures, in a word all that science physical and biological has taught us especially of late years—are even now no less fitted for poetic thought and expression than they were in the age of Moschus or Æschylus. The effort is well worth making." The author further unfolds his purpose in his Introduction, where he says: "Science is, so to speak, the practical man or Observer, and Poetry the literary man or Interpreter: they should therefore work hand in hand. Technical papers are of importance to men of science, but interesting scientific facts through such a medium do not reach the minds of the community at large." From this, we would expect a treatise on Geology or Biology in verse. This reminds me of compositions like "Mirror of Homœopathy *Homiopāthī-Darpaṇ*) in verse," a "the Pleader's Friend (*Moktār-Suhṛid*) in verse," which we have in Bengali: and these are books which no doubt do reach the community at large. But our author apparently is quite content to embellish his verse descriptions of natural scenery with figures from Geology, and he is always at your side to tell you that "he reads, as from an open page, how lavas here did once solidify with clouds of steam, to form this world of toil—this planet where we mortals live and die;" and so on, in all these twenty sonnets. Personally, I would prefer the descriptions of nature apart from the geological lecture. The last sonnet finishes with this address to the sun:

"*Could'st thou but speak, how many facts sublime*
*We'd learn about the history of past Time,*
*Of Ages that have gone since thou was* (sic) *born,*
*O Sun. I would have worshipped thee each morn*
*With altar sacrifice and heathen rites,*
*Had I not known the Eternal Light of Lights!*"

Quite a naïve and complacent piety. I am irresistibly reminded of the following stanza of thanksgiving:

"*I thank the goodness and the grace*
*Which on my birth have smiled,*

*And made me in these Christian days,*
*A happy English child."*

The author says : " These poems of science are thus, I believe, the first of their kind ; they will, I hope, lay the foundation-stone of a new School of Poetry, the Poetry of Science, and I trust that others will be led to add pillar and architrave." We admire his optimism.

S. K. C.

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**Perfume of Earth** : By H. Chattopadhyay. Printed at the Huxley Press, Madras, and published by the Shama'a Publishing House, Aghore Mandir, Mount Road, Madras, 1922.

This beautifully printed and handsomely got-up volume contains 18 short poems and a dramatic piece entitled "The Marriage of the Rat." Mr. Chattopadhyay is a member of a gifted family which has achieved a unique distinction in the domain of letters and poetry, and one needs only mention the name of one of his sisters, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Mr. Chattopadhyay has been received with open arms in poetic and literary circles in England, and the foreign tongue, English, with which this young Indian poet has chosen to garb his thought and his imagination has not been the least handicap to him, for he writes with the ease, fluency and grace of one to the manner born. The present volume fully sustains the promise shown in his previous work, and it will further enhance his reputation as a lyric poet of the highest rank. But the feast of poetic enjoyment which has been spread in the present volume is too meagre in quantity, and one would wish for more. Mr. Chattopadhyay has a rare and often a mystic eye for the picturesque in nature, and some of his figures drawn from nature to illustrate his visions have the touch of a primeval poet. He looks straight into the face of nature, and he tells us with sincerity and with insight what he sees. Take, for instance, the little poem at page 24 :

*Camels.*

*From fairy pitchers dusk outpours*
*Her subtle grey and fills*
*With melody of silences*
*The camel-coloured hills.*

*Cloud-camels wander in the sky's*
*Dim deserts lone and bare*
*A-tinkling stars like silver bells*
*Among the dusky air.*

*Through the moth-dust I sit and gaze*
*Into my spirit's glass*
*Wherein my visions, one by one,*
*Like shadowy camels pass.*

One is tempted to make a few more quotations. The little poem on *Famine* shows the poet in a different mood :

*God ! break my body up and knead it into bread,*
*Of hunger, lo ! how many infant lives are dead.*

*O ! draw my blood into your clouds and let them burst*
*In showers of mercy, for the women die of thirst.*

*Make thou a lightning of my soul, and, at a stroke*
*Free poor men who bleed beneath the tyrant's yoke.*

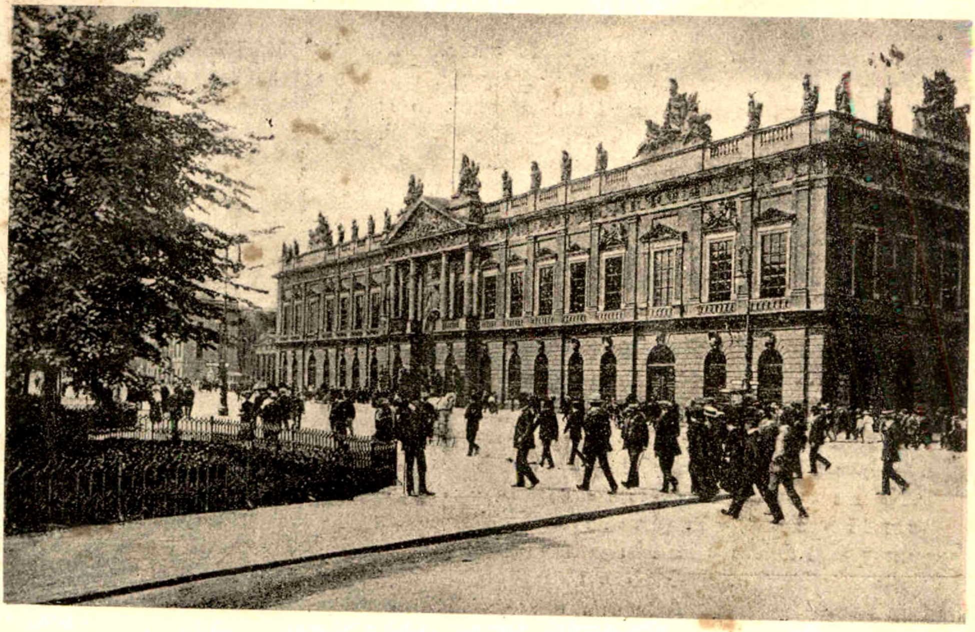
Some of the passages in the dramatic poem are very beautiful; the folk-lore story of which is otherwise slight.

We watch the progress of this poetic spirit with pleasure and pride, for we know that he possesses the true fire, and to read him is to derive a great pleasure, and although he writes in English, he is one through whom it is Young India that speaks.

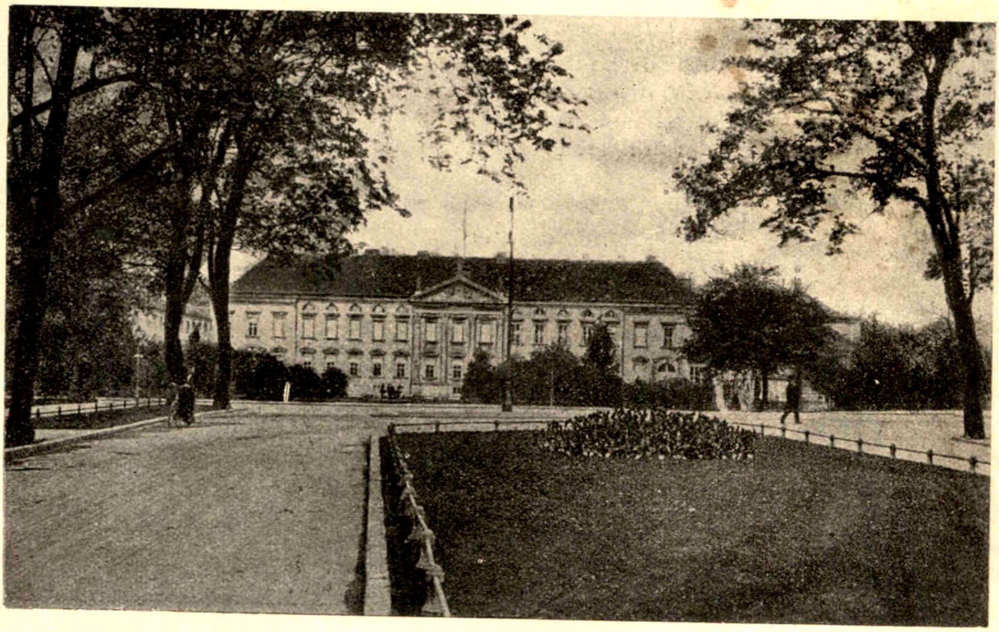
And we hope we shall obtain even fresher and more beautiful things from him as his powers mature.

S. K. C.

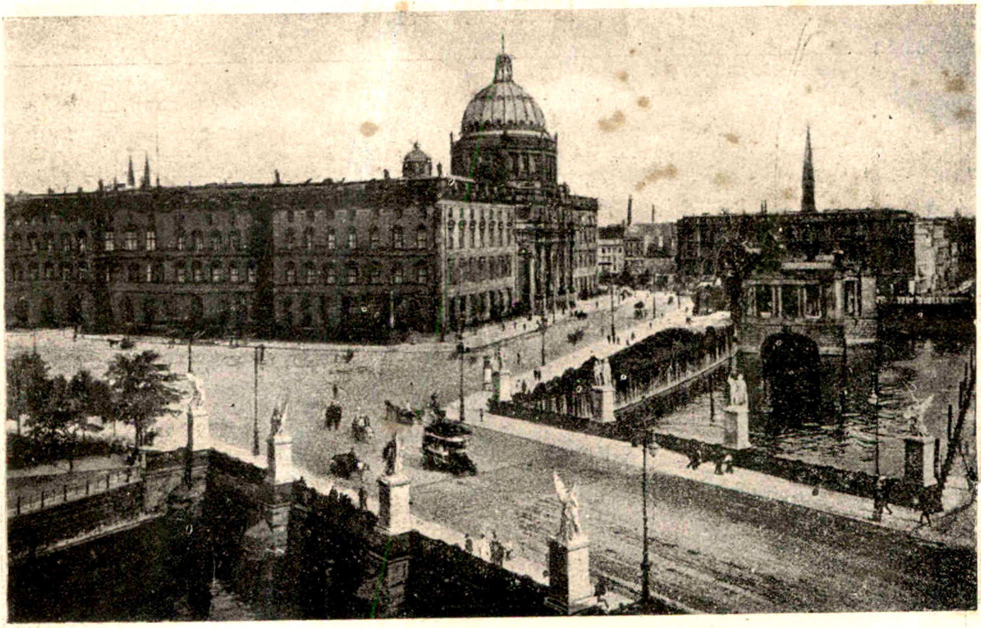
# BERLIN—II.



Arsenal.



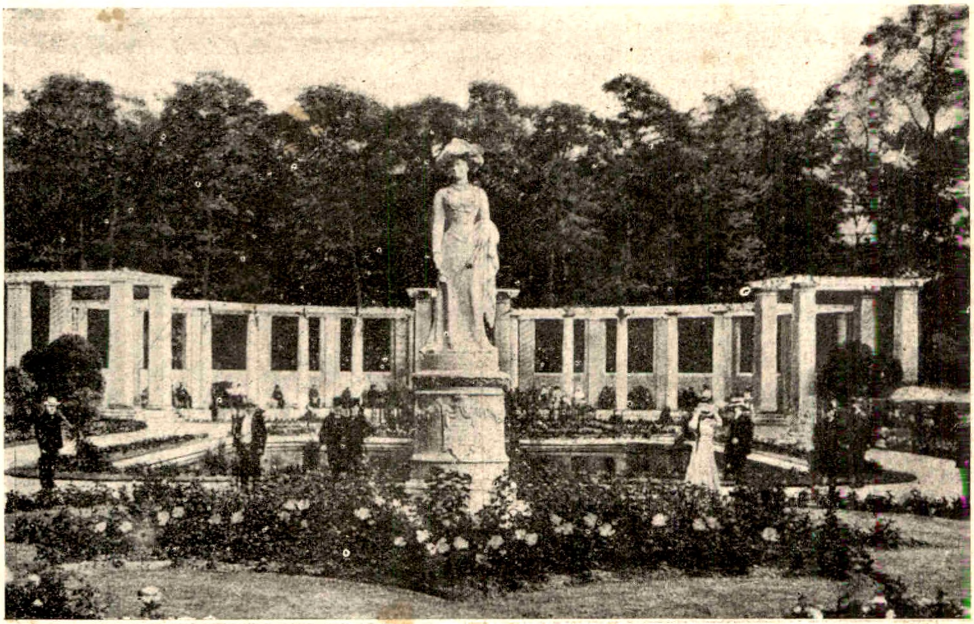
Bellevue Palace.



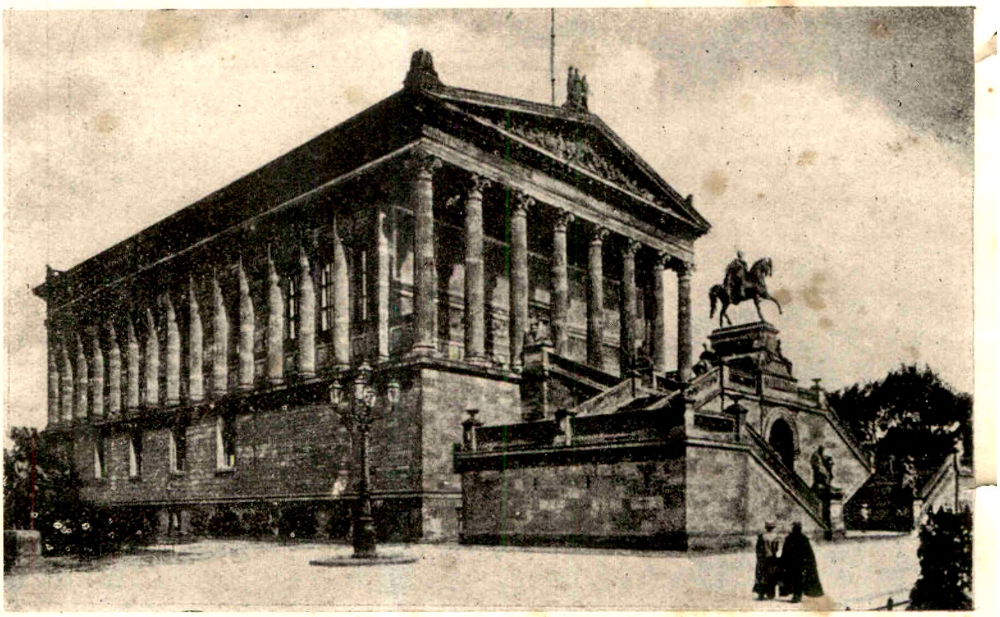
Imperial Palace, with Palace Bridge.

Palace Bridge, Museum, Cathedral.

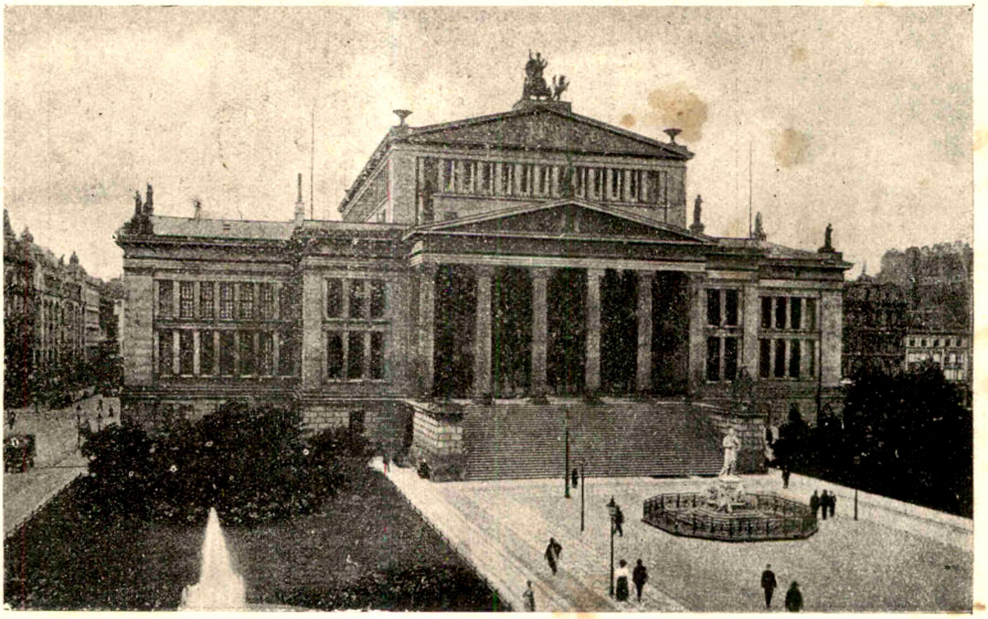
Pariserplatz and Brandenburg Gate.



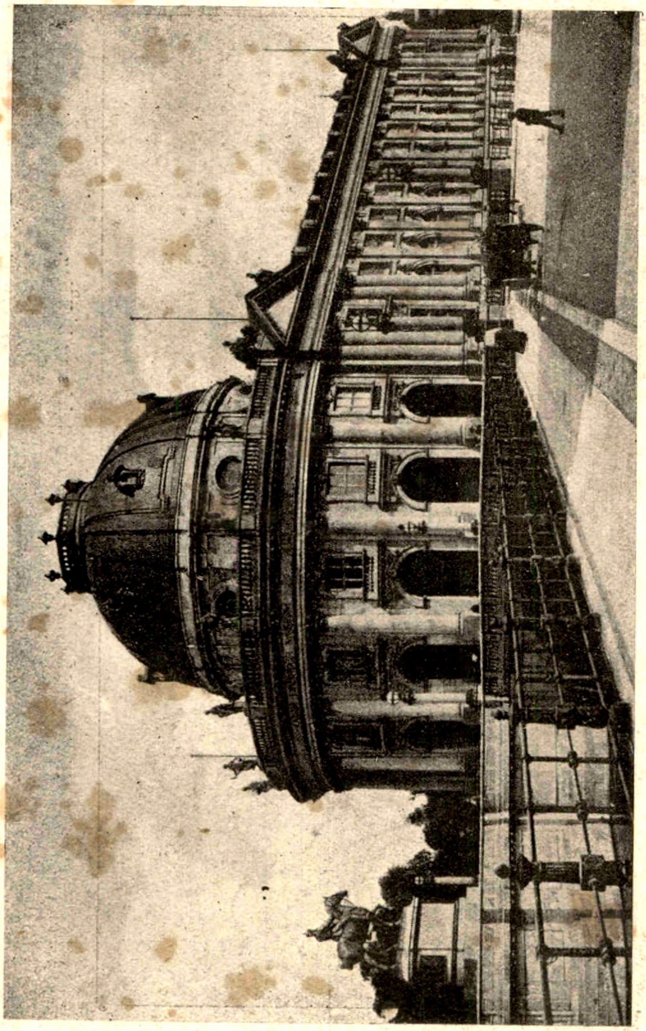
Rosegarden in Thiergarten, with Empress Augusta Victoria Memorial.



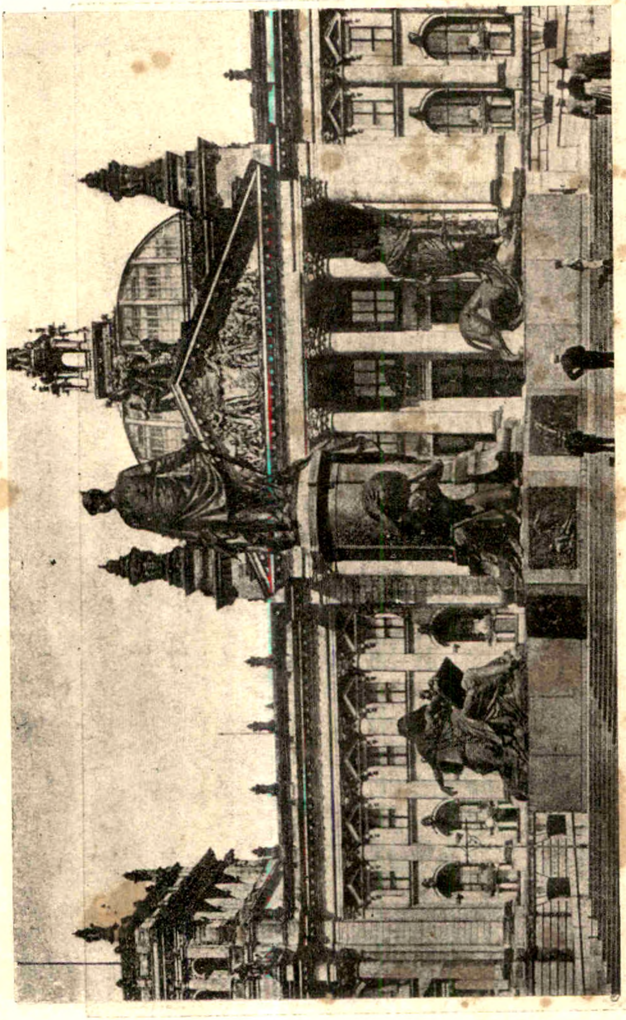
National Gallery.



Schauspielhaus (Theatre).



Emperor Frederick Museum.



Bismarck Memorial in front of the Reichstag Building.

# Ourselves

## MAGNIFICENT GIFT BY MR. ATALBIHARI MAITRA.

Mr. Atalbihari Maitra of Santipur in the District of Nadia graduated in Arts from the Presidency College in 1874 and in Law from the Krishnagar College in 1877. He was for many years a distinguished member of the Provincial Executive Service and has latterly lived in retirement in Puri. On the 22nd June, 1923, Sir Asutosh Mookerjee on behalf of the Syndicate placed the following letter before the Senate:

PURI,
*17th June, 1923.*

To
HON'BLE JUSTICE SIR ASUTOSH MOOKERJEE.

DEAR SIR,

We have decided to create a Trust of our properties valued approximately at a lac and a half in favour of the University of Calcutta. The purpose of the Trust is to establish scholarships for the promotion of technological and allied studies. The details are set out in the draft of the Trust Deed forwarded herewith. But as all our properties are included in the Trust Deed, we have been obliged to make provision for application of part of the income for our maintenance We shall be obliged if you will take the necessary steps to move the University authorities to accept the proposed Trust as early as practicable, so that the Deed may be engrossed and executed.

Yours faithfully,
ATALBIHARI MAITRA.
JAGATTARINI DEBI.
URMILA DEBI.
PARBATI DEBI.

Mr. Maitra has for sometime past expressed a desire to create an endowment for his *Alma Mater*, for the promotion of technological and allied studies. He has now decided to give to the University all that he and his family possess. As is explained in the letter, this has rendered it necessary for him to create a trust in favour of the University making provision for maintenance of himself and members of his family during their lifetime; the residue to be applied for educational purposes. Sir Asutosh Mookerjee stated that the total value of the properties included in the trust exceeded one lac and sixty thousand rupees; of this, the immovable properties are valued at Rs. 46,000, while the Government Promissory Notes, Bonds and Railway Shares cover Rs. 1,15,000. It is intended to institute scholarships to enable students to pursue technological and allied studies in or beyond India. The settlors have left the details of the scheme to be settled by Sir Asutosh Mookerjee. The Senate accepted the endowment with thanks, and the Vice-Chancellor appropriately observed that this new endowment plainly indicated that the University authorities still enjoyed the confidence of people anxious to promote the advancement of learning. It is significant that little importance was attached to this welcome gift in some of the papers next morning which reported in detail incidents of relatively small importance.

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## SIR BIPINKRISHNA BOSE.

The following letter from Sir Bipinkrishna Bose was placed before the Senate on the 22nd June, 1923. The offer was thankfully accepted.

*From Sir B. K. Bose, Kt., Nagpore, to the Registrar, Calcutta University, Calcutta, dated Nagpur, the 15th May, 1923.*

Please refer to your letter No. A-335, dated the 16th December, 1922, informing me of the acceptance by the Hon'ble the Vice-Chancellor and Syndicate of the offer by me of six per cent. Government of India Bonds for Rs. 8,000 to found a research scholarship in the University

College of Science and your subsequent letter No. A-395, dated the 23rd December, 1922, acknowledging the receipt of 8,000 Rupees Bonds. In connection with the above donation, I beg now to send herewith two six per cent. Government of India Bonds of the aggregate face value of Rupees Two thousand as noted in the margin for being added to the above Bonds for Rs. 8,000, thus constituting a Trust Fund of Rs. 10,000 (Ten Thousand) yielding an income of Rs. 600 per annum. This will enable the scholarship to be raised to Rs. 50 per month. I take it that this additional donation will be accepted and the Scholarship raised to Rs. 50 as proposed.

No. 002032 and 002033 of 1st October, 1922 (1932) of Rs. 1,000 each.
B. K. BOSE.

Our respectful congratulations to Sir Bipinkrishna Bose on his appointment as Vice-Chancellor of the Nagpore University. He is a distinguished graduate of this University and took his M. A. Degree so far back as 1871, standing first among the candidates who obtained Honours in Mathematics. He had a brilliant career in his profession, rising to be Government Advocate, and for a time he was Judicial Commissioner of the Central Provinces. Many may still recall with pleasure the quiet yet firm stand he made in the Imperial Legislative Council in 1904 when the Indian Universities Bill was under discussion. He was made a C. I. E. in 1898 and was Knighted in 1907.

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## PROFESSOR WILLOUGHBY.

The brilliant lectures on International Law delivered by Professor Garner must still be fresh in the minds of many of our readers. We are delighted to find that on the 9th June last, the Senate accepted the recommendation of the Faculty of Law that another eminent American Jurist, Professor Westel Woodbury Willoughby, Ph.D., Professor of Political Science in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A., be invited to accept appointment as Tagore Professor of Law and to deliver a course of not less than twelve lectures on "The Fundamental Concepts of Public Law."

Professor Willoughby is a distinguished scholar and jurist and enjoys the highest professional standing in the academic world. He has been Professor of Political Science and Head of the Department of Political Science at the Johns Hopkins University since 1905. He was President of the American Political Science Association, 1913, Lecturer at Princeton University during 1914-16, Constitutional Adviser to the Chinese Republic, 1916-17, and Technical Expert to the Chinese Delegation to the Washington Conference for Limitation of Armaments. He has been for many years Editor of the American Political Science Review, of the American State Series, and of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.

His contributions to legal and political science journals are too numerous to mention. The following is a list of the principal works separately published by him :

The Nature of the State, Macmillan Co., 450 pp., 1896.

Social Justice, Macmillan Co., 386 pp., 1900.

U. S. Constitutional Law (two volumes), Baker, Voorhis & Co., 1390 pp., 1910.

Foreign Rights and Interests in China, Johns Hopkins Press, 594 pp., 1920.

China at the Conference, Johns Hopkins Press, 420 pp., 192.

Principles of U. S. Constitutional Law, Baker, Voorhis & Co., 576 pp., 1912.

Rights and Duties of American Citizenship, American Book Co., 336 pp., 1898.

The American Constitutional System, Century Co., 326 pp., 1904.

Political Theories of the Ancient World, Longmans, 294 pp., 1903.

Prussian Political Philosophy, Appleton, 204 pp., 1918.

Introduction to the Problem of Government (joint author with Lindsay Rogers), Doubleday, Page & Co., 546 pp., 1921.

The Canadian Budgetary System (joint author with Villard), Appleton, 380 pp., 1918.

The Supreme Court of the United States, Johns Hopkins Press, 124 pp., 1891.

Principles of Political Philosophy—2 Vols. (about to be published).

Professor Willoughby is expected here next November.

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### THE HON. BERTRAND ARTHUR WILLIAM RUSSELL.

The Senate has decided to invite the Hon. Bertrand Arthur William Russell, M.A., F.R.S., formerly Lecturer and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to deliver a course of Readership lectures. Mr. Russell has made himself famous by the originality and boldness of his conceptions in the domain of Mathematics and Philosophy, and we may look forward to a course of stimulating lectures from him. Amongst his publications will be recalled "German Social Democracy" (1896); "Foundations of Geometry" (1897); "Philosophy of Leibniz" (1900); "Principles of Mathematics" (1903); "Philosophical Essays" (1910); "Problems of Philosophy" (1911); "Principia Mathematica" (along with Professor Whitehead) (1910); "Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy" (1914); "Principles of Social Reconstruction" (1917); Mysticism and Logic" (1918); Roads to Freedom (1918); and "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy" (1919).

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### PROFESSOR M. WINTERNITZ.

Professor Winternitz has for sometime past been at the *Viswabharati*, Bolpur, at the invitation of Dr. Rabindra Nath Tagore. The Senate has wisely taken advantage of the presence of so distinguished a scholar in India to invite him to deliver in this University a course of Readership lectures on "Problems in the History of Sanskrit Literature." The Syndicate has also decided to undertake the publication of an English version of the great work of Professor Winternitz on the history of Indian literature. The concluding volume was recently published and Professor Winternitz has offered to revise the first two volumes so as to bring them up to date. The translation will be the work of Mrs. Ketkar and Professor Collins. The work will be printed at the University Press.

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## DR. J. H. COUSINS.

The Senate has, on the recommendation of the Council of Post-Graduate Teaching in Arts, invited Mr. James H. Cousins, D.Litt., to deliver two lectures on "The Cultural Aspect of the Renaissance in India." Dr. Cousins has a genuine insight into the mysteries of Indian Culture which is a sealed book to many an acute non-Indian.

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## DR. S. K. MITRA.

In our last issue (Vol. 7, p. 471), we referred to the notable researches in the domain of Physics which have been carried out by Dr. S. K. Mitra, one of our University Lecturers, at the Institute de Physique at Nancy. On the 30th April last, Dr. Mitra communicated a very important paper to the French Academy of Science on the demagnetisation of iron by electro-magnetic oscillation. A note on the subject is published in the Comptes Rendus des séances de l'Académie des Sciences, Vol. 176, p. 1214. Dr. Mitra is now engaged in studying high-frequency electric discharge in gases, and his paper on this topic will shortly be published.

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## OUR GRADUATES ABROAD.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that Mr. Mohitkumar Ghosh, M.A., Guruprasanna Ghosh Scholar, has passed the Final Examination for the Degree of Bachelor of Commerce in the University of London (London School of Economics); he has specialised in the Economics of Transport and Railway Administration. Rai Bankimchandra Banerjee, B.Sc., another Guruprasanna Ghosh Scholar, has obtained the B.Sc. Degree with Honours in the University of Leeds; his special subject was Colour Chemistry. Mr. Kalidas Nag, M.A., has obtained the Degree of Doctor of Letters in the University of Paris for his valuable thesis on Theories Diplomatiques De L'Inde Ancienne Et L'Arthacastra. These gentlemen will all return immediately and take up educational work here.

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## DR. S. K. DE.

The Post-Graduate Department in Arts has lost the services of Mr. Susilkumar De, M.A., D.Litt., who had been a member of our staff since 1913. Mr. De had a distinguished career in this University; he obtained a first class at the M.A. Examination in English in 1911 and was awarded the Premchand Roychand Studentship in 1917. In the interval, in 1915, he successfully competed for the Griffith Prize with a thesis on "The Early European Writers in Bengali." In 1919, the University Press published his book on "Bengali Literature in the 19th Century" which has attracted considerable attention. Mr. De went to London in

1919, and in 1921 took the Degree of Doctor of Literature with a thesis on the History of Sanskrit Poetics; the first part of this has just been published. Dr. De was throughout here on receipt of a very modest salary. He has now been appointed a Reader in the University of Dacca on a much more attractive remuneration which this University is not in a position to offer.

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### UNIVERSITY LEGISLATION.

In our last issue (Vol. 7, pp. 472-488), we were able to place before our readers the very interesting correspondence between the Minister for Education and the Vice-Chancellor. We also reproduced the debate on the subject in the Assam Legislative Council. No one will be surprised to learn that the notice of the meeting of the Senate called forth several motions and amendments.

Mr. Kaminikumar Chanda, the solitary non-official representative of Assam, gave notice of the following resolution:

> "That the consideration of the recommendation of the Syndicate on the correspondence between the Vice-Chancellor and the Minister of Education of Bengal be postponed, pending a reference to the Government of Assam for ascertaining their views upon the question of University Legislation being undertaken by the Bengal Legislative Council and that the Syndicate be requested to take the necessary steps in that behalf."

Sir Asutosh Chaudhuri gave notice of the following resolution:

> (*a*) That in view of the provisions of the Government of India Act, 1919, and the Devolution Rules regarding legislation concerning Calcutta University, the Senate should not commit itself to the policy of legislation by the Bengal Legislative Council, until the views of the Government of India on the subject are ascertained.
>
> (*b*) That the Syndicate be requested to take the necessary steps in this matter.

Mr. Ramaprasad Mookerjee gave notice of the following amendment to the recommendation of the Syndicate :

(1) That the words "while agreeing to the appointment of a Committee" be omitted in the first paragraph,

(2) That the consideration of paragraph B be postponed pending the reply from the Minister.

Mr. G. C. Bose gave notice of the following amendments:

(1) That the words "while agreeing to the appointment of a Committee" be left out of the question.

(2) That the clause "C. That any reply that may be received from the Minister of Education be placed before the Senate, when the Senate will proceed to consider whether it would agree to the appointment of a Committee" be added at the end of clause B.

Professor C. V. Raman gave notice of the following motion :

That the following be entered as item C under the views of the Senate proposed to be intimated to the Minister of Education.

"C. While expressing the foregoing views, the Senate take strong exception to the last paragraph of the Minister's letter of the 10th May, 1923, addressed to the Vice-Chancellor, which appears to hold out a threat to the University. In the opinion of the Senate, the proposed Committee, if it is to be of any use, should have ample time to deliberate on the extremely important questions involved and to submit a considered report."

Dr. Pramathanath Nandi gave notice of the following motion :

The Senate regrets that the informal correspondence between the Minister of Education, Bengal, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University in the matter of University Legislation was based on conversations at the social gathering at the Vice-Chancellor's residence.

The subject was not reached by the Senate on the 9th June, and the meeting was accordingly adjourned till the 11th June. On that date, it looked as if the Senate might get involved in endless discussion.

The Vice-Chancellor called upon Mr. Kaminikumar Chanda to move the resolution notified by him. Mr. Chanda urged that Assam should be heard before the Senate decided to take action on the correspondence between the Bengal

Minister of Education and the Vice-Chancellor. Dr. Bidhan Chandra Ray seconded the motion. Mr. J. R. Cunningham, Director of Public Instruction, Assam, then briefly explained the attitude of the Government of Assam with regard to this matter. The substance was that the Government of Assam were not agreeable to the appointment of a Committee by the Government of Bengal as also legislation by the Bengal Legislative Council. At this stage, Sir Asutosh Mookerjee asked leave of the Senate to move an amendment, which, he urged, had been rendered inevitable by reason of the facts stated by Mr. Cunningham. Leave was granted. Sir Asutosh Mookerjee then brought forward his amendment which was carried and was subsequently adopted unanimously as the substantive motion.

A.

"In view of the statement made by the Director of Public Instruction, Assam, on behalf of the Government of Assam, the Syndicate be requested—

1. To make a reference to the Government of Assam for ascertaining their views upon the question of the appointment of a Committee by the Bengal Government as a preliminary to legislation.

2. To make a reference to the Government of Bengal to ascertain from the Government of India their views upon the question of legislation being undertaken by the Bengal Legislative Council or the Legislative Assembly, having regard to the provisions of the Government of India Act, 1919, and the Devolution Rules regarding legislation concerning this University and Secondary Education.

3. To make a reference to the Government of Bengal, to consider whether in view of the position taken up by the Government of Assam, the Committee should be appointed by the Government of Bengal as proposed, or by the Government of Bengal and the Government of Assam jointly, or by the Government of India.

B.

That pending such references, the Senate do record its opinion as follows:

1. It is essential to appoint a representative Committee to explore the various matters which must arise in connection with any scheme of University legislation.

2. University legislation should not be introduced in the ensuing session of the legislature for the following reasons :

(*a*) there is not sufficient time for a proper consideration by any Committee and by the Senate, of any measure involving a comprehensive reconstruction of the University, or for the formation and expression of public opinion regarding it ;

(*b*) it is not desirable to undertake such important legislation in the last session of any legislature whose term is about to expire as there will not be adequate time for deliberate and detailed consideration of a measure of such complexity and importance at its different stages.

3. The Committee should be left free to consider the whole question of University reconstruction in its various aspects including finance.

4. The recommendations of the Committee should be based on the report of the Sadler Commission with such modifications as may be rendered necessary by financial or other considerations.

5. To make any reconstruction of the University of any use, it is absolutely essential that the Governments concerned should grant the University financial assistance on a reasonable scale.

6. Academic opinion and educational experience of Bengal and Assam should be adequately represented on the Committee ; the Committee should have the Vice-Chancellor as President and one-half of the other members should be nominated by the Senate.

7. The recommendations of the Committee should be formulated in such a way that they may be readily embodied in the form of a Bill or Bills and should be published for criticism before the Government concerned adopts any measure for its being placed before the legislature.

## C.

That the nomination of members of the Senate to serve on any such Committee as mentioned before be deferred, pending decision, by the authorities concerned, of the question, which Government should appoint the Committee, and the Syndicate be authorised to nominate members for the Committee as soon as the question has been decided.

## D.

That as regards the two private Bills, the Bengal Government be informed that as the Senate has already given its opinion against them, the Senate trusts the Government will exert their influence to stay them.

E.

That copies of the above resolutions be forwarded to the Minister for Education in Bengal, the Government of India, the Government of Bengal, and the Government of Assam.

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## THE ASSAM GOVERNMENT AND THE UNIVERSITY.

The following letter from the Government of Assam to the University was placed before the Senate on the 22nd June, 1923.

*From the Second Secretary to the Government of Assam, to the Registrar, the University of Calcutta, dated Shillong, the 30th May, 1923.*

I am desired to invite your attention to the sub-joined observations which find place in the Statement of Objects and Reasons appended to the draft "Bengal Secondary Education Bill, 1922" and to enquire whether the Hon'ble the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate of the University would be prepared to recommend to the Senate, in the event of the Bill becoming law, that the University should still continue to hold a Matriculation Examination for students from the Province of Assam :—

It is felt that the University may not consider it feasible to continue to conduct the examination for the few schools from other Provinces, *e.g.*, Assam and Native States (*i.e.*, Cooch-Behar and Tripura) which will remain, and thus specific power has been given to the Boards to assume control of schools outside the province if so desired by other Governments and if empowered by legislation of such other Governments to do so.

The number of candidates presenting themselves for Matriculation at Assam Centres was, last year, 1,083.

On the motion of Dr. Bidhanchandra Ray seconded by Mr. Kaminikumar Chanda the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

(1) That the Government of Bengal be requested to make a reference to the Government of India to ascertain their views regarding our legal liabilities on the question raised by the Government of Assam in their letter referred to in this item.

(2) That pending the receipt of an answer, the consideration of the matter be postponed.

Assam is evidently determined to secure her educational interest,—though no doubt people who find the intervention of Assam inconvenient, may console themselves with the fiction that this has been engineered as a means of obstruction.

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### SECRECY OF LEGISLATIVE MEASURES.

On the 22nd June, 1923, the following letter and telegram from the Bengal Government were placed before the Senate:

D. O. No. 3T. Education.

BENGAL SECRETARIATE,
EDUCATION DEPARTMENT,
*Darjeeling, the 16th May, 1923.*

DEAR MR. CHAKRAVARTI,

I shall be much obliged if you would, with the permission of the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate of the Calcutta University, favour the Government of Bengal (Ministry of Education) with 12 copies of the confidential report of the Senate Committee dated the 3rd February, 1923, on the drafts of the Calcutta University Bill and the Secondary Education Bill.

Yours truly,
J. N. ROY.

To
J. C. CHAKRAVORTI, ESQ., M.A.,
*Offg. Registrar, Calcutta University.*

TELEGRAM,
*Darjeeling, the 23rd May, 1923.*

REGISTRAR,
UNIVERSITY, CALCUTTA.

Please refer my demi-official No. 8, Education, dated 16th, with permission of Vice-Chancellor and Syndicate kindly also send direct to Darjeeling twelve copies of Senate Committee's Confidential report on Secondary Education Bill.

BENGAL EDUCATION.

People unacquainted with the history of recent events might well wonder why a matter of this description should at all come before the Senate. The situation, however, became clear, when Sir Asutosh Mookerjee moved the acceptance of the recommendation of the Syndicate that the Government of Bengal be informed that the Senate are quite willing to supply the Government with the copies of the Report asked for, but that the request made by the Government cannot be complied with till the bar of secrecy imposed upon them by His Excellency the Chancellor is removed. He explained that on the 11th January, 1923, Lord Lytton, in his capacity as Chancellor of the University, agreed to make over to him the draft Bills (University and Secondary Education), as confidential documents, for communication to members of the Senate, with the injunction that the drafts were to be treated as confidential and that anyone to whom they might be shown must be enjoined to treat them as such—and further that the documents must not be referred to in public or shown or spoken about to any except those to whom they had been confidentially communicated by him. The Senate had, at that time, expressed their disappointment that such a bar of secrecy should have been imposed and had requested permission to consult persons interested in education even though they might not be members of the Senate. The bar, however, was not removed, and the Senate, in camera, drew up a Report which analysed and criticised the provisions of the Bills. The report was confidentially communicated to H. E. the Chancellor direct. In answer to the request now made by the Secretary to the Government of Bengal (who is not a member of the Senate), the Senate have taken up the position that till the bar of secrecy was removed, copies could not be supplied. Sir Asutosh Mookerjee and the Vice-Chancellor made it clear that in concurrence with the view previously expressed by the Senate, they were anxious to have the bar of secrecy removed, so that not only the Secretary to the Government of

Bengal but also the members of the public might be acquainted with the views of the Senate on the burning question of the day.

We shall not dwell on the humour of the situation thus created; but we do hope that in the public interest Lord Lytton will remove the bar of secrecy and thus place the University in a position to publish all the papers on the subject of University legislation. Persons of one school have maintained, in season and out of season, that recent events had been the result of personal animosity between the Minister of Education and the late Vice-Chancellor. Persons of another school have maintained, with equal emphasis, that they are attributable to a conflict of ideals. The outstanding fact remains that apart from the views held by the late Vice-Chancellor on the subject of University legislation, the Bills framed by the Minister have been regarded as open to grave objection by men of standing and experience in educational and administrative circles. There can be little doubt that it is unwise to maintain secrecy under such circumstances, and the public should be taken into full confidence by the authorities without further delay.

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## GOVERNING BODIES OF COLLEGES.

Our readers will recall that some months ago (Vol. 5, p.277) we placed before them an interesting statement on the constitution of Governing Bodies of Colleges affiliated to this University, prepared by Dr. H. C. Mookerjee, the Inspector of Colleges. This statement showed that out of forty-three Colleges, in thirteen institutions the representative of the staff on the Governing Body is nominated by the Principal while in the others the staff is allowed to elect their own representative. The statement was placed before the Syndicate on the 30th September, 1921, for consideration. The Syndicate resolved that the note be placed before the Senate with the recommendation that the authorities of Colleges be requested to allow the staff to nominate their representative or representatives on the Governing Body, subject, if necessary, to the approval of the authority constituting the Governing Body. On the 10th December, 1921, on the motion of Mr. J. R. Banerjee, the Senate approved of this resolution. A copy of the resolution was thereupon forwarded to the Government of Bengal in the Ministry of Education so that the system of election might be applied in the formation of Governing Bodies of Government Colleges. After very mature deliberation which occupied several months the Government of Bengal has sent the following reply.

*From the Secretary to the Government of Bengal, to the Registrar, University of Calcutta.*

*Calcutta, the 5th April, 1923.*

In continuation of this Department letter No. 23 Edn., dated the 6th January, 1923, I am directed to forward, for the information of the Hon'ble the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate, a copy of the rules sanctioned by the Government of Bengal (Ministry of Education) for the election of representatives of the staff on the Governing Bodies of Government Colleges in this Province and to say that the system of unrestricted election had proved unworkable and these rules have been passed for the purpose of giving effect in a modified form to the wishes of the Senate expressed in their Resolution of the 10th December, 1921.

### "RULES FOR THE ELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GOVERNING BODIES OF GOVERNMENT COLLEGES.

1. Representatives of the staff on the Governing Bodies of Colleges and analogous institutions shall normally be elected by all members of the staff from a panel of eligible candidates to be prepared by the Principal.

2. All heads of Departments or senior teachers of any subject shall have a right to be included in such panel.

3. The Principal may add to the panel the name of any member of the staff of not less than ten years' educational experience but no one other than the head of a Department or the senior teacher of a subject should be included in the panel as of right.

4. The Principal in making his recommendations annually to the Director of Public Instruction may, with the consent of the Governing Body, select the representatives of the staff by nomination instead of by election, at the same time reporting the reasons for dispensing with election. In this event of Government not approving of such reasons, the matter should be referred back to the Principal with instructions to hold an election."

On the 13th April, 1923, the Syndicate decided to place the letter before the Senate with the recommendation that a further representation be made to the Government to the effect that the right of electing representatives on the Governing Body may be given to the members of the teaching staff of Government Colleges in a less restricted form. When the matter came before the Senate on the 9th June, 1923, Rev. Dr. George Howells moved the recommendation of the Syndicate. Mr. Ramaprasad Mookerjee moved that the view indicated by the Syndicate be expressed in a concrete form in the following proposition.

That for Rule (1) framed by Government the following be substituted—

"Representatives of the staff on the Governing Bodies of affiliated Colleges shall normally be elected by all members of the staff.

The members of the staff eligible for election shall possess not less than five years' educational experience.

Every election shall be subject to confirmation by the Government."

That Rules (2), (3), and (4) framed by Government be omitted.

On the motion of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, the question was ultimately referred back to the Syndicate for reconsideration. There was, in fact, no indication of difference of opinion in the Senate : the only question was how the view taken by the Syndicate could be given a definite expression. Dr. Howells and Mr. R. P. Mookerjee emphatically stated their dissent from the position taken up by the Government, and it was considered surprising that a democratic Government should have maintained that the system of unrestricted election had proved unworkable, even when the constituency was so select and cultured a body as the teaching staff of a Government College. Dr. Howells, though himself the head of a College, strongly expressed his conviction that the teaching staff should have freedom in the choice of their representative on the Governing Body. Sir Asutosh Mookerjee stated that he had learned on unimpeachable authority that under the existing system a Principal had attempted to bargain with a Professor that if the Principal should nominate him on the Governing Body, he expected the Professor to support his views. The last word has evidently not yet been said on this subject and it may not be too late for the Government of Bengal in the Ministry of Education yet to cultivate more liberal views on this topic.

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## UNIVERSITIES AND STATE GRANTS.

Our readers are by this time familiar with the controversy which has raged round the question of State control of Universities in receipt of aid from the public treasury. The following letter from Mr. Thomas Case of the Corpus Christi College, Oxford, which was published in *The Times* on the 29th May, 1923, makes it abundantly clear that the dangers which beset an Indian University are by no means unknown in the case of British institutions.

"A discredited Liberal Minister began, but it is to be hoped that a much admired Conservative Minister will not adopt, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Bill, which was founded on the paradox that an application for grants from the State is a sufficient principle of a good system of legislation.

In November, 1918, in the very month of the Armistice, when the time for economy had arrived, Mr. Lloyd George's Minister of Education, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, sent round a general circular inviting Universities to apply to the Government for grants in aid. On April 16, 1919, he wrote a letter to the then Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Blakiston, announcing that the Government would not sanction grants except on condition that a comprehensive inquiry into the whole financial revenues of the University and colleges at Oxford shall be instituted by the Government. This was truly Lloyd-Georgian method of first exciting a greed for grants from his Government and then shifting the payment on to the shoulders of the University and colleges; but it was soon complicated by the acknowledgment of the Hebdomadal Council of the University that the proposed inquiry would require the consent not only of the University but also of the colleges, which are independent corporate bodies, and, as they were not likely to apply for grants, could on that ground have declined the proposed inquiry. What actually happened was that by the advice of the Hebdomadal Council the Vice-Chancellor wrote to each head of a college asking him to consult the Governing Body of the college concerning the proposed inquiry.

Not knowing the answers of the other colleges, I must confine myself to that of my own Corpus Christi College, Oxford, dated May 31, 1919:

> The college is willing to submit to a general inquiry into the financial resources of the college and into the use which is being made of them. At the same time it thinks that any inquiry into the financial position of the colleges at the present time would be misleading owing to the uncertainty of the economic situation. The college would also deprecate any action which would tend to subject the colleges to the control of a Government Department.

Having now before it Mr. Fisher's letter of April 16, 1919, insisting on a comprehensive inquiry into the financial resources, both of the University and of the colleges, the Hebdomadal Council brought before Convocation of the University a decree, which was inconsistent with Mr. Fisher's letter because it left out the colleges, but was carried by 126 to 88 votes of individual members of the University. The decree was as follows :

> That the Vice-Chancellor be authorised by Convocation to apply for a Government grant or grants, and to accept the same on behalf of the University on the condition stated in the letter of April 16, 1919, of the President of the Board of Education, *viz.*, that the University should co-operate with the Government in an inquiry to be made into its whole resources and the use which is being made of them.

This somewhat confused procedure became the basis of the Royal Commission issued on November 14, 1919, and beginning with the following Preamble :

> Whenever we have deemed it expedient that Commission should forthwith issue to consider the applications which have been made by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge for financial assistance from the State and for the purpose to inquire into the financial resources of the Universities and of the colleges and halls therein, into the administration and application of these resources, into the Government of the Universities, and into the relations of the colleges and halls to the Universities and to each other, and to make recommendations, etc.

This Preamble contained a fatal error of a most misleading kind. It took it for granted that to consider the application for financial assistance from the State was the main point, and that this was the sole purpose for which the Commission should inquire into the financial resources of the University and of the colleges. But this was only one purpose. On the other hand it is not true that for the purpose of satisfying applications for financial assistance from State Corpus Christi College submitted to an inquiry into its financial resources. Its sole purpose was the honourable wish of the colleges to oblige the University by submitting to a general inquiry into the financial resources of the college, and with no other purpose whatever. In short, there were two purpose at work, one the purpose of the University to get financial assistance from the State, the other the purpose of the college to oblige the University by submitting to a general inquiry into the financial resources of the college without any arriery-pensee.

What, then, ought to have been the Preamble of the Royal Commission? It ought to have cleared itself on all injustice to the colleges by simply changing the order of the instructions in the following way:

> Whereas we have deemed it expedient that a Commission should forthwith issue to inquire into the financial resources of the University and colleges of Oxford, into the administration and application of those resources, into the Government of the University, and into the relations of the Colleges to the University (and its halls) and to each other, and to consider the applications which have been made by the University, but not by the colleges of Oxford, for financial assistance, and to make recommendations, etc.

This simplification of the Preamble of the Royal Commission would have put swarms of applicants for aid in their proper place, and saved the colleges from the injustice of being treated as mere means for the purpose of helping the State to provide financial assistance to applicants for aid out of the financial resources of the college. It is, however, a simplification which cannot be made by the Bill, the Preamble of which is a mere repetition of the Preamble of the Royal Commission. There is, therefore, only one resort. The Conservatives should throw out this Lloyd-Georgian Bill, in order to save the colleges from being gradually bled to death, and then base another Bill on a juster system of legislation."

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The following caustic observations on the same subject and in a similar strain are taken from a recent issue of *Blackwood's Magazine*:

" A recent debate in the House of Lords has shown how great a danger was incurred by our older Universities when they yielded to the temptation remorselessly set in their path by the cunning of Mr. Herbert Fisher. In those sanguine days, when the Coalition saw itself undisputed tyrant for life of Great Britain, Mr. Herbert Fisher's part was to set the heel of Government upon the neck of education. From the child in the infant school to the professor at Oxford and Cambridge one and all were to be the slaves of the State. And Mr. Fisher was astute enough to see that he had but to force the alms of the Government upon Oxford and Cambridge to make the slavery complete. He succeeded by a not too creditable trick. The Marquess of Bath described the transaction accurately enough in a recent discussion upon the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Bill. In 1918 the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Education received a deputation from the new Universities, which found themselves compelled to ask of the Government a further grant of money. Mr. Fisher saw his chance. He requested Oxford and Cambridge to send representatives also, who should discuss the needs of their Universities. That they were prepared to suffer in silence did not weigh with him. He had got the poor flies into the spider's parlour, and he did his worst with them. Having forced them to divulge their poverty, he declared that the Government could not consider the request for help, which he had wrung from them, unless a Royal Commission of inquiry were appointed. And thus we owe it to Mr. Fisher's ingenuity and cunning that the two independent Universities have lost their freedom.

The members of the Royal Commission which sat upon the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge seem to have been conscious of the danger and of the trickery. 'That the attempt of the State to control opinion in the Universities and Colleges broke down in 1688,' they wrote in their report, 'and was never revived, is a great fact that has distinguished our University system from that of France and Germany, It is a precious part of our intellectual and moral heritage as a nation. If there were any danger that grants of public money would lead to State interference with opinion in the Universities, it might be the less of two evils that they should decline in efficiency rather than lose their independence in order to obtain adequate means.' These are brave words, and they are not worth the paper upon which they are printed. In the first discussion held in Parliament about the grant of public money to Oxford and Cambridge, they are flung aside with the arrogance which always distinguishes a Government in act to distribute alms.

The mere thought of a modified grant—happily the Government, afraid to spend much money on higher education, the hobby of the vulgar rich, had already cut down its promise—inspired peer after peer to make an attack upon Cambridge, because it has hitherto been loyal to its opinion, in spite of the interference of a penurious Government. To read the debate in the House of Lords is to be convinced that the only thing that matters in English education is the admission of women to all the privileges of Cambridge University. Oxford has already toed the line, and is exempt from criticism. The spokesmen of the peers, then, none of whom has any link with Cambridge, were free to criticise, to browbeat, or to blackmail a University to which they did not belong. Lord Haldane was, as we should expect, most violent in opposition to an honourable University. His was a method of a not too subtle blackmail. 'Cambridge University,' said he, 'under this Bill, is in the position of coming to Parliament and asking for public funds, and therefore Parliament has a complete right to say: "We will give you public funds, but you must keep up to the standards of the times."' Now, in the first place, Cambridge did not come and ask for public funds. Had Lord Haldane listened to the speech of the Marquess of Bath he would have discovered that it was the Government which came to the University of Cambridge and dragged it into its net. And what becomes of the admonition of the report, that it would be better for a University to decline in efficiency than to lose its independence? At the first difference of opinion the University is told roughly that, as it has accepted a grant of money, it must do as it is told. The only honourable course for the University of Cambridge to take would have been to refuse an inquiry, to decline the public money, which is always tainted, and to be loyal to its own conscience.

When Lord Haldane had delivered himself of his generous and humane sentiments, Lord Selborne, Lord Ernle, and Lord Salisbury, speaking with the lofty sympathy which Oxford men are wont to display when they are kind enough to envisage the other University, concurred in the reproach if not in the blackmail. Lord Selborne sincerely 'hoped that in another place an instruction will be given to the Commission to do for the women of Girton and Newnham at Cambridge what has been done for the women of the women's colleges at Oxford by the University itself.' Again the public money is pitted against the freedom of the University, and again we regret that Cambridge has sold its independent soul for the trumpery sum which the Government offered grudgingly, and will not pay, in return for complete submission.

Lord Ernle is in favour of milder methods. He will be content to gerrymander the constituency. He wishes to deprive of their votes all who are 'not engaged in the educational and administrative work of the University.' He would disfranchise all those whom he is kind enough to call 'back-woodsmen,' those members who still take an active interest in the University which they have left, and which they help to support by keeping their names upon the books. They are not less intelligent than the educational staff. Many of them are among the most highly distinguished men of our time and country. But in the matter of feminism they have not voted as they should in the politician's eyes. Therefore the vote must be taken from them, as the veto has been taken from the House of Lords. Thus we may discern the future of the franchise. It cannot be more widely extended than it has been in the country; and whatever 'reform bills' are further inflicted upon us will aim at disfranchising those classes whose opinions are inimical to the majority.

The three Peers from Oxford who were kind enough to read Cambridge a lesson are all Tories, or perhaps they would rather call themselves Conservatives. And it is the first duty of Tories, even of Conservatives, to defend existing institutions against attack. They would not dispute, we imagine, the simple truth that the University of Cambridge is an ancient institution. It was established many years ago for the proper training in polite learning of men alone. Its members have been faithful until to-day to the trust reposed in them by pious founders and generous benefactors. To turn a University from its original purpose is of itself an act of disloyalty. In this business the education of women is not involved. If women desire to be educated there was never any stumbling-block in their way. England is a great country, and it contains many towns, large and small, where women, unhampered by tradition, might have set up their own colleges, and made an original experiment in female education. That would not suit them. It was less education that they needed than a free rivalry with men. The Universities became a battlefield of the suffragettes, who did not want anything, but wanted to want it. They did not want the vote: they wanted to burn churches in protest; and now they have the vote they are not at the pains to use it. So it was not education that they clamoured for so much as admission to all the privileges of Universities established for the education of men. Even now they have got it at Oxford, we don't know what they will do with it. It is too early for certainty; and because Cambridge prefers to watch the hazardous experiment of Oxford, she is treated as a defaulter by Lord Haldane, and is lectured pompously and pontifically by three Oxford Conservatives, whose business it should be to die in the last ditch, defending the honourable and comely institutions of their forefathers.

The ingenious Lord Haldane wishes to punish Cambridge for not keeping up to the standards of the time. But standards have a trick of vanishing; and how do we know that the flag of feminism will not be hauled down within a few years? Even public opinion, variable as it is, may rediscover the simple truth, now forgotten, that men are still men and women women. Feminism is not a divine ordinance. It did not descend from heaven. It is not yet accepted by the universal wisdom of mankind as a piece of eternity. It is a whim of the moment, a fashion of the hour. It has come into the world and gone from it many times in the course of history. It has generally been a sign of decay and disorder. The movement, which was ridiculed by Aristophanes, disturbed Athens in a time of disaster. The Man-Woman, who suffered as the old pamphlet said, from "the Coltish Disease of the Staggers in the Masculine-Feminines of our time," assailed England in the years of reaction which followed the pride and glory of Elizabeth's reign. Yet Cambridge, because she does not accept a new standard without inquiry and without criticism, is taken to task, as though she had trampled on the Decalogue and committed with a bland effrontery all the deadly sins.

The conduct of the Government, above all, is of evil omen for the future. If the so-called Tories scourge us with whips, the gentlemen of the Labour Party have got their scorpions ready. And if the Government can interfere with the Universities in one place, it will interfere in another. So shall we arrive at the goal long ago reached by France and Germany, of State control and State management. When the war began, we all deplored the part which was taken by the professors of Germany. Yet what other conduct could we have expected from scholars who would have been dismissed from their posts if they had not obeyed the decree of the Kaiser? In France also education is a matter of politics. It has lately been decided by the French Government that Latin and Greek shall be compulsory in the Lycees. And how soon will this wise decision be reversed? It may be a question asked by the parents of idle children at the next election, and it may be worth the while of a new Government to drive Latin and Greek out of the schools again. A worse and more foolish tyranny that Cambridge, and Oxford too, since they have admitted the principle of interference by Government, will be subjected. It would have been best to meet the first attack with vigour and energy. If only Cambridge had been wisely inspired to reject the proferred gift, which is no gift, and which even as a bribe will dwindle year by year, she would have remained mistress of her own home. If for a while she had been unable to perform the manifold tasks in the teaching of science which she has gladly undertaken, she would still have had all that she needed for the performance of her proper duties, and the country would then have discovered the side on which the obligation lay. Even if the Government gave Cambridge unconditionally ten times the proposed grant, it would still remain a debtor. And now, alas! it is too late for Cambridge to recover the independence which she has sold for nothing."

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## IDEALS OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

We need make no apology when we place before our readers the following striking article on University Education from the *New Statesman*:

"The Universities, old and new alike, were only saved from acute financial crisis during and after the war by financial help from State funds. The purchasing value of their endowments fell sharply; rates on their buildings rose to an unprecedented height; heavier demands were made upon them just when their resources were at the lowest point. Emergency grants, and the influx of ex-Service students aided by Government grants, saved the situation for the time. But it became evident that before long the whole financial position of the Universities would have to be reconsidered, and fresh sources of revenue discovered both for the maintenance of their existing work and for the necessary developments both within and without their walls.

It was therefore natural that the annual conference of the Universities last week-end should devote most of its attention to the problem of finance. Private benefactions, which have done so much for both the older and the newer Universities are admittedly drying up, or at least are now almost confined to special extensions of the work which do little or nothing to relieve the general burden. Indeed, to be presented with a new building for some special faculty or with the endowment required for a new chair, while it widens the opportunities of the University for useful service, may often increase general expenses. Benefactions will probably continue, so long as there are rich men, to be an important source of University development; but it is quite clear that no increase of private gifts will meet the financial problem with which the Universities are struggling to-day. They must look, and look increasingly, to public funds to supplement their existing resources and provide the basis for extension of their work.

Every one realises that it is quite impossible to make University education self-supporting by charging to the student the full cost of what he receives. Not only the scholar and the exhibitioner, but also the ordinary student who nominally pays his way, is in fact heavily subsidised. To make the student pay the full cost would involve the exclusion of all save the richest classes of the community. It would bar out not merely the working class, which is largely excluded already, but also most of the middle class. It is quite obviously out of the question not merely to charge the full cost, but to raise fees at all in proportion to the rise in the costs of the past ten years. For this would mean a shrinkage of students which would force up costs much further, and at the same time a failure of the supply of trained and educated men and women for all the professions and administrative services. It may be taken for granted that University education cannot be made to pay, and that it must be subsidised from public funds more heavily in future than in the past.

If this is so, then clearly there must be also a fuller recognition of the status of the Universities as public institutions, owing a direct and immediate responsibility to the community as a whole. University-trained statesmen, as well as Professors, usually combine, with an acceptance of the necessity for State aid, a holy horror of State control. The State, they tell us, must aid the magnificent work which the Universities are doing: but on no account must it ask questions or attempt to subject the Universities to any sort of control by the bureaucracy. That there is much force in this objection we fully admit. Detailed State inspection or the imposition on the Universities of the rigid rules now imposed on public elementary and secondary schools would be fatal to the freedom which University work requires. But, if the State pays money, it must certainly claim and exercise the right to secure that the money shall be spent to the public advantage. This implies no control in detail; but it does involve that in making grants the State must have regard to the adequacy with which the various Universities and Colleges are setting out to fulfil their responsibilities.

It is a complaint often made by University teachers—especially of arts subjects—that the modern University is becoming less and less a home of "liberal education" and more and more a place of technical and professional training. The vast majority of the students have their future means of livelihood to consider, and must equip them for some definite calling. They are potential doctors, parsons, teachers, Civil Servants, chemists or engineers. They must be, unless the Universities are to confine themselves to the embellishment of a leisured class. It is useless and also foolish to lament the presence of the spirit of vocationalism in University teaching and learning. The only reasonable course is to accept this vocationalism frankly, and endeavour to prevent it from becoming narrow and exclusive. There is no reason why the best general education should not have a vocational bias.

It is, however, worthy of note that the least vocational part of the work of Universities, under modern conditions, is that which is usually regarded as the least important. First through the extension movement and later through the tutorial classes organised by the Workers' Educational Association, the Universities have passed beyond their intra-mural work of educating the full-time student and have instituted all manner of part-time courses in almost every town throughout the country. This work is, doubtless, of varying standard, and some of it—of the popular lecturing type—is not of much educational value. But the tutorial classes and the summer schools connected with them have laid the foundations of a new system of University extension, by which the Universities have been for the first time brought closely into touch with the working-class student.

If the State is to give fuller help to the Universities, the public must be assured that both intra-mural and extra-mural work are being developed to the fullest social advantage. Every entrant to the teaching profession ought to have the chance of education, not merely at a training college providing a less efficient substitute for University training, but in a fully fledged University. Better provision ought to be made, as Sir William Beveridge suggested last Saturday, for the training, without undue specialisation, of Civil Servants and local administrators. The vocational basis of much University work ought to be frankly recognised and turned to the best social advantage. And, if the State is to subsidise the training of the professional man and woman, so ought it to hold out a hand to help the potential leaders of working-class movements and organisations to secure the training of which they stand no less in need. The Trade Unions and co-operative societies, no less than the State and the local authorities, want properly equipped administrators; and, if the Universities are still a school of statesmanship for the upper and middle classes, so should they be for the rising statesmen of the workers' movement. Any plan for increased State aid must be based—as the Report of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge was to some extent based—on the requirement that the Universities shall develop proper facilities for extra-mural as well as for intra-mural education, and that it shall be made possible for working men both to attend courses in their own districts and, if they are fitted for it, to secure admission to a full University course. If the Universities are to be recognised as public institutions, with a substantial claim on public funds, they must definitely undertake to serve the needs of every section of the public to which they can be of use. So long as University education either is, or is suspected of being a class monopoly, it will not get the stable basis of public assistance required for its proper development.

We have spoken so far of grants from the State; but the newer Universities are already receiving also grants from local authorities and look for an increased revenue from this source in the future. It has long been a matter of controversy to what extent Universities should be aided from the rates and the fears of University leaders that rate aid may lead to municipal control found expression at last Saturday's conference. Oxford and Cambridge are clearly national Universities and cannot expect substantial rate aid. But the newer Universities have all close connections with particular localities; they are regional Universities, seeking to provide not only for the towns in which they are situated but also for the neighbouring towns and county areas. They look to the local authorities within their regions to give them help; but they recognise fully that control by the existing town and county councils, if it followed as a result of financial aid, would be infinitely worse than control by the Board of Education, which is, at least, a definitely educational body. The Universities fear to be made parochial and to have all their work measured by reference to the economic interests of the towns they serve.

It is undeniable that this danger exists and might become serious and the Universities would be well advised to guard against it by adopting a less suspicious attitude to the claim for some measure of State control. The State may intervene in matters of high policy; but it is most unlikely to make any attempt at supervision in detail. The local authorities, on the other hand, are far more likely to fasten on details and to irritate by petty acts of interference. Some form of general State control, ensuring a public direction of broad University policy, may be the best way, of securing immunity from attempts by local authorities to interfere where they are certainly not competent to control.

The case for University education is that, despite many blemishes, it is pervaded on the whole by an atmosphere of free enquiry and patient investigation. It teaches not so much subjects, as a method and an attitude of mind. It is in this sense a liberal education, not in the sense of being divorced from any vocational aim, but in the sense of recognising that the best vocational training can only be based on the best general education conducted in an atmosphere of freedom. That is, at any rate, the University ideal, to which we must seek more and more to make University practice conform. It is the more necessary to maintain the ideal because every year fresh claims and duties are thrust upon the Universities, old and new. Liberal education is necessarily more expensive than mere specialist training; and there is, accordingly, a strong inducement to lower the standard and narrow the scope of education in order to make it cheaper. We are not saying that there is no room for economy in the Universities. We believe there is, particularly in the cost of living at Oxford and Cambridge. But we must beware of making economies at the expense of the standard of work. The complicated mechanism of modern society demands ever-increasing skill and adaptability—qualities personal as well as attainments technical—from its professionals and administrators. We shall get these only by raising the standard of University work, and by opening the doors of the Universities both to a greater number of students and to students drawn more equally from different social classes. We suggest that both the State and the local authorities ought to come generously to the help of the Universities; but we hold that the public must satisfy itself, as a condition of its help, that the Universities are purging themselves of class exclusiveness and setting out, by all means in their power, to provide for the varied needs of a modern community. If that is State control, we want State control; but if State control means the rigid supervision of the educational work of Universities by any bureaucratic body we are altogether against it. We must be sure that the Universities set out to do the work we regard as important; the methods, save on the rarest occasions, we had better leave to them."

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## POST-GRADUATE TEACHING IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

There has been abundant and persistent criticism of the organisation for Post-Graduate teaching in this University. Our detractors may be astonished to hear that the University of Toronto—the greatest of the Universities in the Dominion of Canada—has recently reorganised their arrangements for graduate work as it is called there—on the same plan as has been adopted in this University, by the establishment of a separate Council and Executive Committee for the co-ordination and consolidation of the work of instruction of students proceeding to the M.A. and Ph.D. Degrees. Special arrangements have also been made to facilitate research and investigation by the senior students. We shall quote here only two passages from the Report of the University of Toronto for the year ending 30th June, 1922.

Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University, states as follows :

"Toward the end of the academic year, the Senate provided for a School of Graduate Studies which is to be controlled by a special council and a dean. The creation of this School gives a fuller recognition to the place that graduate work should hold within the University. It also brings together in a common council from all departments in the different faculties those who are engaged in graduate work, and thereby a similar status will be maintained for this kind of work throughout the University. In a certain sense, the creation of this School is no new departure, as the Board of Graduate Studies has for years been in existence and a large amount of graduate work has been carried on. The report of the Dean shows how actively members of the staff have been engaged with graduates and what excellent results have already been attained. The establishment of the School, however, should imply that a new impulse will have been given to this essential function of the University. In connection with this, I wish to call attention to the report on Special Research in which it is shown that a large and varied amount of research work is being conducted in the University, but the most striking result of research during the past year has been the discovery of a method of making an extract from the pancreas, to be used for the treatment of diabetes, especially in its advanced stages. This remarkable and now widely known discovery has been due to the persistent and imaginative efforts of Dr. Banting, together with Mr. Best and Dr. Collin, aided by others, chiefly in the Physiological Laboratory, in which Dr. Macleod put his wide knowledge and experience at their disposal. This result is a splendid proof of what may be effected by research in a well-equipped laboratory where competent workers trained in scientific methods co-operate. It is such a discovery as this that justifies the expenditure of money which may, over a long period of time, seem to produce no obvious results, until, based upon the quiet work that has been done in various departments, an investigator arrives at some conclusion which may be of untold value."

Prof. McMurrich, Chairman of the Council of Graduate Studies, states as follows:

"It has been felt for some time that the organization of graduate studies under the direction of the Board of Graduate Studies did not sufficiently emphasize the importance of these studies in the work of the University. Graduate work seemed to be an addendum to the undergraduate work, rather than a logical sequence of this and a very important part of the University's work. It lacked the definite status of the undergraduate work conducted by the various faculties, and with a view to remedying this defect the Senate of the University appointed a committee to consider the reorganization of the graduate work carried on in the various departments of the University. This Committee, after much careful deliberation, brought in its report during the past year, and its recommendations were given effect by a statute of the Senate, approved by the Board of Governors. By this statute, practically all graduate work carried on in the various departments of the University is placed under the direction of a School of Graduate Studies, presided over by a Dean, and composed of representatives of all those departments of the University that offer or conduct courses of graduate work. The School, through its Executive Council, has the supervision not only of the courses leading to the degrees of M.A., Ph.D. and M.D., which have been for some years under the direction of the Board of Graduate Studies, but also of the graduate work carried on by the Departments of the Faculties of Applied Science and Engineering, Education and Forestry. All departments of the University possessing facilities for graduate work are thus included in the School and will co-operate in the greater development and co-ordination of graduate studies as part of the recognised work of the University. It is hoped that this new organization, which takes effect with the opening of the academic session 1922-23, will stimulate greater interest in graduate study and research and give such work the recognition it deserves in the curriculum of the University."

The time may yet come when personal jealousies and animosities will be replaced by a frank and generous recognition of the scheme which has led to a phenomenal development of higher graduate work and original research in our University.

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## UNIVERSITY PUBLICATIONS.

The University Press and the University Teachers have not been idle, as is clear from the list of new works recently published.

1. Administrative System of the Marathas from Original Sources, by Surendranath Sen, M.A., Ph.D., University Lecturer in the Departments of History and Indian Vernaculars.

2. Pre-Historic India—Its place in the world's cultures, by Panchanan Mitra, M.A., University Lecturer in the Departments of Anthropology and Ancient Indian History and Culture.

3. Some Contributions of South India to Indian Culture, by Professor Sakkoti Krishnaswamy Aiyangar, M.A., Ph.D., University Reader in Ancient Indian History and Culture.

4. Lectures on the Economic Condition of Ancient India by J. N. Samaddar, B.A., Extension Lecturer in the University.

5. Lectures on Indian Railway Economics,—Parts I, II and III, by S. C. Ghosh, Honorary University Lecturer in the Departments of Economics and Commerce; sometime Special Officer with the Railway Board of the Government of India.

6. Journal of the Department of Letters, Vol. IX :

1. Ancient India—by Sylvain Levi.
2. Text of Kavyalokalocana—by Susil Kumar De.
3, 4, 6. Sothic Rising Point; Sothic Rising Dates; Indo-Aryan Origins—by H. B. Hannah.
5. Expressiveness of Indian Art—by Stella Kramrisch.
7. Archæological Methods—by Arun Sen.
8. Political History of India from the Accession of Parikshit to the Coronation of Bimbisara—by Hemchandra Ray Chaudhuri.
9. Sahitya Sastra—by Batuknath Bhattacharyya

7. Journal of the Department of Letters, Vol. X :

1. Gurjara Pratiharas—by Ramesh Chandra Majumdar.
2. Contact of Indian Art with the Art of other Civilisations—by Stella Kramrisch.
3. Ship-building and Commerce in Ancient Bengal—by Tamonash Das Gupta.
4. Religion of Asoka Buddha—by Manindra Mohan Bose.
5, 6. Accumulation Droll; Banabibi—by Sarat Chandra Mitra.
7. Art of Writing in Ancient India—by Abinash Chandra Das.
8. Early Buddhist Monasticism—by Sukumar Dutt.

8. Journal of the Department of Science, Vol. V (Papers on Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Botany and Geology).

9. History of Indian Medicine, Vol. I, by Girindranath Mukerjea.

Many a "regenerate" and "reformed" University might well be proud of a record of this description.

POST GRADUATE COURSES IN ARTS
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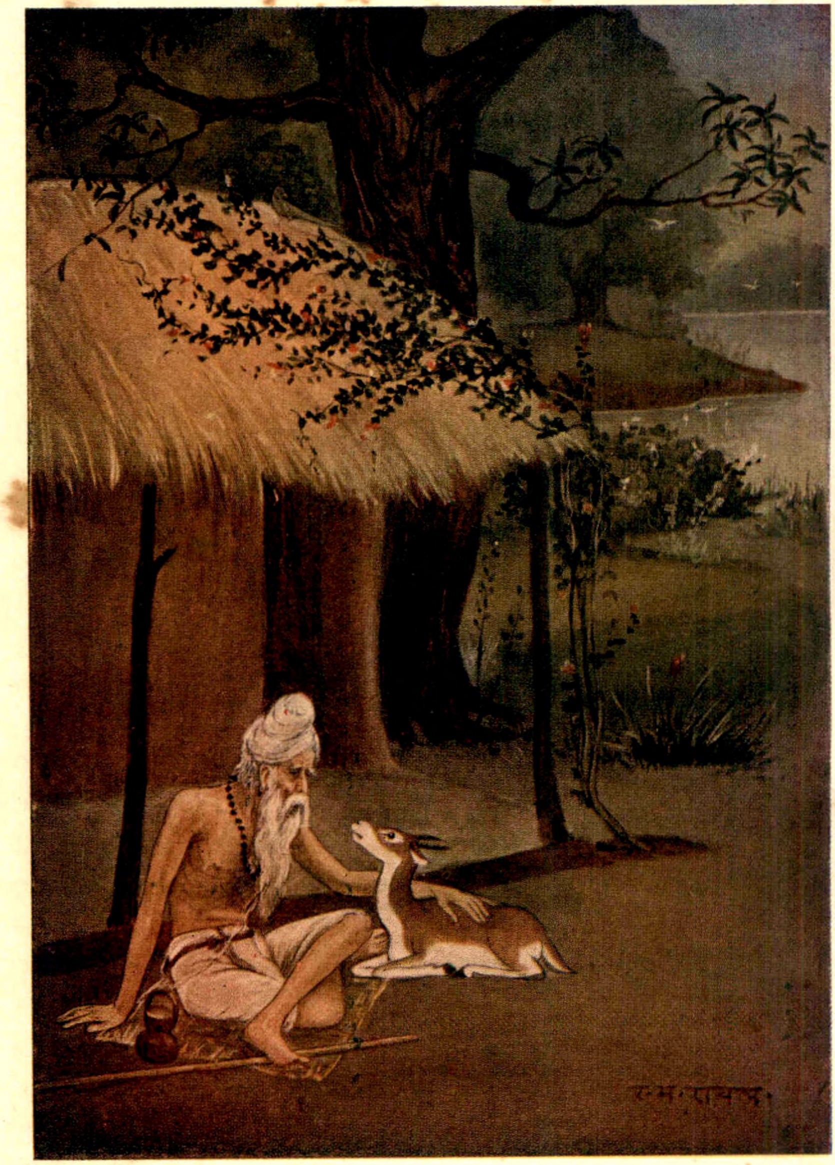
STATEMENTS OF THE RESULTS OF THE MATRICULATION, I.A., I.SC. AND B.SC. EXAMINATIONS, 1923.

| Name of Examination. | No. of candidates registered. | No. of absentees. | No. expelled. | No. passed in |  |  |  | Total per cent. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  | First Division. | Second Division. | Third Division. | Passed in one or more subjects only. |  |
| 1. Matriculation | 18,881 | 113 | 6 (4 disallowed) | 7,584 | 5,184 | 1,081 | 55 | 74·1 |
| 2. I. A. ... | 3,283 | 80 | 27 | 656 | 927 | 326 | 165 | 64·8 |
| 3. I. Sc. ... | 2,732 | 56 | 11 | 1,107 | 681 | 136 | 43 | 73·4 |
|  |  |  |  | First Class Honours. | Second Class Honours. | Distinction. | Pass. |  |
| 4. B. Sc. ... | 668 | 19 | 6 | 21 | 76 | 144 | 238 | 74·5 |



'Twixt Earth and Heaven

By courtesy of the *Navachetan*]

THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

AUGUST, 1923

## SIR EDWARD DENISON ROSS

Sir Edward Denison Ross is not a man that I could wish should die, though, if he should, then I could write his biography. Being very little older than myself, but a year or two, and being good for a long life, if no longer than my own, he will do me out of my greatest opportunity as a biographer. For his would be a most interesting life to write. But why, I have thought to-day, should I not write a part of it? As an Anglo-Indian he was long ago gathered to his fathers.

There never was a man more strangely made of two pieces, if one of them was very much a thing imagined. Those who loved him, and many of us did (there are Englishmen and Greeks and others in Anglo-India who have not yet done wishing that he would come back, and the departed Anglo-Indian is ordinarily forgotten before he reaches Aden) those of us who loved him, I repeat, might have been in some theoretical way aware that he had faults; but we never were so actually, and we never were so with an ease that he contributed. He paid you, and in such a measure, for loving him by being so glad that you did. The others, those who saw his faults, could see nothing else, and they would never let them alone, which seemed always to give them some special quality. If a man has a quarrel with your greatest friend, *you* are not the person to tell it to; but that has never been the rule of those who have had a quarrel with Denison. I have had invitations to breakfast that I owed to the fact that my host was more than usually angry with my friend, and all sorts of chance meetings in grill-rooms, on steamers, and in railway trains have led to subtle analysis of the conundrum why so many people can only see Ross's faults. My part of the analysis was perhaps, or part of that part, to acquire a little more than theoretical awareness of them.

It was not, too, that they could only see his faults : their seeing them had a strange way of making the least imaginative of them have for the moment a power of invention that, could it have been kept up, would have made their fortunes as story-tellers. Ross had been very active, under Lord Curzon, in collecting things of artistic, antiquarian, and other interest for the great Memorial to Queen Victoria in Calcutta. For the collection of such things he had more *flair* in his little finger than the rest of Calcutta had in its whole body ; and it was one of the counts in the packed thing of interest that he was to some, and made just one wonder more why his enemies should see nothing but bad in him. "Ross," said Lord Curzon one day, "do you think you could go to the Indian Museum, and see if they haven't a room or two to lend us in which to keep all these things ?" So Ross went, and in an incredibly short time it flew round Calcutta that he had been to the Museum upon some pretext, but really to measure the Director's drawing-room, and see if it was big enough for his carpet. The game of this man, they said, who was never up to any game at all, except so innocent a one as to make the Government of India buy Arabic and Persian MSS., or get the Asiatic Society at last to publish the Tibetan-Sanskrit dictionary of Körösi de Csoma,—the game of this man, they said, was to turn the Director out, and put himself in. It was a time when Denison did not possess a carpet either in Asia or Europe, nor money to buy one with that he would have deigned to possess, and it is doubtful if he possesses one to this day, or ever will, or money enough to buy one. But for ten long years half-Calcutta was busy inventing such stories.

Not always, however, or not all of it. Ross once dined at the table of a Mr. Wood. He was in that happy-tongued humour when all life is amusing, when the simplest things present themselves as epigrams, when any case may be put, the absurdest, with puns in six languages, so as to seem a good one, when life is a sunny plaything; and Ross, being himself in that humour, had it in his mind to let his spirits overflow the table. There also sat there a Mr. Parsons, the Secretary to the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, a very worthy man. All dinner time, and all the time afterwards over their wine, Mr. Parsons watched Ross over the tops of his gold-rimmed spectacles, and all the time Mr. Wood watched Mr. Parsons watch him. Mr. Parsons did not speak a word until Ross had gone home. Then he turned to his host, and said: "That is the most conceited man I have ever seen." And that ever after was his idea of Ross: you could never have got any other into his head. Ross did not make *him* imaginative.

So, you see, one might write a life of Ross, looking at him and his ways over the tops of Mr. Parsons's gold-rimmed spectacles. That would be an ill-natured life, and is not the one I propose to write. Not from any moral scruple so much as because the literary sense forbids. Another possible life is the good-natured, but I will not write that one either, for again the literary sense forbids. There is only one that it approves—the good-humoured. I will try to write it.

I know him, first as a boy riding to school, and learning to fish, and not interested in books, especially not the Greek and Roman classics. Not that I ever saw him in those days; but he would talk about them afterwards, making it all very vivid. At about the age when young men of his kind go to college as a matter of course, he made the discovery that his great interest in life would be the study of languages, dead and living, but chiefly living; and he decided not to go to college, but to travel. A legacy had fallen opportunely. Whether he went first to Persia, and afterwards to Russia, or the other way about, and whether he spent a long time in those countries, or a relatively short time, I do not rightly know, but only that there was a residence in those parts and in Constantinople in those years, and that whatever the time was, it was long enough for Ross to learn so well to speak the languages as never afterwards to forget them. There are very few countries in the Old World in which he has not lived, and he speaks almost all their languages. His teachers were of the best—Nöldeke for Arabic, and I think I have heard him speak, of course in praise, of Renan and Henry Morley as his teachers. There are no great scholars in Europe, except perhaps the French Egyptologists and other Frenchmen, of whom he has not seen a great deal—no Brockelmanns, or Von der Coqs, or—but to go on with the list would only be to give the impression that most of the great scholars are on what to the Englishman is the wrong side of the Channel. Ross is not a great scholar himself, and does not claim to be; but when he publishes an Arabic text, he is proud if a Brockelmann should find few errors, and each addition of his name to the British Museum Catalogue, he has told me, is a thing he counts. No, he is not a very great scholar: life, he has been heard to say, is far too full of interest to give as much of it to Arabic as is necessary to make one a great Arabic scholar; but he has been in countries, as India, and done work there that no other man in the country could have looked at. For the variety of it, and the rarity and difficulty of parts, and he has the scholar's interest in intellectual achievement. Such a man as Sir Thomas Holland, the geologist, and the work he has done, is very impressive to him, and he will tell you, with an almost childish marvel, that Sir Thomas's favourite reading is a mining company's prospectus. His own favourite reading are such things as the "Revue

Critique" (but only it because there is nothing that is more purely pure scholarship undefiled), and the prospectuses of great works of learning, and second-hand booksellers' catalogues, and the London Library Subject-Index. He has also great enjoyment of "Napoleon of Notting Hill," and Dickens, and O. Henry.

When he came to India to be Principal of the Calcutta Madrasah, he was already a scholar with a European reputation. I was invited (by the late Captain Charles Russell, to whom the advent of a scholar with a European reputation, as he took care to inform one, was a matter of great interest) to dine with Ross at the United Service Club. Russell afterwards christened his guest "The Lord of Superlatives," and I have found among his papers the beginning of an ode to that Lord. I wanted the full text, both for Russell's sake and for Ross's sake; but not even that one's life of him should be the richer for it, though he would like it rich, could Ross ever be induced to take such trouble as find such a thing. He was apt to fail you in those ways; indeed, he always failed you. Issues of learned societies' journals (not very learned) have been kept waiting for the promised copy from Ross that never came, and were at last published without it. He induced me to become joint editor with Mr. A. F. M. Abdul Ali of the "Journal of the Moslem Institute," his own particular child, one to whom his gift was to be the contribution of something so important to scholarship, that all the scholars in that field in Europe and America would have to get the issue, making the first time in the world's history that a college magazine had been so honoured; for it was only a college magazine. I accepted the labour on condition that the gift should be forthwith; but of course it was never seen. I did at last extract a contribution from the Doctor (we all called him "the Doctor" in those days), but without his name as writer. It was to be published anonymously. It was called "The Dogs of Constantinople" and the manuscript was more curious than the author was learned. No sentence was finished, or not immediately; no sentence was begun only once; but had three, or four, or five or six beginnings. Not all following each other immediately, of course, but in the humour of the puzzle. One sentence began:—"The famous actress Sarah Bernhardt." She had gone to Constantinople with a favourite dog, which the police had to protect from being torn in pieces by the dogs of Constantinople. But not in more pieces than the sentence in the manuscript.

To return to the dinner. I was not near enough to Ross, where I sat, to talk to him, but I took him in immediately as a new type of man, known before in books, but not in life. It was therefore the beginning of a great adventure, and should I be found able to play my part? I *was* found; but then luck always played into my hands with him, sometimes, as when he got married, quite wonderfully. It played into my hands that very night. The talk at his end of the table was of "Frederick the Great," and Ross, being unable to remember some name, was referred to me as the only other man present who had read the book. I could not remember the name either, but I had been introduced.

A word here of his reading. I do not know rightly when it was done. His reading in Calcutta was mostly of texts and grammars, and out-of-the-way things like Houssaye's Ligny and Waterloo books, and French Memoirs picked up in the New Market or China Bazar (once when I, in India, was to be repaid some outlay on his account, he sent me Bourrienne's Memoirs); so his reading of all the English, French, German, Russian, Italian and other classics, even to such things as Southey's "Doctor," must have been the occupation of earlier years. Or on board ship between Europe and the East; for he would make a great business of the choice and packing of books for a voyage. He would call a friend to come and see how very beautifully and exactly the chosen books had fitted into the box. I once gave him my marked Keats to put in, and I don't think he ever forgot.

His provision of another kind when train-travelling (a thing he hated) were apples, a Dutch cheese, and some bottles of champagne. I propose, but I need now hardly say so, to put down any touch that will add to the portrait that I am trying to sketch, and the oddments as something in the main narrative puts me in mind of them. When a little book of mine was printed for private circulation, and "Pan's Fellow" in it discovered me to be fond of apples, that proved Ross's chief interest. "Yes," I replied to the charge: "I have always thought them very beautiful things." "Humbug," said Ross: "they are very good to eat." Which I was quite ready to admit, but not as he was.

The next time I met Ross was at the bedside of William Hornell. (He was never known to anyone except as William Hornell). He could then recall the name of the man in "Frederick the Great," and would be glad that I should come and see him, when we could go into that and other matters. He must be off at once: for they had asked him to produce a Tibetan grammar or reader in a fortnight.

The third time was in his own house, where I found him, in the matted but carpetless and chairless room, standing with John Macfarlane, the first Librarian of the Imperial Library in Calcutta, and whirling his own dog round and round, with that dog's teeth clenched hard upon the end of Macfarlane's handless walking-stick. My recollection of the next few years is of a house with first one and then two persons in it, who however bulked less large than the cats, Becko, an Australian magpie, a shama, the deer, the geese, and the baby donkey that was always to be got, but never was. There was a horse too, or two horses. After the pets came manuscripts and miniatures and music, my memory says; but they were liable to be swept away for cricket, or kite-flying on the roof, or railway trains on rails laid on the drawing-room floor, or battles (Austerlitz reproduced as exactly as possible) with lead soldiers and cannon and bullets, but no powder, on a huge table on the verandah. The engines had boilers too small: there was never enough water in them. My mind is haunted to this day by the fear of there not been enough water in the boiler.

These are little touches that come back from that time. He was soon to meet an Englishwoman in Venice, and there marry her, with the pew-opener as witness, and he would produce and hold up a bound volume in triumph, and it proved to be all her letters, or he would show me to a bath-room where I could wash my hands, and there I would find her name written with soap on the wall. Or it was a pun that he had made in a letter to her—that he would come presently, and remove some doubt of hers with oscular demonstration. If he told you of one of his puns, it was always partly that you might share his wonder at nobody else's having made it. Thus when, after years of discussion, it was at last decided that the bridge over the Ganges should be at Sara, he said: "It is astonishing that no one should have said "che sara sara." Or if he showed the frank pleasure with one of his good things that a child might have showed over some little triumph of its, his pleasure at one of *your* good things was just as freely expressed. One of his good things was, the following figure in the Persian manner: "I will put the curl of resolution in the moustache of manhood." Another was when there was, one dinner-time, one of those tremendous, single, unheralded peals of thunder. He looked at the ceiling, and said, in the very accent of the khidmatghar: "Huzur!" Lady Ross and a guest and the Doctor were dining together, when the guest said that a certain matter they were speaking of was to be thought of in the spirit of Meredith's "Essay on Comedy," which was very much not the spirit in which the Doctor had just been speaking of it. He, thinking his guest a little sententious, and absurd, and to be snubbed, said a little sharply: "And what is the spirit of the 'Essay on Comedy?'" "What is the spirit of the 'Essay on Comedy?'" said the other. Then, turning to Lady Ross, "You've read the book. Do *you* remember?" "That is the wittiest thing you ever said," said the Doctor, and the man's sin was immediately forgiven him. Another instance of his utter, and really very charming, readiness to show his pleasure was when I objected to his saying that a man and girl we knew would not be happy, if they married, because he had not, and never would have probably, a big enough income. "It would not depend in their case," I said, "as it would not have depended in yours, on money," adding, "You could make a woman happy although you had only threepence a week." "That is the greatest compliment," said the Doctor, "that ever I have been paid." And his face beamed with pleasure.

While the talk is of good things, let me add one or two more that come back. I was once asked by Mr. Salauddin Khuda Bukhsh to ask the Doctor if he thought the British Museum would send him a manuscript to Calcutta. "Tell him," was the reply, "that they'd as soon give him the Elgin Marbles to play with." I went once, straight from the barber's, to call at the Madrasah. The man had trimmed my beard so that it resembled the great Duke of Devonshire's. "How are all the little Devonshires?" said the Doctor, rising ceremoniously.

There has been mention of the cats. They were great favourites. When the Rosses were away for a holiday, and there was nobody in the house but the not too trusted servants, they would send money, that I might buy tins of sardines or best English ham, and go to the Madrasah, and feed the cats, one by one carefully, holding the sardine out at the point of a pen. And once I sent them the news in letters that purported to be written by Dougie, the most loved of the cats, and in which a good deal of cat conversation was reported. The Doctor's name for them was the "Dougie Dialogues."

When, years after his leaving India, they offered him a post at Hongkong, he said, "No. The East does not call me—neither Near, Middle, nor Far."

He was fond of searching out the unusual thing to say, or argument to put, sometimes only to provoke other, more silent, people to talk. He might argue that the Boer War was very stupid or wicked, and God knows he may really have thought so, or that his mother's self-denial, going third class, and spending the money saved on her pets (I do not mean animals, but girls; for she had pets of that kind, as Ruskin had), was really not noble: it was only her form of selfishness. Once he contended that we should say "Her Excellency the Viceroy," not "His Excellency," for the same reason that the French say *sa majesté*, defiantly oblivious of the fact that, first, however it be in French, in English the possessive pronoun agrees in gender, etc., not with the following noun, but with its antecedent ("John has lost *his* book, not *its* book"); secondly, that if our pronouns did agree, not with their antecedents, but with the following nouns, we should say, not "Her Excellency," but "Its Excellency," because, however it may be with *excellence*, "excellency" is a noun of the neuter gender.

When he requested the Government of Bengal to appoint me as Principal of the Madrasah in his absence, it was because he felt quite sure that he could trust me to look after Dougie and the other cats, and the shama, and the geese, and could not trust anyone else.

He had not much relish of talk in which there was not the echo of book-lore, if not given, or not to anything like the extent to which Charles Russell was, to talking deliberately of books. He would rather talk of early editions, of good paper and print and binding, of the bibliography of any subject, than of any particular essay, or poem, or novel, or history. If he did talk of one, it was generally not to praise it, and I have heard him find severe fault with "The Sensitive

Plant," "The Skylark," and other famous things. He introduced me to green buckram as a good defence against the cockroach, and also to the scholar's pipe, the flat-bottomed, that does not topple over, and spill ash on your table. There was never any telling in what other way he might prove an invaluable man.

It was a house, I have said, of manuscripts and miniatures and music, especially music, but there was always another strong current, but one of which there was talk with only one or two. It was the Doctor's work in the college, or if that is to put it misleadingly, as giving the impression of his entering the building daily, and teaching in it, then I will say round about the college, which would include the Asiatic Society and the Senate House. Nobody ever did such work at the Madrasah ; nobody was ever anything like the same inspiration. There are men working in India to-day, ten years after the Doctor's going, whose work he began, and in a sense still inspires, and there are hardly any others, as there were none before he came. It was a desert in which he made a rose blossom, and how often has that been done? About three people knew it. You may make railways and bridges and canals and such things in the East in plenty, anything in fact that the coolie can be got to do; for after all, if others give the brains, the coolies do the thing. *Any one within reason*, I should say, can get such things made. If anything else is to be done, something that shall in some way affect the soul of the East, changing it, it is the millionth man whom you must send out. Ross was the millionth. It is very stupid, it is incredibly stupid, to think of his faults, to talk, as I have known dense University men do, asking jealously if Ross really could speak German, or only made up that he could. It is a very stupid world.

He was not a great fighter, as some of his colleagues in the Education Service were, for the reform of the Calcutta University, knowing it to be a necessarily barren thing in his generation, and probably for more than one; and what enabled him to see that was his having a strong, clear sense of the kind, and qualities, and faculties of the Eastern mind, and having it as only the millionth man has it. He might not be able to describe that mind to you very clearly; he might even talk a little in the spirit of exaggeration about it; but he felt it unerringly. That was what made him a much safer educational legislator for India than any Macaulay could ever have been, and the measure of how much safer is the difference between the educational institutions that Macaulay helped to set up and those that Ross would have set up, if he had come first, and had been given his way. He would have had to be given it: he would not have taken it: it would be wrong to give the impression that he fought, when in India, for some view of his own. He was no fighter. He let the thing alone as far as possible, and in his own parish, the Madrasah and its adjuncts, was quietly doing things, not so much not hindered by other people, as not observed by them.

He was observed closely enough by the Maulavis working round him, and, unless Lord Curzon did so also, another man in a million, it was only they who appreciated his work. They were all devoted to him: they speak of him to this day with bated breath. It was the picture of him surrounded by them (the time has come for another note, and I said that my account should be a good-humoured one, one in which such as the following should also find its place)—it was the picture of him surrounded by them that provoked one of the visitors to the Madrasah to say that he never could see the Doctor and the Maulavis together without thinking of Ganesh and worshippers doing *puja* to him. The Doctor had somewhat of Ganesh's girth, and, with hardly any imaginative seeing either, his nose helped out the idea. When he played the flute, another visitor used to maintain (we did not stand dreadfully on our dignity), he was the image of the peccary as shown in the illustration in the Imperial Dictionary. I can confirm that. With that, oddly enough, went a pretty close resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte, of which the Doctor was reasonably proud, and in which very probably lay the origin of his great interest in the Napoleonic Legend, and the battles, and the Memoirs.

By and by they took him away from the Madrasah, where he was very happy, and was doing extraordinarily good work, and put him in charge of the Government of India Records, where he was not happy, not having scope enough there for the exercise of his special gifts. It was great luck that for a long time they could not find a new Principal for the Madrasah; so the Doctor was both Keeper and Principal. At last a new Under Secretary was appointed in the Home Department, and one day he put up the file on the subject of a new Principal for the Madrasah, explaining to the Secretary that he was very sorry, but the file had apparently been lost; but it was no fault of his. The Government of India then told the Secretary of State that he *must* find the new man, and the Secretary of State, so goaded, did find him. Then the Secretary in the Home Department said to the Under Secretary that, now that the matter was all settled, he would like him to know that the file had been lost on purpose, and that they would have been better pleased, if it had continued to be lost.

I wish to speak of one more activity of the Doctor's. Like his mother, he had pets. Hers were girls: I have no doubt that her son would have liked his pets of the same sex and age; but that could not be. So they were young men, and the Doctor's activity was to push them on in the world. Now, to many that will seem a dubious proceeding; so I hasten to add that the young men whom the Doctor pushed on in the world were all of them marked by the possession of more than usual capacity. I am myself perhaps the one doubtful exception; but I am an indubitably good cat man. The pets were of both races, Indian and European. That they were not of both sexes simply could not be helped. The Doctor pushed them into higher posts, but never into one too high for that particular man. One would come upon him putting down the telephone receiver, and he would say, before putting his pipe back into his mouth: "Well, I have done one good thing to-day. Earle telephoned to ask who should be Director of Public Instruction in Assam. I've told him Cunningham."

But when he was only Keeper, life was too uninteresting; so he left India, and we have never been able to persuade him to come back. There are two men that we want back—Curzon and Ross.

J. A. CHAPMAN

# MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE AMONG THE ARABS[1]

In precisely the same ratio as, in the beginning, polygamy had contributed to the increase and strength of the ruling family, so later it led to their decline and fall. In the first period of Muslim Conquest every warrior, every civilian could easily maintain a family, however large. He drew from the State either military pay—high enough—or an annuity.[2] Another very lucrative source of income for the soldier was his share in the war-booty. Nor must we forget that as early as the time of the Omayyads, to every Muslim, who cared for it, land was given in *fief*.[3] There was thus for the Muslim population no necessity to earn a living, or to struggle for existence. Still more favourable was the position of those who were attached to the ruling family, either as clients or relatives. They received a liberal share of State aid, and lived more or less at the cost of the Government.

Under such extraordinarily favourable circumstances an unusual increase in population might well take place. But it is obvious that such exceptional conditions could not endure for ever. As soon as a change took place, polygamy showed its cloven hoof. Society developed the germs of decay and dissolution. This change, moreover, was not long in coming. In proportion as people multiplied and spread abroad, and the more they secured ownership of landed-property, the more powerful and fierce became the reaction against them. The decline in general prosperity—the fruit of inner disputes, political and religious—became more and more perceptible. Wars of conquest gradually ceased, and with that cessation also ceased the flow of gold among the people. State revenue steadily declined, or was chiefly spent in maintaining a standing army. Life grew harder and crueller, and trade and industry more and more slack and unremunerative. Under these changed conditions polygamy—by rapidly multiplying the family—became a serious handicap. Rich families were impoverished. Wealth deplorably declined. With the rise of the Abbasids, moreover, Arabs born in Persia—as also arabicised Persians—obtained the upper hand, and displaced the genuine Arabs from State-offices. The genuine Arabs, by reason of polygamy, had been impoverished much more quickly than they would otherwise have been. And, to add to their misfortune and poverty, landed property was gradually taken away from the descendants of Arab conquerors, and transferred to the Persian and Turkish generals and ministers who ruled the court and enriched their friends and clients at the expense of the Arabs. But if these were the effects of polygamy on political and economic conditions—no less catastrophic were its effects on the social and moral life of the people. We early called attention to the fact that gradually a great change was effected in the view regarding purity of descent. While in Arab antiquity a high value was placed on nobility of descent on the woman's side; later this was completely ruled out of consideration, with the result that no check or restraint was left upon indiscriminate polygamy. A degenerate and effeminate race of bastards thus came into being, with neither courage nor ability to maintain the high traditions of their fathers. Polygamy, in short, degenerated into the rule of mistresses and courtesans. It destroyed well-regulated family life, and let in a flood of evil effects. There originated the fatal germ of decay and death which stole into all Mohamedan States. In the Oriental courts of the middle ages—in Baghdad, in Cordova, as also elsewhere—polygamy steadily sapped the moral strength of the people. Imagine an old Oriental *harem*, with its countless inmates—wives and sons and daughters and the rest of them—and its poisonous atmosphere of hatred, distrust and suspicion. What impression would the ambitious and intriguing wives make upon youthful, pliant minds? Indeed, the more numerous the family, the less was the love of the father for his offspring. They grew up in a hateful *environ* of ever-warring, wrangling wives. Each saw in his brother an unworthy, evil-minded rival. If one ascended the vacant throne—the rest banded themselves together against him—seething with one thought; namely, his fall, and stirred by one ambition; namely, to seize the throne for himself. In the earlier days when only the child of a noble-born lady was looked upon as a legitimate successor, a wholesome restraint existed which obviated fratricidal warfare. But soon this principle was a thing of the past, and *all*—regardless of birth—pressed forward an equally valid claim. To polygamy are clearly traceable the numerous fratricides, insurrections, and disputes over succession which disfigure and dishonour Oriental history. A fixed rule of succession might perhaps have saved the situation: but that was impossible of realization in the existing order of things.

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[1] Continued from the March number of the *Calcutta Review*.

[2] Von Kremer, Vol. I, 213.

[3] *Cf.* Wellhausen, Arabische Reich und Sein Sturz, Section 4.

It is undoubted that these pernicious effects of polygamy were far more perceptible in the higher, than in the middle or the lower ranks of society. Here no sooner had the exceptional conditions of the early times ended (namely, State aid and immunity from earning one's livelihood) than the monogamous tendency re-asserted itself,[1] and a family life, such as we are familiar with, came into being. Descriptions are not wanting of happy family circles where the master and his wife lived on the best of terms, watching their children grow up. Numerous too were affectionate and peaceful house-holds, where the father, surrounded by his children, sons and daughters, sat at meals. Nor were cases unknown of the wife ruling her husband and holding undisputed sway at home.[1] Instances of genuine, ardent love for children, too, are by no means rare or unknown. Thus, says a man who has been summoned to battle by a Kharijite chief, but who has declined to join, "My daughters, who are helpless, have enhanced my love for life, and I fear that—were I to die—they would suffer misery, and perchance be constrained to drink muddy water after having tasted water clear and pure as crystal.[2] Not rare either were cases of that true love which unites two persons for life, and which relegates the sexual element to a secondary position. In the struggle with adverse circumstances, real high-bred qualities never wholly die. The Arab wife shows a strong, passionate sensibility, and possesses a depth of feeling and emotion which arms her for the highest renunciation and the noblest self-sacrifice. Thus the wife of a man—condemned to death—disfigures her comely countenance, to bring home the tranquillising conviction to her husband that she would not marry again.[3] The wife of Othman pulled out her upper teeth, when after her husband's death Muawiyah sought her hand, to show that she never would marry again.[4] This explains a phenomenon which manifests itself early enough in Islam, and which is characteristic of female mentality: overflowing enthusiasm and keen religious sensibility. Just as nuns and sisters of the cloister, in the Middle Ages, who, for the loss of their earthly joy, consoled themselves, in their gloomy cell, with visions of a heavenly bridegroom, and cheerfully acquiesced in mental hallucinations; so, in Islam, pious female enthusiasts, overwhelmed by a mystic love of God, renounced the world and gave themselves up to fervent prayers and pious devotion. Others again took to learned studies, and even won the honourable title of *Shaikha* (Professor). Thus a certain Shuhda enjoyed great renown. She had attended the lectures of the most famous Professors, and had obtained a license from them to deliver lectures on her own account—lectures which drew large audiences.[1]

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[1] An old writer speaks thus: The genuine Arab, *i.e.*, the inhabitant of the desert, always had but one sweetheart to whom he clung unto death and precisely the same was the case with her. But this has changed and it is now deemed pleasant to enjoy frequent changes with the result that *he* is reckoned most gallant and distinguished who loves a large number of girls.—*Kitabul Mowashsha*, Fol. 77.

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[1] *Ibn Khallikan, Sub* Othman Said Hiry and Zain-ul-Abidin.

[2] *Kamil*, p. 259. In one of the *Moallaqa* the poet speaks of 'pure water' as the drink of his beloved.

[3] *Kamil*, 767. [4] *Kitabal Mowashsha*, Fol. 84.

I have in my collection a very old MS. of a work which bears the title of *Masari-ul-ushshaq* (misfortunes of lovers). On its title-page it is stated that this book, as it stands, has been taken down from the lectures of the famous lady, Professor Shuhda, to whom the honorary title of *Fakhrunnissa* (pride of women) is affixed. She had heard the contents of this book from the author, which she had perpetuated in her lectures delivered in her house on the grounds of the mosque of the Castle at Baghdad. She died in 574 A.H. (1178-9 A.D.). It is evident from the superscription on this MS. that she was actually lecturing a year before her death.

Other learned ladies are mentioned too: Zainab, the daughter of Shari[2] in Nishapur; the daughter of Shaikh Taqiuddin Wasitì, who received the title of *Sett-ul-Fuqaha*, *i.e.*, the mistress of jurists (d. 725 A.H., 1325 A.D.). She delivered lectures at Damascus. It was there that she lectured on a juristic work (*Kitab-ul-Khiraj* of *Abu Yusuf*). She used the original MS. which is to be found in the collection of M. Schefer in Paris.

Only the Arabs produced such learned ladies. Of this type the Persians and the Turks have none to show. The utmost they can say is that their women experimented in politics.

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[1] Ibn Khallikan, Vol. I, p. 625. Ibn Athir, XI, 300.

[2] Ibn Khallikan, I, 551; d. 615 (1218-9 A.D.).

Be it noted that the Arab women even exercised judicial functions.[1]

It is surprising that whereas in the earliest times the number of women, distinguished for poetical talents, is very considerable; a perceptible decline in this direction is obvious about the second and third century of the Hejira. True, even in later times fine, cultured women are met with—especially slave-girls, studiously trained, who improvised verses; yet it will not be incorrect to state that the poetical and literary output of women is clearly and sensibly on the wane. Only in Spain, where Arab culture attained its highest splendour, did ladies show a special taste and aptitude for poetry and literature.[2] A great number of poetesses are mentioned whose poems, elegant and lively, point to the epicurean spirit which dominated the court of Cordova, as also those of the later and smaller feudal lords. These poems have for their themes love or panegyric. Wallada (d. 480 A.H.)—the beautiful and noble-born—has first place in the charming circle of cultivated women. Renowned was she alike for her royal descent and her poetical talents. Her house at Cordova, where her father for a time held the throne, was a centre of wits, savants and poets. The most prominent men of the town vied with each other for her favour, which was bestowed with all the caprices of one fair and false. She made no secret of her bold and romantic adventures, and many passages in her poems show that in the court circle and in the highest society the very opposite of prudery prevailed. In the freedom and *abandon* of her language Wallada was outdone only by her intimate friend Muhga, one of the loveliest of the women of Cordova. For this reason many passages in her poems cannot be translated. It is noteworthy of her and of her time that she never married, but she managed to compensate herself for it. She sent the following poem to one of her lovers as an invitation to meet her:

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[1] Von Kremer, Culturgeschichte, I, 420.

[2] On this subject I shall refer the reader to the Second Chapter of *Schack's* admirable *Poesie und kunst der Araber.*

"Expect me when the night spreads her darkness;
For I know she guardeth my secret in silence.
Ah! were the sun to feel my burning, consuming love
It would not shine nor would the moon rise,
Nor would the stars twinkle in heaven.

Against this self-willed, highly-endowed woman the East can put forward none save Olayya. She was the Caliph Mahdi's daughter by a slave-girl—thus a half-sister of Harun-ul-Rashid. She won a two-fold distinction, namely, in poetry and in music.[1] She set her songs to music and sang them. For long her compositions retained a great vogue. By her art, her talent, her winsome ways, she enlivened the tedium of the Caliph's palace and exerted, for some time, very considerable influence there. Her one fault was a mole on her forehead, but she managed to get over this trouble. She took to a fillet set with jewels, and it suited her so well that it became popular, and the entire world of fashion adopted the *fillet à la Olayya* as the ornament of the day. Knowing, as we do, the life of the ladies of the higher circles, we need not marvel at the reports of her romantic adventures. One of the Caliph's slaves was the object of Olayya's passionate worship. So violent and uncontrollable was this passion that to visit him she did not hesitate to take a dangerous route which led through a rain-pipe. She alludes to it in one of her poems:—

Enough, enough is the agony that I have endured for thee—O *Tall*.
To visit thee I even took the road that lay perilously between life and death.

Soon her brother—the reigning Caliph Harun—got wind of the affair, and forbade her even to mention the name of *Tall*. But not long did this order remain in force: for none—not even the Caliph—could resist the charm of this fair and enticing enchantress. She married: but marriage to her was no bar to the enjoyment of life. She made no secret of anything.

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[1] Undoubtedly she inherited her musical talents from her mother.

The case of Olayya leads us to speak of a peculiar feature of *harem* life, namely, the relation subsisting[1] between the male and female servants in a large household. We have already mentioned, while describing court-life at Baghdad, that the households of great and influential men—the princely houses more so still—counted in those days hundreds, nay, thousands of male and female members, between whom, supervision notwithstanding, manifold must have been the points of contact. But it must not be forgotten that in the East supervision then was actually not so rigorous as it is now; for, during the highest bloom of Arab civilization much greater liberty of action was conceded than during its decline, when the *harem* system degenerated into a downright, inexorable seclusion of women. If Olayya, a prince's daughter, could carry on a love intrigue with a slave—how much easier must have been such intimacies between the young male and female slaves in a princely household![2] That such intimacies existed is undoubted. Different writers report individual instances.

Jahidh, the well-known philosopher, relates such an one. "I was travelling, says he, "with Mohamed Ibn Ibrahim on his yacht from Samarra to Baghdad. Scarcely had we started when Ibrahim ordered curtains to be put up on the deck, and directed the slave-girls that were there to sing to the accompaniment of music. Then one of them began to sing the following verse to the accompaniment of the Zither :—

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[1] 11,000 eunuchs are said to have been in the household of Muqtadir, in addition to Grecian and Frankish slave-girls. Ibn Taghribardi, I, 248.

[2] See Heitland's Agricola, p. 268, where it is stated that in the Roman Empire sexual passion was generally the cause of slaves getting into mischief. They were allowed to have intercourse with the female slaves at a fixed tariff.

Ah ! for pity I pray for the lovers whom friends and helpers lack.
How long must they be kept apart and do without each other,
And endure in silence their racking pain ?

When she had concluded her song another slave-girl jestingly asked her : What, then, are the lovers to do in such a case? Into the river she threw herself. A young slave stood, fanning the flies away from the master. When he saw the slave-girl disappear in the river, he too stepped forward, flung himself into the river and there joined his beloved, never to be parted again.[1]

We come across other stories of this sort too. But what made love-affairs so tragic in the *harem* was the fact that, though opportunities were only too plentiful for slaves to love and to be loved, yet there never was a hope nor a prospect of peaceful union or a happy termination. As a rule discovery drew upon the guilty couple the unmeasured wrath of the master, and meant, generally, death for one or the other party—perhaps of both. Rare was an ending so exceptional as in the following case. The Caliph Mahdi, being informed that a young man had managed to get into the room of a slave-girl, straightway sent to her room where a youth of attractive appearance was found. Forthwith he was taken to the Caliph, and the following facts came to light. The slave-girl belonged to his mother, and an attachment grew up between them. She was sold to the *harem* of the Caliph, and the youth staked his very life to see her, for without her he could not live, and he thus sought peace in death. The Caliph ordered twenty stripes. He bore the punishment with complete self-possession, and only said when it was over—'Never so long as I live shall I renounce my love for her.' This lashed Mahdi into fury and he sent for the executioner. Even this left the youth undeterred. He seated himself on the leather carpet on which executions took place and cheerfully awaited the fatal stroke. Only he begged permission of the Caliph to speak to her. When this permission was given he recited a verse which emphasized his undeviating love for her—torture and death notwithstanding. Mahdi kept silence for a time. Then tears flowed from his eyes, and he ordered the lovers to leave the palace and go their way.[1] Such indulgence was exceptional, for jealousy, when once aroused, transformed the Arab into a blood-thirsty monster, and the life of a slave was to him of not the slightest moment or consideration. Although the jurists in their learned theories propounded that the life of a Muslim slave, was as valuable as that of a freeman, this view never really obtained wide acceptance—certainly never within the walls of the *harem* which, shut off from the outward world, impenetrable even to the police, was ruled by a despotic master or mistress, who, untroubled and unrestrained, dealt summarily with the question of life and death.

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[1] Masudi, VII, 224. It is very characteristic of the spirit of the time that the oldest writer who narrates this story adds "how angry was the master at this incident." A hundred years later the same story is related by another with the addition that when the sailors wanted to rescue the girl the master called out to them, "let her be drowned, may God curse her." Masari, Fol. 31. We see how cruelty and heartlessness accompanied the decline of culture.

It is related of a poet who, by reason of his eccentricity, received the surname of Dik-ul-Jinn (d. 235 or 236 A—850-81 A.D.), that, in a fit of jealousy, he killed his slave-girl, whom he suspected of criminal intrigue with one of his attendants. After the bloody deed was done he discovered her innocence. He repented of his deed, and it is characteristic of the man and his age that henceforward he immortalized his repentance in numerous poems which found a wide publicity.[2] In the secrecy of the *harem* many such tragedies were undoubtedly perpetrated.

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[1] Masari, Fol. 28.

[2] Ibn Khallikan under 'Dik-ul-Jinn.' Slaves, in point of fact, could be killed by their owners although this view was strongly opposed by the jurists.

To the degrading influence of the *harem* system must be ascribed a vice, which more than any other, has contributed to the deep decay of morals and the inevitable loosening and dissolution of the family tie in the Orient. It was unnatural love—for this poisonous plant grew and throve on the soil of the *harem*. In the houses of the rich and powerful hundreds of young people were forced to live together. Relations between the sexes were as free and gay and easy for the rich as were well-nigh impossible for those that were not free and independent. Moreover, offences against chastity were brutally punished, though indifferent was the moral tone, and lax and shameless was the talk regarding matters sexual in high circles. Thus, to escape punishment, unnatural love grew up between slaves of the same sex. While fear of punishment accounts for the introduction and growth of this vice among the slaves—a very different reason explains its progress and diffusion among the rich. The wealthy debauchee, enfeebled and sated with the enjoyments of the *harem*, looked for new diversions and gaieties, and found them in these revolting practices.

This new vice—to which the Arab originally was a stranger—spread like a cancer. It poisoned the higher no less than the lower circles of society. The great thinker Ibn Khaldun acknowledges this fact and correctly estimates its destructive, disruptive effects.[1]

In the beginning this vice was almost unknown to the Arabs, and there is no indication or evidence of its wide-spread existence.[2] After closer contact with Persians and, notably after the ascendancy of the House of Abbas, when Persian fashion and Persian immorality spread more and more into the higher circles of Arab society—this vice, too, came more and more into vogue. Even in antiquity the

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[1] Ibn Khaldun, Proleg, II, 305.

[2] The author of the *Kitabul-mowashaha* says (Fol. 102): "I know of no ancient Arab poet who, in his poetry, ever thought of singing the praises of other than women."

Persians and the Medes enjoyed, in this direction, a shameful notoriety. Under Mamun the following poetical leaflet was put into circulation: "Our prince suffers himself to be corrupted; our judge indulges in sodomy—O shameless government! The adulterer the Kadhi punishes, but he lets the sodomite go without censure or reproof. Such evil will not cease, we think, so long as a prince of the house of Abbas holds sway."[1] The impudent poet was banished to the Indian frontier but he was not far wrong in his indictment. Yahya Ibn Akthum (one of Mamun's greatest favourite) who, for sometime, held the post of a judge at Basra, was only too well-known for his indulgence in unnatural pleasures. It is he, indeed, who is referred to in this poem. He so openly gloried in his shame that the people sent in a petition of complaint against him to the court. The complaint was left unheeded, and he rose higher and higher in the Caliph's favour. When later the Caliph commissioned him to organize a band of messengers to carry the royal despatches he selected four hundred youths for that purpose, and with these he carried on his criminal intrigue.[2] It must be added, however, that Yahya was an Arab born in Khurasan, one of the many Perso-Arabs who with Mamun acquired control of the state, and introduced the Persian vices into court and tyrannised over the pure-born Arabs.

In the earliest days of Islam severe indeed was the view taken of this offence. Malik Ibn Anas[3] taught that lapidation unto death was the proper punishment for sodomy, and Shafai agreed with him. Abu Hanifa, however, taking a reprehensibly lenient view of this widely-diffused evil, considered a mere corporal punishment sufficient for it.[4]

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[1] Masudi, VII, 46.

[2] Masudi.

[3] Vincent, Le Loi Musulman.

[4] Ibn Khaldun, Vol. II, p. 305 note.

So much is certain that, at the court of Baghdad at the time of the Caliph Harun-ul-Rashid, the scourge was notorious. The practice was indulged in unabashed; in fact, it was not treated as a vice at all. The court poet Abu Nawas—whose poems have come down to us—openly boasts of his unnatural amours, and freely sings of the objects of his criminal passion. From this vice Harun seems to have been free, but his sons made ample amends for it.[1] One of these had a very handsome page called Yasr. Another of the Caliph's sons, a half-brother of the possessor of the page, began to pay attention to him with the result that the owner of Yasr became so jealous that he had his favourite shut up like a woman in the *harem*, and would not let him out except under a proper escort.[2] Such youths were conspicuous by their outward appearance. They affected female manners and wore yellow and variegated dresses.

One fact, henceforward, stands out in bold prominence; namely, that in precisely the same proportion as the female sex was lowered from its lofty position, immorality increased, and the family and society sank deeper and deeper into decay and demoralization.

The education then imparted was not powerful enough to stem the tide of degeneration, for it was but partial and one-sided.[3] Much, indeed, has Islam done for education. It went, far beyond what was done by the civilization of classical Antiquity, as also by early Christianity, in the way of bringing a certain amount of useful knowledge to all classes of people. In the beginning the effort to place all—irrespective of rank and position—in a position to read the Holy Book was due to the highly democratic tendency of

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[1] Aghani, VI, 192.

[2] Aghani, VI, 208.

[3] On the question of Muslim education I would refer the reader to *Snouck Hurgronje's Mekka*, Vol. II, Chapter III, pp. 200-294, and *Prof. D. B. Macdonald's* Lecture IX in his *Aspects of Islam*.

Islam. From this neither women nor slaves were excluded, for the door of salvation was not to be shut against any human being. Moreover, in the conquered countries peoples of other faiths sought the fold of Islam. It was essential, then, to make the Holy Book accessible to them. Thus it happened that even in the earliest times many elementary schools were established not only in Syria and Iraq but also in other provinces. Hajjaj, the great statesman, before he began his political career, was a school-master in Taif, a small mountainous town in North Arabia. Abu Muslim, the great general, in his own way the Wallenstein of Arabian history, visited in after life his school in Khorasan, then the extreme north-eastern province of the empire. At the end of the second century of the A. H. there was not only a boys' school at Tustar in the province of Persia, but regular attendance was in large measure insisted upon. A certain mystic—celebrated hereafter—a student of this school—along with other boys, could only be removed by special arrangement with the teacher. We learn from this case that the boy in question went to school at the age of six. Wherever there was a school the poor had free admission to it. Boys and girls read together. Nor were little slaves absent from these educational institutions. But all this notwithstanding—the education of girls was far from satisfactory.[1] With the degradation of the female sex, more and more the view gained ground that education was an evil thing for women. Even Ma'rri in his philosophical poems says: Teach the girls to spin, to weave, to do embroidery work, but let them leave reading and writing alone.[2]

Poor was the elementary education given to the boys. It was generally confined to reading and writing. The most essential part of the curriculum was the study of the Qur'an, for it enabled them to fulfil their religious obligations. They were generally made to learn some important *suras* of the Qur'an by heart. The more talented committed the entire text to memory. The conclusion of Qur'anic studies was always celebrated with a feast, and this custom continues to this day in the Muslim East. With this study, which was really a training of memory, was united the art of writing—an accomplishment which, through elementary schools, became widely diffused in the early days of Islam. But all this study was purely formal; and could not be counted upon to oppose the forces that were making for the decline of morals.

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[1] Aghani, XIV, 51.

[2] Lozumiyyat.

Moreover, the teachers, in whose hands the education of youths was, never cared to train or enlarge the mind. They were quite content with the mechanical work of teaching to read, to write, to commit the Qur'an to memory. More, indeed, could not be expected of them, for they were badly paid, and were not much respected. Generally the teacher received no fixed salary but was paid by the family of his people in kind—a fixed ration of bread.[1]

On the question of education Omar I is reported to have said that boys, above all, should be taught swimming, archery, and reading ; also poetry, but *that* mainly through oral instruction. For girls he recommended the spindle. But this saying —ascribed to Omar—is clearly apocryphal. It is absolutely unthinkable that Omar should have recommended swimming in a country where there is no sea ; nay, not even a decent river. This report was obviously invented in Basra, Kufa or Baghdad, where the Arab *savants* established their workshop for the systematic corruption of old poems and the invention of anecdotes. We shall speak later of the influence which poetry, and specially old poetry exerted on the character of the people.

And yet they had a pretty good idea of the education of youths. The Caliph Abdul Malik is reported to have said to the teacher of his sons that he was to teach the Qur'an to them; to restrain them from mixing in the highest or the lowest circles of society; to keep them on meat diet, for it is strength-giving; to instruct them in ancient poetry, and to see that they acquire a pure faultless mode of speaking. When he punishes them—the Caliph enjoined—he is to punish them in private, so that none of the servants hear or know anything about it.[1]

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[1] Kamil, 291.

We shall show in the sequel how this system of education affected the character of the people: but indeed it was not powerful enough to counteract for long the evil influences of the *harem* system which sapped the family life and wrecked the morals of the people.

S. KHUDA BUKHSH

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[1] Ibn Hamdun, I, Fol. 2 6.

# EARLY ENGLISH THEATRE AND THE BENGALI DRAMA

Within the last half of the present century, many catastrophic changes have been brought about in the domain of Bengali dramaturgy. During the troublous days of the great Indian Mutiny, the lettered section of the country could not even imagine that a popular Bengali drama could be written without falling back upon the artistic canons of Sanskrit dramatic art or taking recourse to Kalidās, Bhababhūti, or Çrī Harṣa's conventional methods. They could not, moreover, persuade themselves in the belief that a fusion could be made between Western culture and Eastern temperament. But now, with the rapid change of wind, a mighty revolution has been brought about, not only in the thought and cultural history of the people, but also in their peculiar receptive power which absorbs everything foreign and even, at times, uncongenial. The lettered section of the community are no longer fettered by the dramatic dicta of the mighty Biçvanāth Kavirāj.[1] They are no more handicapped by the five elements of action,—the germ (*Bija*), reprisal (*Bindu*), episode (*Patākā*), incident (*Prakarī*) and the object (*Kāryya*); neither are they concerned with the five jointures of action,—(*sandhi*), technically denominated as the exposition (*Mukha*), centre-exposition (*Pratimukha*), embryon (*Garbha*), deliberation (*Bimarṣha*) and the so-called dénouement (*Nirbahana*).[2] These fine-spun and delicate divisions and subdivisions do not at all concern the modern dramatist, but in their stead has come into being a psychological enquiry into the various propensities of the human soul and the multitudinous cross-currents that disturb the hearts of the politician, the social reformer and the patriot. The ephemeral laws pass away into the thin air, but the human passions remain. And it is undeniably one of the glorious gifts of the West that the people of this country has found a permanent foothold on the highway of sublime passions and emotions, and not on that tottering ladder, which is another name for man-made laws and regulations.

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[1] Cp. Michael Madhusudan Datta's letter to Rājnārāyaṇ Basu: "If I live to write other dramas, you may rest assured, I shall not allow myself to be bound by the dicta of Mr. Viswanath of the Sahitya Darpan. I shall look to the great dramatists of Europe for models. That would be founding a real National Theatre."

[2] The English terms are given by Dr. Slyvain Lévi, *vide* his *Théâtre Indien.*

The history of the Bengali dramatic literature is a fruitful record of the social, political and literary advancement of the people during the last century. No literature in the world, except perhaps the Elizabethan and the sixteenth-century Italian, advanced so rapidly and embellished so richly a provincial dialect spoken by about forty-five millions of people. The importance of the topic is generally neglected owing to the deep-rooted customary popular aversion for the stage, as it is conducted mainly through the agency of a fallen section of community. But barring this dogmatic neglect and aversion, it cannot be stated that the literature of Bengal is an amorphous growth dependent upon the efforts and encouragement of a handful of advanced Bengalees. It is the task of the literary critic to record all the evidences available in the growth of a literature, but unfortunately no subject has been so much left into the background as the present one, as it is beset with many difficulties.

The first and foremost difficulty lies in securing the old records. Copies of old printed dramas are very rare and sometimes not available at all. Inasmuch as they are now not in a position to cater to the literary fastidiousness of the people, they are not even taken care of in many big libraries, where any of the national dramas of the late Mr. D. L. Roy will be very carefully preserved, but a copy of Rāmnārāyan's *Chakṣhudān* or Chīranjīb's *Naba-Brindāban* will not be available. The next difficulty is the impossibility of securing biographical materials of many lesser dramatists who produced only three or four dramas of no mean merit, won the applause of the day and then passed into dark oblivion. The third impediment lies in the very root of the question,—about the history of the evolution of the Bengali drama itself. Does it owe its origin to the Sanskrit models, or to Western influence, or again to some unknown mediæval mystery and morality plays in Bengal? Each of these theories has been advocated by a band of eminent critics and historians, but none can avow with certainty and accuracy that here lies the solution of the problem.

From the last decade of the eighteenth century, we have a connective evidence of the performance of English dramas, operas, farces, etc., at the two principal English theatres in Calcutta, called "Calcutta Theatre" situated at Chowringhee, and "Boitaconnah Theatre" situated at old Boitaconnah Bazar in Calcutta.[1] Some of the leading Shakesperean tragedies were performed with astounding success and in order to increase the popularity of the stage amongst the natives, many leading artistes were brought over to India from England. The admission-fee for the audience was so high that it appeared forbidding to the ordinary middle-class people.[2] It would appear from the records that though the English-knowing Bengali Rajahs and Zamindars would frequent the English stage, to the illiterate mass of the times the stage was no more than an assemblage of foppish gentlemen who would eat, drink and make themselves merry. As to the dramas staged at these theatres, we hear of the *Tragedy of Hamlet*, *Merchant*

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[1] There was also another theatre later on set up at Dum Dum, known as "Dum Dum Theatre." See *India Gazette*, April 13, 1826.

[2] In the *Selections from the Calcutta Gazette of the years 1784-88*, Vol. I, p. 169, it is stated: "Thursday, March 30th, 1786. Calcutta Theatre. On Tuesday next April 4th, will be performed the farce of 'High Life Below stairs' to which will be added the Musical Entertainment of 'The Waterman.' Boxes, 1 Gold Mohur. Pit, 8 sicca Rupees." In the second volume of the *Selections*, p. 503, there is this entry: "The Entertainments of the *Citizen*, *May Day* and *The Little Gipsy*. Box, 12 sicca Rupees; Gallery, 6 sicca Rupees."

*of Venice* (first translated into Bengali in the sixties of the last century as *Bhānumatī-chitta-bilās* ), Rowe's *Fair Penitent* (later on rendered into Bengali as *Anutaplinī Nabakāminī*), Handel's *Messiah*, Sheridan's *Critic*, Otway's *Venice Preserved*, *Macbeth*, *She stoops to conquer*, Kālidās's *Çakuntala* in English and many other plays of contemporary fame and popularity.[1] These plays were specially meant for the ladies and officials of the East India Company and on their patronage alone depended the existence of these theatres. It is curious to note that the heroic blank-verse dramas of the 18th century England made a deep impress on the minds of the Englishmen and women resident in Bengal, and as the romantic revival was not yet, the realistic briskness in these dramas was engulfed under the mass of frothy poetic imagery and figurative effusions. The signal effect of the staging of these dramas was to educate and train the minds of the higher section of the Bengali community in addition to their supply of a fund of enjoyment and delight.

Stray references are sometimes found to these English theatres in the old files of the *Citizen*, the *Harkaru*, *Samāchār chandrikā*, the *Asiatic Journal and Monthly Miscellany* and *Samāchār-Darpan.* It is, however, highly difficult at this time of the day to give the history of these theatres, but nevertheless it is easy to show for our purposes that a process of fusion was at work during the last decade of the 18th century between the Indians and Europeans with regard to their respective dramatic genius.[1] "The European ideal brought in something new and strangely appealing, set at defiance the old-world dramatic canons of Biçvanāth Kavirāj and broke the new ground of an entirely unexplored world. It is, however, very difficult to exactly localise the several European theatres in Calcutta. Referring to Mr. Eyre's house, K. Blechynden says,[2] "In UpJohn's own map 1792-3, what was presumably the same house is shown with the new theatre adjoining it on the West, 'Theatre Street' running between the two. The theatre stood on the site of the present new China Bazar." Theatricals were held in high and special favour amongst "Calcutta pleasure-seekers," "the subscription theatre being shut off from the southerly wind by Writers' Buildings, was furnished with windsails on the roof 'to promote coolness by a free circulation of air.' The auditorium consisted only of pit and boxes; the prices of admission were to the former eight rupees, and to the latter one gold mohur. The characters were all taken by gentlemen amateurs."[3] Apart from these private and public houses of entertainments, the Anglo-Indians in Calcutta a century and a half ago used frequently to be entertained at the houses of the *élite* of the town. Yātrās, rope-dancing, jugglery, artistic dancing with high class music, in the midst of gay splendour and rich luxuriance formed a bumper programme to the Indians and Europeans alike. A fusion of ideas and thoughts was thus possible and the subsequent Europeanisation of Bengali drama became a settled fact. The change from the yātrās to theatre was by no means sudden and abrupt.

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[1] Some of the entries in the *Selections, op. cit.*, are very interesting to the literary historian. Thus in Vol. I, p. 12: "Calcutta Gazette, Thursday, April 8, 1784, on Wednesday, the ultimo, the Tragedy of 'Hamlet' was performed at the Calcutta Theatre and received with great applause." *Ibid*, Vol. II, p. 233: "The 15th Oct., 1789: The Indian drama of *Saucontolah*, or the Fatal Ring, which has been most liberally given by the learned translator for the benefit of insolvent debtors, exhibits a most pleasing and authentic picture of old Hindu manners and may be considered as one of the greatest curiosities which the literature of India has to present,"

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[1] "It is a gratifying evidence of the gradual progress of the rational opinions amongst the native aristocracy of India, that the entertainments called *nautches* are falling into disuse. Only six of the leading Baboos of Calcutta opened their houses this year to these silly exhibitions, upon which large sums are often lavished for no other object than mere ostentation. In the Poojahs, again, a wholesome change is taking place. The two wealthy rajahs, Radhacaunt Deb and Kali Krishna Bahadoor, instead of sets of dancing-women and a Bowbazar band, introduced the European amusements of a comic opera, music, singing and for the inferior classes of their guests, rope-dancing.........  ....."—*The Asiatic Journal and Monthly Miscellany*, Jan., 1845, Vol. IV, Third Series, pp. 226-27. (London : William H. Allen and Co., Leadenhall Street.)

[2] In his *Calcutta, Past and Present*, pp. 70-71.

[3] See Busteed's *Old Calcutta*, p. 138. In the footnote on the same page, the writer speaks of one star actress at the time, Mrs. John Bristow who had a private theatre of her own in Chowringhee, in Lord Cornwallis's time and was a finished performer : "her strong points were in comedy and in humorous singing............ Mrs. Bristow went to England in January, 1790, and for long Calcutta refused to be comforted."—*Ibid*, p. 138, footnote.

The most prominent factor in the old yātrās is the song-element to which an interlocutory twist was very frequently imparted. At first this remained quite unchanged, though a scenic background was very slowly provided along with the fashion now-a-days prevailing in all the theatres here. This scenic background afforded an exercise of popular imagination and sympathy which later on leaned towards an easy evolution of theatre after the English type out of the native element. Evidences are copious on the point, *viz.*, on the question of an interchange of ideals between the Europeans and natives of the country during the last century, both of whom used to take an ungrudging and impartial share in preparing the programme of enjoyments on high public occasion. Thus the *Calcutta Chronicle*[1] speaks of the rejoicings in honour of Lord Cornwallis and in celebration of the peace. "The assemblage of beauty and elegance on this glorious occasion surpasses description ; indeed, the fascination of the *tout en semble* was such as to set description at defiance ; and the only simile the scene would admit of was the 'Paradise of Mahomet.' A writer transcribes a description by the editor of the *Calcutta Gazette* of the evening entertainments at the houses of the principal native inhabitants of that city on the return of the season (1815).[2] That the Europeans used to take an active interest in these gala festivities is supported by another reference in the *Asiatic Journal* to an entertainment at Howrah and Sulkeah.[1] In those days of scarcity of popular houses of entertainments, strolling actors and players used to come over to Calcutta to display their best artistic feats which ultimately won universal applause from the Europeans and the natives alike.[2]

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[1] Tuesday, April 24, 1792. Printed by A. UpJohn, 3 Loll Bazar.

[2] *The Asiatic Journal*, July, 1816, p. 36 : " At the old and hospitable mansion of Raja Raj Krishna, a new and equally pleasing exhibition came in to relieve the tameness of the regular nautch. A number of male dancers, of the Mahomedan creed, performed a farcical scene, termed Buhar (?) in which the awkward and mincing steps of the Hindus-

In tracing the genealogy of the Bengali drama of the present day, these important facts are very often forgotten and it is very hastily concluded that the ancient yātrā-plays are the regular precursors of the modern Bengali drama.[3] In its early days the modern drama, however, was undeniably influenced by these yātrā-plays in so far as the ($\alpha$) gorgeous song-element, ($\beta$) the continual thrust-and-parry of words in the nature of Greeek *stychomythia*, ($\gamma$) the high-flown metaphy-

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than dance were extravagantly burlesqued, and the wild, impassioned strains of the *Kheal*, *Tuppa* and *Dhrupad* and the melting airs of Souda (?) were ludicrously parodied......The *yātrās* of this season were chiefly dramatic representations of the loves of Krishna and the Gopees, performed by boys of the Kuttuck tribe, of the Brahmin caste, and appeared to us to possess a great resemblance to the ancient chorus of the Greeks." In another entry to the same journal, *op. cit.*, August, 1816, pp. 205-6, we come across with this interesting piece of information : "the chief singers Nik-hee and Ashroom........ engaged by Neel Munnee Mullik and Raja Ramchunder are still without rivals in melody and grace. A woman, named Zeenut, who belongs to Benares, performs at the house of Budr Nath Babu in Jorasanko."

[1] "For several nights past, Bowanny Churn, second son of the late Radha Mohan Banerjee, has entertained the whole of the European inhabitants of Sulkeah and Howrah, with Nautches at his house, at both those places, in celebration of the birth of a first born son. The dancing-girls, as might be expected, were the best, on this occasion, the town could afford ; and Ash'uren, of famous memory among the nymphs who gave eclat to the vigils of Durgah, never exhibited her vocal powers to advantage : several other sets of girls were present and......one of these girls working a tree with a long slip of coloured cloth"—*op. cit.*, Nov., 1816, pp. 519-20.

[2] Such an incident forms the subject-matter of another entry to the same *Journal*, April, 1827, p. 513 : " A band of performers from Manipur is now exhibiting in Calcutta who represent the sports of Krishna with the Gopis—the musicians are men but the singers are women and they are dressed as Krishna, Lalita, Visakha, Chitra, Rangadevi, Sudevi, Champaklata, Vidyadhari and Indurekha. Their flat-nosed countenances are rather indifferent representations of the beauty of the Gopis. A company of performers under Haladhur is also acting with great success at the house of the Baboos ; they represent the *yātrās* of Vidyasundar, the destruction of Sumbha and Nisumbha and others (quoted from *Samāchār Chandrikā* )."

[3] See *History of Bengali Literature in the Nineteenth Century, 1800-1825*, by S. K. De, p. 445, *et seq.*

sical style, ( δ ) the absence of growth and decay of character and ( ϵ ) a confusion of time and place of the early yātrā-plays are concerned. The reactionary process came in with the advent of English theatres in Calcutta and the achievements of the Bengali histrionic art are of no mean order at the present day.

MOHINI MOHAN MUKHOPADHYAY

# THE ROSE OF INDIA

## (ACT V; SCENE IV)

[The grounds of Mahadevan's palace. The building may appear about two hundred yards distant. Draupadi is discovered sitting under a tree; her face is a little drawn and haggard. She strikes a few chords on the *Zitar* and sings.]

*Draupadi*—

O beauty of mine, fast fading and falling away!
Youth all too early a-wing in the midst of thy day!
Lo, from the lip the carnation, the rose from the cheek
Drops in the dust, and the strong is become as the weak!
O my dream, thou art sped!
O my Hope, thou art dead!
Sad sweet of farewell in its fall the last blossom has shed.

Where will the ghost of thee wander, O beauty of mine?
In what dim recesses of shade will the light of thee shine?
Wilt thou vie with the fair that are perished a thousand years gone,
Where thy coming to-day with the past in a moment is one?
Once the story is told
'Tis a thousand years old.
And a dimness, the dimness of ages is breathed on the gold.

O beauty of mine, shall I follow and find thee again,
And seek in the pastures of *Yama* [1] relief of my pain?
Fond fancy! without him in beauty what good should there be?
As in life it availed not, it there would be useless to me.
So my eyes they are dry
As I watch thee go by.
He is lost; other loss never could from my heart wring a sigh.

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[1] *Yama*, the god of the dead, corresponding to Hades.

(*Enter Krishna.*)

*Krishna—*

The Princess Draupadi! I wondered much
What skilled inventress touched the plaintive lyre
And set the leaves a-trembling with a lay
So sadly sweet, methought not far had flown
That truant beauty, so divinely sung!

*Draupadi—*

Oh! 'tis no time for idle compliment.
How with the Prince Vizayan goes it now?
Thou comest from the Palace?

*Krishna—*

Thence I come.
It fares but badly with him; all in vain
Tied at his beside lows the sacred Cow,
While, cloaked in fumes of incense, Gurprashad,
Casting the fruits of offering on the flame,
On Mahadeo [1] and Parvati calls.
Now as a last expedient I am sent
To fetch the Apostle from his dungeon cell,
If haply he may heal the luckless Prince.

*Draupadi—*

To ask such favour of a man condemned
Pledges his pardon.

*Krishna—*

If success ensue,
Else doth he die to-morrow. But, Princess,
I may not linger, with two lives at stake.
*Jai Ram*, and happier themes inspire thy song!

(*Exit Krishna.*)

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[1] Mahadeo and Parvati—invoked specially at the time of death. The rites described here are according to Hindu custom.

*Draupadi*—

Krishna, I like thee not. Thou art too gay
When princes lie a-dying. Yet I stand
'Twixt thy ambition and my father's throne.
In Draupadi thou yet shalt find the rock
To wreck and shatter thy presumptuous barque.
Krishna, forsooth, a king! Ah-who be there?

(*Enter Habban and a hooded stranger.*)

*Habban*—

Lady, we be two envoys from the court
Of Gondophares, King at Narankot.

*Draupadi*—

From Gondophares! Know ye not declared
Between our realm and his a state of war?

*Habban*—

To our distress we know it, noble lady,
Yet are we fain our mission to fulfil.

*Draupadi*—

How found ye entrance to the palace grounds?
The gates are guarded, and the password known
But to the members of our royal house,
And none disclose that word on pain of death.

*Habban*—

My fellow-envoy guessed the sacred word.

*Draupadi*—

Guess'd it! It could not be. Why thus is drawn
The hood to screen his features?—Who art thou?

*Second Envoy*—

Princess, I am an envoy of the King.

*Draupadi*—

It is his voice, surely it is his voice!

(*Aside*)

Among a thousand I should know its tone,

(*To Second Envoy*)

O Gad, thou hast returned to me! Throw back
Thy hood that I may gaze upon thy face.

*Second Envoy*—

I am not Gad, O pearl of India,
Yet am I come a suppliant for some mark
Of favour from the lips on which attend
The rivalries of half a hundred kings.

*Draupadi*—

Not thus the daughter of Mahadevan
Bestows her favour, nor hath aught but scorn
For messengers and envoys who exceed
The warrant of their service to their lords,
On bold address presuming—which disclosed
Would lodge you both unheard in duress due.

*Second Envoy*—

But if the master and his messenger
Come in one person, then—

*Habban*—

Be cautious, Sire,
'Tis to thy own undoing!

*Draupadi*—

Sir, uncover!

*Second Envoy* (*throwing back the hood*)—

Behold us, then, Princess of Mailepur—
Men call us Gondophares. (*Draupadi starts.*)

*Habban*—

O my Liege,
Thou hast betrayed thyself. 'Twere best to bind
This lady here to silence, and secure
Her safeguard of thy secret with an oath.

*Gondophares*—

Nay, nay, good Habban, we have placed our life
In hands that will preserve it, not destroy.
Princess, on thy protection we desire
To throw ourselves, and stand in confidence
Of thy befriending silence. We are come
On friendship's embassage to plead for peace.

*Draupadi*—

What shall I do? Shall I a traitress turn
By screening thus my country's enemy?
King, there is war between my sire and thee.
Get hence, I pray thee, or thy fate is sealed.
Take yonder path. Ah, no, it is too late;
'Tis Krishna and his band. Now *Agni* shield thee!

(*Re-enter Krishna with soldiers and St. Thomas in chains. Gondophares replaces his hood.*)

*Krishna* (*seeing Draupadi*)—

Ground spears—salute! Whom have we here Princess?

*Draupadi*—

Two men professing to be envoys sent
From Gondophares.

*Krishna*—

They are surely spies.
What do ye, fellows, in this sacred close?

*Habban*—

Presence, we are no spies, but envoys true
On peaceful errand to Mahadevan,
Of whom we crave an audience.

*Krishna*—

Be it so.
I know thee, Habban, but had thought thee fled.
War hath sealed up the time of embassies.
His name who stands beside thee?

*Habban*—

Pheroz Shah,
An envoy tried and trusty.

*Krishna*—

Yet we must,
Pending assurance, place him in arrest.

*Draupadi*—

Here comes the King.

*Krishna*—

Ho, guards, drop spears—Salute!

(*Enter Mahadevan.*)

*Mahadevan*—

What means this loitering upon the way?
By *Rama*, Krishna, 'tis ill done to halt
Thy men within a furlong of our gate,
When our son lies a-dying, and his life
Hangs on thy haste to execute our will.

Now lifted from his bed upon the ground
Breathing his last he lies, my son, my son!
And fast the golden sands of life run out
As faster wags thy tongue upon the way.

*Krishna*—

But, Majesty!—

*Mahadevan*—

A plague on thy excuse!
Hast there the Christian *Sadhu*?

*Krishna*—

Ah, my Liege.

*Mahadevan* (*to St. Thomas*)—

O *Swami*, if thy skill can work his cure,
Then, whatsoe'er thy crime, we pardon it,
And for Vizayan's life thy life is spared
With freedom and with honour. We have sworn it.

*St. Thomas*—

My life, O King, is in the Hands of God.
Thou canst not take it till He calleth me,
Nor if He will to take it, canst thou spare.
His Voice I hear across the stormy sea
Of life's rough voyage, and it bids me come,
As Peter o'er the waters went to him,
And, underneath, the Everlasting Arms
Upheld his passage.

(*Raising his eyes to Heaven*)

O my Lord, I come!
Give quickly my desire to be with Thee.

*Mahadevan*—

O *Swami*, heal my son and save thyself!

*St. Thomas*—

Not, King, to save myself, but him I go.

*Krishna*—

Ho, Guards, march onward with your prisoner!

(*Exeunt Krishna and soldiers with St. Thomas.*)

*Mahadevan*—

What, Draupadi, my child, unshielded here!
Who be these strangers?

*Draupadi*—

They are envoys, Sire,
Of Gondophares.

*Envoys* (*salaaming*)—

Hail, Mahadevan!

*Mahadevan*—

Return ye whence ye came. Our armies march
At daybreak, and the die of war is cast.

*Habban*—

Yet give thy servants leave ere they depart
Their message to deliver.

*Mahadevan*—

Then be brief.

*Habban*—

First 'tis our grievous duty to announce
The sudden death of Treptia, the Queen,
Of sacred and illustrious memory.

*Mahadevan*—

The eclipse hath cast a pall about the moon,
Plunging the earth in darkness. We deplore
The *Maharani*, here beloved as there;
While our advancing armies slow their tread
To pace funereal, till the loud lament
Die with the days of mourning which we share.

*2nd Envoy*—

The heart of Gondophares will be touched
At the King's message.

*Mahadevan*—

Is there aught beyond?

*Habban*—

Our royal master heartily commends
His faithful *Sadhu*, Thomas Didymus
Unto the favour of your Majesty.

*Mahadevan*—

We hope not vainly. Is your message told?

*Habban*—

Saving one item, all—Divinity.
Our master is desirous to preserve
The peace he fears endangered by the choice
Of the Prince, Gad, his brother, whom awhile
Some folly's freak hath blinded to prefer
The Rose above the Pearl of India,
And higher dignity confound with less.
Wherefore right anxious to avoid thy wrath
And mutual shedding of fraternal blood,
He hastens, urged with love of Hindustan,
E'en though his heart yet wounded and unhealed
Mourns the late *Maharani*, to beseech
Himself the greatest prize the world affords,
The daughter of Mahadevan to wife.

*Draupadi*—

That were, meseems, more willingly bestowed
Made he his suit for love of Draupadi.

*Mahadevan*—

And if he came in person to demand it,
Not through the lips of envoys.

*2nd Envoy*—

Might he hope
Thus coming, sovereign dread, that boon to win?

*Mahadevan*—

Should the Princess be willing, it might be.

*2nd Envoy (throwing back his hood)*—

Then here doth Gondophares at the feet
Of Draupadi proclaim his heart's desire
To make the Pearl of India all his own,
And set her on the throne of Narankot.

*Draupadi*—

'Tis peace, not war, then!

*Gondophares (kissing her hand)*—

So all wars should end.

CURTAIN.

(*To be continued*)

FRANCIS A. JUDD

# DAMAYANTI [1]

## Personæ Dramatis.

Bhima—King of Vidarbha.
Damayanti—his daughter.
Nala—King of Nishada.
Pushkara—his cousin.
Indra—King of all gods.
Agni—the god of fire.
Varuna—the god of Water.
Yama—the god of Death.
Narada—the heavenly Hermit.
Naga—the Serpent King.
Vayu—the Wind.
Kali, Dwapara—Evil Spirits.
Kasini—Lady-in-waiting to Damayanti.
Sunanda—Damayanti's cousin.
A lady—Damayanti's aunt.
King Ratnapura.
Vahuka—Nala disguised as charioteer.
Hermits in cave, boys as flock of swans, pages, boys, ladies, etc.

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[1] A Dramatic Poem in five Acts.—After a tale in the Mahabharat

## ACT I.

(In 2 Scenes.)

*Scene 1.*—A Riverside : Nala walks restlessly up and down.

*Nala*—

The sylvan palms sigh to the autumn breeze,—
Have they a secret hidden in their hearts
Which on its mystic harp the weeping wind
Carries unto the chord that throbs response?
Then let me mingle my heart's cry with theirs,
That on its free-born wings the breeze may take
My lay to her whose soul beckons my own,
Whom oft I see at nightly hours, when sleep
Unfetters flesh-bound souls to freer life;
For what are dreams but sights of things that be,
Visions that guide the lower mind oft-times?
But ah, too long I dream, too long I sigh:
Is there no hope, is there no solace nigh?

(*Enter a troop of boys dressed as swans. They flap their wings and dance, then sing.*)

*The Song.*

We the winged tribes of the sky
See the world beneath us lie;
Much we hear and much we see,
Keepers of great secrets we.
Ah, but man is dull of ear
Or much wisdom he would hear
In the songbird's lay
For the thrush and jay
Could teach sighing mortals more
Than all booky lore.

*Nala—(who has looked on greatly amused)*

And who are these loquatious visitors?
A flutt'ring tribe indeed and eas'ly caught.

(*He catches the leader.*)

*Swan*—

Pray, kill us not, for know thou who we are?

*Nala*—

That is soon told, you are a noisome crew.

*Swan*—

We are the tribe that carry the sighs of lovelorn youths on one wing.

*Nala* (*aside*)—

What, does this wretched thing make sport of me?

(*To Swan.*)

What care I for thy sighs and for thy wing.

*Swan*—

Look thee, we have two wings, and on the other
We carry the sighs of lovelorn maidens.

*Nala*—

I take it somewhere there's a nesting place
Where a sad bird weeps for those sighing wings.

*Swan* (*mischievously*)—

There is a lady at King Bhima's court
More fair than lotus dreaming on a lake.

(*Nala starts; swan nods, smiles and winks.*)

*Swan*—

She sighs her heart out to the crescent moon,
And keeps the cypress trees moist with her tears.
Perhaps, if thou doest wish it, we may bear
To her a songlet from Nishada's king.

*Nala*—

Fly upward, feathered troubadour, fly up,
And bear a message to the lady's bow'r,
Tell her how great is Nala's heart in love,
Say,—Damayanti's sighs have found response.

(*The swans flap their wings and hop off.*)

*Scene 2.*—A Garden in King Bhima's Court. Damayanti and her ladies walk about. Damayanti is sad and lingers alone.

*Kasini*—

Why is our mistress so all sad and pale?
The moon has waxed and waned yet ne'er a change
Do we behold; her time is dreamt away
In sighs and tears, and seems she ever vexed.
If one approaches her but to console.

(*She goes to Damayanti.*)

Come, dearest princess, tell us; art thou ill?

*Damayanti* (*going impatiently aside*)—

These silly women prattle without sense
How can I tell them what my bosom stirs?

(*She walks up and down, then looks heavenward.*)

Thou peerless dome of the unfathomed Blue
To thee alone can I my woe confide.
Thy nightly stars into my chamber steal
They understand the heart-throbs of my soul,
They bear my secret on their silver wing;
And do they whisper to Nishada's King ?

(*Enter the swans. They dance; the maidens try to catch them and in doing so, also dance.*)

*A Lady—*

The swans, the swans,—behold their swaying grace.
Come, princess, join us in the merry chase.

(*Damayanti raises her hand, they stop dancing and the swans sing.*)

*Song.*

I

Poor mortals sigh
Unto the sky,
Fling to the stars their woe,
But list the bird,
Who's seen and heard.
That which man does not know.

II

In him confide;
His realm is wide,
And in his merry flight
He'll bear thy lay
Away away
And find the maiden's Knight.

(*While singing they look at Damayanti. She takes the leader aside.*)

*Swan*—

There is a king, rules in Nishada's land,
Hast heard of him? He is a courtly prince.

*Damayanti*—

Full often have I heard that noble name.
Heard of his prowess, of his courage great.
He is a Knight beyond all others brave,
And nobler than the noblest in the land.
In nightly dreams I see his manly face,
I see that on his peerless features rests
The light of heav'n itself, so true is he,
But oh, how shall my heart be known to him?

*Swan*—

Love is a subtle agent, has its ways,
It rides upon the pinions of a sigh,
It floats upon the purple violet's scent
And it alights as does the butterfly
Or morning-dew upon the op'ning rose.
There is no missing it, it has its ways.

*Damayanti*—

Doest mean to say king Nala knows my love?

*Swan*—

Full well he knows it and the swan is here
To bring to thee the echo of his song.
King Nala loves thee, Princess, be of cheer,
And knows he too he owns Damayanti's heart.

*Damayanti*—

Oh joyful messenger, soar up, soar up,
And let thy wings grow swift in love's delight.

Tell Nala, Damayanti laughs and weeps,
But his her laughter, his her tears, her sighs.
Tell him the maiden waits in lonely bow'r
Until he comes;—Oh happy, happy hour.

(*The Swans dance out. Enter King Bhima.*)

*King Bhima*—

Does still the Princess pine in fitful mood?
As time goes by, is there no change in her.

*Kasini*—

No, Oh great King, but just a minute gone
She sighed and wept; now of delight she laughs.

*King Bhima*—

There is no doubt that her young heart does love
But were it hard to know whom she desires.

(*Damayanti steps up to her father, beaming with happiness.*)

*King Bhima*—

Come, daughter mine, I see thy heart all bright
No fairer maiden is there in the land.
Thou shalt a young Prince as thy husband choose.
A Swayamvara shall be soon proclaimed.
Then will the princes from all countries come
And mayst thou find the true knight of thy heart.

(*King Bhima takes his daughter's hand, while she stands with bent head in maidenly shyness, as the curtain drops.*)

## ACT II.

*Scene.*—A balcony at King Bhima's palace. Enter the king, Damayanti and her ladies. She has a floral wreath in her hand. They are looking beyond the stage.

*King Bhima—*

The Princes have arrived, the feast begins
Behold the brilliant throng of royal men
All come for my fair daughter to compete
Remain thou here, and with thy ladies all
Watch well the games, and let thy young heart choose.
For all are men of rank, worthy and true;
And thou art free to choose, then fear thee not.

(*Enter Narada, the heavenly Sage. The king and Damayanti bow low before him. The ladies stand aside.*)

*King Bhima—*

Holy Narada? welcome heavenly Sage,
Great honour this to have thy sacred feet
Enter my house on this auspicious day.

*Narada—*

I come as messenger m Indra's Court.
We heard, Oh king of this great feast thou giv'st
To which the youths have come from many parts,
And many a noble Prince is in the throng.
But might they well have stayed at home in peace
For two good reasons, which I shall disclose.
Thy daughter's heart already has been giv'n
Her choice has long since fallen on her knight
He is Nishada's King, Nala, the brave,
But fear I Nala stands the lesser chance.
(*Pointing below*)

Not against these, he'd hold his place with them
But are come those unto thy royal Court
Whom scarce a king had courage to invite.
Thy daughter's beauty, her exalted mind
Called forth high praises, and there echoes rang
Through air and sky until they reached at last
The heav'nly halls of Indra and his Court
And roused desire within the gods themselves.
Therefore the greatest of them made descent
To weigh their prowess against mortal force
And in the Swayamvara take their part
No doubt, the youths will stand aside for them.
Not one will venture to display his skill
Nor dare to take the challenge of the gods.

(*Damayanti sighs, then steps forward.*)

*Damayanti*—

Revered Narada, hear me. Is it fair
Even for gods to usurp others' rights?
True they should have their chance, but not alone.
One rival must their challenge take and stand,
For one there is whom they will vanquish not.

*Narada*—

List, maiden, knowst thou who are wooing thee?
Another earthly maid would be full proud
To see immortal gods descend for her,
And thou wouldst to a feeble mortal cling?
The first to come is Agni, he who holds
The flames of all the worlds in his control.
He guides the fire that in the planets burns
He lights the sun which moons and stars reflect.
The houshold-fire, the deep volcano's heat
Alike obey him, he is Lord of all.

*Damayanti*—

And were he ruling lord of thousand suns
There is one fire that would defy him still.
There is one flame that he shall ne'er control.
It burns within the maiden's heart; and there
Another rules,—Agni may enter not.

*Narada*—

Boast not, Oh maid. Now list the other name.
Next is Varuna, he whom all the seas
And all the running streams and smiling brooks
In homage worship and in fear obey.
He is the lord of oceans, ebbs and tides
He sends the glist'ning dew unto the fields
He raises storms and with a voice he stills.

*Damayanti*—

And though he raised the waters to the skies
And though he drowned the planets in his waves,
There is one flood outweighs his power still.
There is one stream that is beyond his law;
That is the stream of tears a maiden sheds,
Drawn from a flood deeper than ocean deep
That sacred fountain, called a woman's heart.

*Narada*—

Thou thinkest thyself strong, but list the third
He is none other than that mighty one
At whose uplifted hand mortals turn cold
Whose word turns into bier the bridal couch,
And empty leaves the weeping mother's arms
None other is by all men feared like he.
Yet would he thee to his estate exalt,
Yama, the mighty woos thee mortal maid.

*Damayanti—*

And were ten Yamas coming from the skies
They would not turn this glowing bosom cold.
They would not kill this burning flame; for Death
Can slay but bodies, not immortal love.

*Narada—*

Immortal love be to immortals giv'n.
For of thy suitors all the greatest one
I have not named thee. Thou'rt a queenly maid
Full fair of face and form, of royal birth
Yet art thou mortal still and a frail reed.
Thy heart should tremble all in full delight.
For hark thee, Indra comes himself to woo—
Indra, the King of the vast heavens all,
Indra will raise thee to his throne his queen,
None greater could appear, nor ever yet
Did Indra stoop to woo a mortal maid.

*Damayanti—*

He would not raise me; it were but a fall
Would I my own, my virgin heart forego.
I am a simple maiden, but my love
Is firm to stand the test of heav'n and hell.

*Narada—*

But knowst thou that with all his virtues fair
Nala has yet one bitter, evil fault,
A vice that one day may him ruin bring?
He is a gambler uncontrolled; the dice
May lose him all yet that his virtues won.

*Damayanti—*

I must receive my lord such as he is,
And be it mine to guide him gently on,

Foster his virtues to their fullest bloom,
That in their growth his one fault lose its root.

*Narada*—

Then be it so, the woman's heart shall choose.
The gods will not want to usurp thy will.
And I have come to make arrangements so
That the fair lady have her freest choice.
Instead of suitors four, five shall appear,
But will they come all in celestial garb
And all dressed equal. Let thy heart not fail.

*Damayanti*—

And were I blinded, I should choose aright.
The heart of Nature calls unto its own.

*Narada* (*to King*)—

Then may the suitors come to claim the wreath?

*King Bhima*—

Bid welcome to the guests. And thou, my child
Choose well, this is the moment of thy life.

(*The King raises his hand and from both sides enter pages, bells ring and conch-shells are blown. A curtain rises in the centre and a flood of light is thrown upon the stage and there stand five men all dressed alike as heavenly warriors and looking alike in face as much as possible.*)

*Damayanti*—

Great Spirit of the Universe prevail
And guide me as thou guidest star to star.

(*She closes her eyes for a moment, then looks up and throws the wreath round Nala's neck. Nala steps out and stands beside Damayanti.*)

*Narada*—

Hail Damayanti, Bhima's noble maid,
Thy virgin soul has stood its own great test.
A woman's heart, when lit by holy flame,
Shines brighter than the light of Heav'n itself.

*Indra*—

Hail Damayanti, our hearts all rejoice.
We gladly yield thee unto him thou chose.
The gods know not of vulgar jealousies,
But glory in another's happiness.
And thee, too, Nala, greet we,—happy man.
And we will give thee as our bridal gift
Of our own heav'nly powers, which thou wilt need
In those dark days that do await thee still,
And, Damayanti, in the years to come,
Be steadfast, live a woman's holy part,
And we will guide thee in thy darkest hours.

(*He holds his hand out in blessing.*)

Be Heaven's blessing on thee, and farewell.

(*The curtain in the back of the stage drops over the four. Nala and Damayanti stand in the centre, Naradá and King Bhima on either side. The pages sound the conch-shells and bells ring again as the curtain falls.*)

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## ACT III.

(In 2 scenes.)

*Scene 1.*—A country road. Kali walks alone. Enter Dwapara.

*Kali*—

And why hast thou come down unto the earth?

*Dwapara*—

I may have come on business, e'en as thou.

*Kali*—

Business is slack of late, the earth is dull,
Too much of *mantras* and of temple-rites.

*Dwapara* (*winking*)—

Was it to lock up temple-doors, thou cam'st?

*Kali*—

Thou think'st thee witty, but thy wit's a fool's.

*Dwapara*—

And thou, like a fool's wit art a bit late.

*Kali*—

Too late for what,—to honour thee perhaps?
I never was too late yet for myself.

*Dwapara*—

Nay, not for me; but, aye, too late alas
For Swayamvara at King Bhima's Court.
That's o'er and past; that went off without thee.
But hadst thou earlier been, 't had done no good.

Where four of Indra's Court see their defeat
Such folk as you and I stayed well away.
The Princess Damayanti has been wed
Unto King Nala of Nishada land.

*Kali*—

Unto King Nala,—to that gambling knave?
I'll have a word to say in the affair
I'll settle yet, Sir, with "Nishada's King"

(*Very sarcastic*)

I'll get that little crown from his wise head,
I'll play his boasted land into the hands
Of one who has an eye upon it now.
Think not, my Nala, thou canst play thy tricks
On mighty Kali,—he's a match for thee.
And more,—he'll see thy lady go to one
Who soon will far more fit and able be
To foster to her wants than thou, my King.
Ho, for the game. Come, cousin, help me on

*Dwapara*—

Agreed, friend Kali, I join in the game,
And laugh me sick to see the jolly sport.
And then I'll turn and laugh me well again.
It's fun for devils to see sighing swains
When their true love turns to the other man,
The one who holds the coffers and the keys.

(*They walk out.*)

*Scene 2*—A room in King Nala's palace. Pushkara alone.

*Pushkara*—

Fate is unfair, the world is all unfair.
Why should my cousin, Nala, have the realm,
While I must live and on his mercy wait ?
Are not my claims quite equal unto his ?

(*Enter Kali on tip-toe. He walks stealthily up behind Pushkara and puts his mouth close to his ear.*)

*Kali*—

Hist,—mark thee, there's a way to get it all.

(*Pushkara starts and looks bewildered.*)

*Kali (rattling his dice)*—

Try him—thy King—thy cousin—with the dice.

*Pushkara* (*as if he suddenly caught an idea*)—
I have a lucky thought, I'll try the knave.

(*He takes the dice out of his pocket and rattles them. Kali laughs.*)

*Kali* (*huskily*)—

And thou shalt win ; I promise thee, thou shalt.

(*Pushkara rattles his dice again. Kali laughs fiendishly and rattles his own dice near Pushkara's ear. Pushkara stands puzzled and as if listening.*)

*Kali*—

Ho, that's the sound, now try the noble knight,
First for his money, then his horses, jewels,
Then for his elephants, his kingdom next
And lastly for the lady he calls wife.
This is our moment ; Nala's hard to catch.
Long have I watched, he thinks him mighty strong,
Is all in league with that insipid crew
That hang round *Swarga's* gates and send their fumes
Of sandal wood and *tulsi* and the like
That make one sneeze and run in sheer disgust.
And howl down silly rhymes unto the earth
Of which old women prattle, when we try
To do our business with a lad or two.
He and his kind think they own the whole land.
Have we not rights on earth as well as they ?
It makes one sick to see that Nala sit
Cross-legged and quacking pray'rs like an old crone.
Then he goes out and sees all kind of folk
That were far better left unto themselves.
What's that to him when other folk cry " pain "
Or howl of hunger, clamour for new rags.
They've made their *karma*, let them wear it off
And thus he runs about the live-long day,
Gives not a descent devil half a chance.
It's moons since last he tried his hand at dice
" Will never play again, "—that is his vow.
But, ho, this morn I trapped him unawares,
He tripped a bit in those old croaking rhymes
He calls his morning-pray'rs at 4 o'clock,
And I slipped in, and now's our chance or n'er
The chap is slipp'ry, be we on our guard.

*(Enter Nala, followed by Dwapara. Kali nods to the latter and he takes his stand behind Pushkara, while Kali steps behind Nala.)*

*Dwapara*—(*Into Pushkara's ear.*)

Hist,—be about thy business,—now's the time.

*Pushkara*—(*cheerfully*)

Well, there is cousin ; it is a long time
Since I to see thee had the pleasure, friend.

*Nala*—

My time is not my own, as well thou knowst.
My subjects and my State are claiming me.

*Pushkara*—

There's such a thing as overdoing it.
If thou fall ill, then who will rule the State.

*Nala*—

I scarcely have the time to think of that.

*Pushkara*—

High time thou should, thou art like other men,
A little recreation did thee good.

(*He rattles his dice again, the two devils do likewise and laugh.*)

*Kali*—(*Making circles and signs over Nala's head*)

Come and ease thy mind at play
Burdensome is the hot day,
Just a little—don't say nay !

(*Pushkara throws the dice on the table.*)

*Pushkara*—

Let's have a throw, just for to pass the time.

*Nala*—(*looking about as if dazed.*)

Nay, cousin, nay ; thou knowst I play no more.

*Kali* (*still making circle*)—

Try to throw,—just once or twice ;
Cooling to the nerves are dice.

(*Pushkara throws and laughs, then hands the dice to Nala who holds them playfully in his hands.*)

*Kali*—(*very eager.*)

Where's the harm in just one throw.
Try thy hand,—now—let them go.

(*He hits Nala's elbow ; the dice fall on the table.*)

*Pushkara*—

Well done ; now, cousin, let me have a throw.

(*He takes the dice with great eagerness and throws. Dwapara guiding his hand.*)

*Nala*—

Nay, nay, Pushkara, I've no time for this.

*Pushkara*—

Oh, well I see thou art a business man,
When I throw a bit high, thou mak'st excuse.
I knew not such a coward dwelt in thee.

*Kali*—

Hey, he is taunting, wouldst be coward called ?

(*Nala passes his hand over his eyes. Kali takes his arm and puts his hand on the dice, looking wistfully about as he does so. Nala throws down the dice listlessly.*)

*Nala*—

There then, now take thy chance, but mock me not.

*Pushkara*—

And what's the stake ?

*Dwapara*—

" Say—just his treasury."

*Pushkara*—

I think thy treasury 'gainst mine were fair.

(*He throws. Nala gives no reply, but plays on listlessly. During the entire game Kali guides his hand and Dwapara Pushkara's.*)

*Pushkara*—

This time it's mine. This makes my stake full large.
Say next then for the jewels of the crown ?
They are not worth the double treasury
That now is mine.

*Dwapara*—

Take up the dice,—be quick.

( *They throw again,—Nala as absent-mindedly as before.* )

*Pushkara* (*cheerfully*)—

No luck this time ; still do not lose all hope.
Say next the horses and the elephants ?

(*They throw again.*)

*Pushkara*—

'T seems, Nala, thou art a bit dull to-day.
Now just once more, this time the game be thine.
Let's say the kingdom,—just a joke, you know.

(*Enter Damayanti.*)

*Kali*—

There comes that woman, now what does she want ?
These women always spoil a devil's game.

*Damayanti*—

What does this mean ? My husband, play no more.
Throw not again, or thou'rt a ruined man.

*Kali* (*into Nala's ear*)—

Go on and play and heed not woman's wail.
What know they of the manly arts of men ?

*Pushkara*—

'T is but a play, madame,—why interrupt ?
Only a joke, it's but a game, you know.

*Damayanti*—

I fear a bitter game and a grim joke.
I beg of thee, my husband, heed my word.

(*Nala is still dazed. Kali again makes circles over his head.*)

*Kali*—

Silly women prattle, prattle.
Throw the dice and hear them rattle.

(*He again rattles the dice into Nala's ears, this time looking, nervous and eager.*)

*Dwapara* (*to Pushkara*)—

Throw quickly and the kingdom too is thine.

*Damayanti*—

Do heed, my husband, rise and be a man.
List to me now, ere yet it be too late.

( *Pushkara throws. Nala has a vacant look in his face. Kali puts the dice into his hand and hits it, looking the while wistfully at Damayanti. The dice fall on the table*).

*Pushkara*—

Ha, Nala, now what say thou unto this ?
One little throw made me Nishada's king.

( *Kali relaxes and laughs in fiendish glee. Nala rises, looks about bewildered and shakes his shoulders as if throwing off something.* )

*Nala*—

What does this mean ? Am under a spell ?
An evil spirit seems to master me.

*Kali*—

Thou fool, now on the devil cast the blame.
No fiend in space can put into thy hand,
What thou not first at one time touched thyself.

*Pushkara* (*to Nala*)—

It means that I am king of this, my realm,
And thou my subject.

*Dwapara*—

Say there's yet one chance
And the fair Damayanti too is thine.

*Pushkara* (*with sarcastic calm*)—

Dont't lose thy nerve, I grant thee yet one chance
Thou hast yet one thing to put up for stake,

One rare and valued gem, and this may bring
All thy lost treasures to thy hand again.

*Nala*—

I know of no such gem, I've nothing left.

*Pushkara* (*calm as before*)—

The greatest treasure is thy lady fair.
She was e'er lucky ; play we now for her.

(*He throws the dice again. Nala grasps them and throws them into his face.*)

*Nala*—

Thou low-born villain, halt, no more of this,
Thou art in league with all the pow'rs of hell.

*Pushkara*—

Methinks we both have sprung from the same stock
And the degree of birth belongs to both.
Small invitation drew thee to the game.
'T is thy old pastime, thou know'st all its tricks.
'T is the result makes a man laugh or swear.
It matters not just how the game was won ;
But when it's lost, the other man's at fault.

(*Damayanti shows signs of deep agitation. The two devils nudge each other, point at her and make grimaces.*)

*Kali*—

See how she twitches, now comes the best fun.

*Nala*—

Oh Damayanti, what—what have I done !

*Damayanti (composing herself)*—

No, fear not, it was but a game,—no more.
Thy cousin would not rob thee of thy own.

*Pushkara*—

A game indeed, and a high game, Madame.
No need to rob ; he's thrown all in the dice.
Nishada seemed a bit too small for him,
Well, the world's bigger ; be the big share his.

*Damayanti*—

Mean thou to say that thou wilt exile us ?

*Pushkara*—

Why *us* ? Thou doest well grace a regal throne,
Thou may'st remain as Queen, the choice is thine.
The country and the crown are mine ; I'm king.

*Damayanti*—

Vishnu, preserve us ; has it come to this ?
And have we shared our roof so long with one
In whom hell lurked, who vilely watched his chance
To bring his evil nature to the fore ?
Come, husband mine, here may we not abide.

*Kali*—

Well, take thy leave, the jungle lands are wide.

*Nala*—

Oh shame, Oh shame—the ruin I have wrought !
But mine the curse ; seek thou thy father's court.
Thou canst not live the life that awaits me.

*Dwapara*—(*Tapping Pushkara on the shoulder*)

Now press thy suit, she never will do that.

*Pushkara*—

Why ? is Nishada then too small for thee ?

*Damayanti*—

Hush, villain, ope thy demon lips no more
Thy vulgar speech is all beneath contempt.

[*To Nala*]

Where'er thou go'st my husband, there go I.
Thy fate is mine through all eternity.
Gladly would I with thee o'er deserts roam,
My life were happy in a forest home,
My joy to comfort thee, whate'er thy lot,
Forget thy one mistake, I blame thee not,
But glory to be with thee. With glad heart
As to thy realm I came, I now depart.
What'er my life, love makes all burdens light.

*Kali* (*laughs*)—

Yes ? let me hear thy tale at twelve to-night.
Then call thy servants—yes—and will they come ?
Oh for the beauty's of a forest home !

*Nala* (*to Pushkara*)—

I had not thought thee capable of this.
I shall not linger neath this roof an hour.

*Pushkara* (*laughs in derision*)—

Good reason for it. God speed on thy way,
And may thy jungle subjects serve thee well
Or may thou serve them for a midnight meal.
It's evening now, 'twere just the time to go.

(*He walks out laughing.*)

*Damayanti—*

Come husband, linger not ; we go away
Better the jungle-path, than here to stay.

*Nala—*

I could not live within these halls henceforth.
The very walls would mock me, fling at me
The echo of my voice in very shame.
Here have I lived, known all life's happiness
Laughed through my infancy and shared the games
Of boyhood with my cousin, called him brother
Told him those plans in which young life delights,
Looked on him as a friend in riper years.
And was all that to lead but to this hour,
To hear in wanton mock'ry ring those lips
That gave me troth, swore fealty unto me
As King and kinsman ? God behold my woe,
And give me strength to stand in misery
As I have stood in life's fair summer hours.
Thy Breath sustain me, guide me on my path,
And grant that through it all I still may see
A higher purpose. And now, all farewell,
Home of my childhood, friends of happier years
I shall not see them, stir their sympathy,
Nor speak a word of ill of him whom now
They must accept as King in loyalty,
But go ere all the truth be known to them
Home of my childhood,—once again—farewell !

(*They walk away slowly while the curtain drops.*)

## ACT IV

[*Scene*—A forest—Enter Nala, Damayanti and Kali, the latter closely following Nala]

*Nala*—

Come, listen now; I know thy faithfulness,
Thy golden heart is all so pure and true.
The jungle is the home of beasts and knaves
That prowl through nights and make the days unsafe.
No peasant woman, roughened by her toil,
Could stand the strain, far less a Princess, thou.

*Damayanti*—

Never, my husband, will I leave thy side,
Thy place is mine, I follow where thou go'st.

*Nala*—

Thy noble nature carries thee too far.
It's but a few miles to thy father's land.
This jungle path leads thither,—follow it.
Along the way live pious anchorites,
And berries of all kinds the season brings.
One day of travel will thy journey end,
The trees are shady: fear thee not to go.

*Damayanti*—

I go back to my father's house that day
When thou too goest there; nought else—nought else
Induces me. My joy to be with thee,
To share the food the jungle lowly yields,
To cool thy brow at mid-day, and at eve
To dust the sand from the hard pillow off
On which thy weary head shall rest at night.

*Nala—*

Nay, nay,—thy tender feet have weary grown
I see it in thy eye, thy soul is faint.
I could not go unto thy father's Court
Where once I went a suitor rich and free
And bore thee to my palace as my Queen.
Mine is the sin and I must suffer it.
But thou, ah thou, risk not thy young life thus.

*Damayanti—*

I never was so happy as this night
The stars nor ever shone so bright for me.
The full-moon has a lustre all unknown.
Something within my soul has risen up
That slumbered there—a force all new to me
It makes me strong beyond all human strength,
It gives me happiness not of this world.
Ah, Nala, if I loved thee as thy Queen,—
A thousand times now as thy exiled wife
Do I love and adore thee. Grant me this,
This boon true woman prizes, above all
To share thy woe, thy suff'ring to the end.

(*Nala sighs; he has turned his face from her in sadness while she spoke.*)

*Nala—*

Here is a mossy bank, come, rest thee now
And I will sit and watch throughout the night.

*Damayanti—*

Nay, call me when the hours grow small, that then
Thou mayst repose, while I watch till the dawn.

*Nala*—

Sleep, dearest sleep, and think no more of me

(*She falls asleep.*)

*Kali* (*nodding and grinning*)—

That's right, sleep on and happy dreams to thee.

(*Nala walks restlessly up and down, at times stopping and gazing at her.*)

*Nala*—

So young, so fair, like to a dreaming rose.
Pure the frail virgin form that does enclose
A heart thrice pure thrice fair in holy love.
Fixed as the Polestar in the vault above,
Throughout the years keeps his unchanging place,
So shines her soul on mine. Oh heav'nly face!
Here rests the bloom of faith and truth,—but I?
Shame, Oh the shame. God save her, let me die.

*Kali* (*going up closely to Nala*)—

Hist,—there are fags who faithful vigil keep
O'er dreaming ladies in the woods asleep
Now be a man,—for her sake—steal away.
She'll find her father's house at break of day.

*Nala* (*listening as if in surprise*)—

Ah were it not less cruel now to part
Than drag thee further?—Heaven hear my groan.
Thus by his bleeding dam the mountain hart
Lingers ere he finds strength to go alone.

(*He kneels down beside her.*)

*Kali—*

Why do you quiver? 'Twere far worse a fate
To drag her with thee; quick—the hour is late.

*Nala (rising)—*

Farewell, farewell—then be it for thy sake.
Nay, nay—I cannot; ah my heart will break.

(*Kali drags him away with the movements of his hands.*)

*Kali—*

Don't act the fool, the hours are dragging on,
Act like a man and let thy work be done.

(*Nala shrinks, then starts to go, but turns back in desperate struggle.*)

*Nala—*

Have mercy, God on High,—my poor brain reels,

*Kali—*

Be off, be off, I say—take to thy heels.

*Nala—*

God see my agony, guide me aright.

(*Kali steps in front of him, and drags him forward with the movements of his hands.*)

*Kali—*

Take care, she'll wake; quick, quick take thee to flight.

*Nala (in great agony)*—

Damayanti,—oh ye stars, witness my woe.
For thy own future, for thyself—I go.

(*Kali has meanwhile stepped behind him. He raises his hand as if chasing him. Nala walks off quickly and in evident despair. Kali laughs out findishly.*)

*Kali*—

See the fool run ; how he does fume and fret
Ho, Kali vowed that he would part them yet.
And as to thee, fair dame, don't wail and cry.
I'll mind thy faithful spouse, on that rely !

(*He makes a mocking bow, then follows Nala. Damayanti wakes up: she rises, goes about for a while as if bewildered.*)

*Damayanti*—

Oh Nala, Nala-God ! I am forsaken,
Alone, alone in all this wilderness !
What evil spirit, what black foe has taken
My lord from me and left me in distress ?
Oh agony, oh madness beyond words.
Was pain like mine in language ever told ?
Ye trees, turn all your leaves to two-edged swords,
And tear my quiv'ring heart and leave me cold.

---

Nala where art thou ? Hearst thou not my call ?
Hearst not the voice of her who loves thee so ?
Nala, Damayanti weeps; see sunrays fall

(*Rays of light shine through the branches.*)

On the forsaken one; they see her woe.
Nala, it's morning now, come we go home.
Unto my father's Court—I promised thee.
Oh Nala, Nala, ever shall I roam
If thou, my husband, come not back to me.

---

List Nala, e'en the jungle beasts are mild,
They look in sadness, ah, they pity me.
Oh Nala, Nala, all the jungle wild
Will be a heaven, we shall be so free,
So bright, so happy 'neath the sylvan trees.
And we will search the fruits the season yields.
Nala, I hear thy voice upon the breeze,
Nala, return, the dawn is on the fields.

---

Hush, he is coming,—I hear footsteps near.
Nala is coming, Nala has come back.

(*There is rustling in the bushes.*)

Ah woe, ah tears—oh happy forest deer,
Behold his faithful dam upon his track.
Happy wild creatures,—but forsaken I.
Nala, my feet are faint, my pulses burn.
The sun is radiant in the vaulted sky,
The jungle shines in gold for thy return.

(*While she speaks the last two lines the walls in back of the stage divide and display a cave in which hermits are sitting. A bright light shines forth from it.*)

*Aged Hermit*—

Daughter, be calm, the gods have seen thy woe
And they will shield thee, be thou of good cheer.

In time thy husband will return to thee
And realm and sceptre be returned to him.

(*She turns and goes towards the cave with a joyful face, but the walls close against her.*)

*Damayanti*—

Oh phantom play,—would e'n the Forces mock
A madened woman in the wilderness?
Is not my heartblood chilled by this great shock?
And yet—it seems the sage's words do bless.
Will he return? will he? oh thought divine.
My hoping heart now laughs through all its tears.
Nala, through all the ages I am thine.
Nala, Damayanti waits thee through the years.

(*Meanwhile her hair has fallen, her garments have become disarrayed, and she has the look of madness in her face. Enter a troop of boys, laughing and in wild play.*)

*A Boy*—

Hey, who is that there? seems the wretch is mad.

*Another Boy (mocking)*—

(Whow, Nala, Nala,—does he make—thee sad?)

(*She runs and tries to hide behind a tree.*)

*3rd Boy*—

She wants to hide; come, boys, let's have some fun.
Take to thy heels, wretch, we would see thee run.

(*Damayanti runs in one direction, the boys following, throwing stones and laughing. Meanwhile the scenery forming the background gradually changes and there is now a large mansion. An elderly aristocratic lady steps out. The boys run off laughing. Damayanti sobs and is bewildered.*)

*Lady—(anxious and motherly)*

What is this noise, and who this weeping child?
What does this mean, poor child, how came thou here?
Methinks thou look like one of noble birth.
What has befallen thee, poor ill-starred thing?
Come trust me child, how came thou to this state?

*Damayanti—(still looking bewildered)*

Ah woe, oh woe is me; I am forsaken,
My husband left me in the wilderness.

*Lady—*

A knave indeed; God's hand will be upon him.

*Damayanti—*

Nay, lady, nay, he was a noble prince.
King of Nishada and himself exiled.

*(Sunanda joins them, looking surprised and questioning.)*

*Lady—*

King of Nishada? Art thou Damayanti?
Thou art my sister's child, if thou speak true.
But Damayanti had between her eye-brows
A wondrous birthmark of a lotus shape,
The which in subtle beauty nothing equalled.

*(Sunanda tenderly wipes Damayanti's face with her handkerchief.)*

*Sunanda—*

Yes, mother dear, here is the beauty mark,
Dust covered it, but lo the lotus now.
Sweet cousin mine, this was a happy chance,
That led thy falt'ring steps unto our home.

My mother oft has of thy beauty told
And of thy virtues, therefore long I wished
That some day my sweet cousin I might meet.

*Lady*—

Daughter, first let us comfort her: my child,
My home is thine, and thou shalt rest with me.
Now come within, and we will hear thy tale
And do what in our power lies to help thee.
Come, weep no more, lean thy sad heart on me,
Have faith in God, and all will yet be well,
And in due time I'll send the safely home
Unto thy father's Court,—now rest in peace.

(*Damayanti leans against her aunt exhausted and closing her eyes, her aunt supporting her, while Sunanda holds her hand and looks tenderly in her face, as the curtain drops.*)

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## ACT V.

[Three years later. *Scene.*—A veranda over-looking an open Court at King Bhima's palace. Damayanti and her father are on the veranda.]

*King Bhima* –

Guests are arriving for the Swayamvara
Which I announced to bring the suitors here,
Not that thou shouldst another husband choose
But that I'm hoping still against all hope
Thy husband, Nala, may the challenge hear

And after years at last return to thee.
The chariots are arriving one by one.

*(Fondly)*

My daughter's fame of beauty still survives.

*Damayanti*—

My heart b'tween hope and sadness is divided.
The messengers we sent to many lands
Bring tidings back which seem to indicate
That Nala still amid the living is
But where he lingers, why he not returns
These are yet points on which there's no account
It pains me to see all these people come,
And yet 'neath all this pain there lingers hope.

*King Bhima*—

May hope sustain and not deceive thee, child
But I must go, the guests demand their host

(*He goes below. Enter Kasini.*)

*Damayanti*—(*Anxious and holding her breath*)

Kasini,—but—who drives that chariot?
It seems so like the old familiar sound.

*Kasini*—

That is King Ratnapura's charioteer,
Vahuka called, he drives with greatest skill.

*Damayanti*—

I've known but one, could drive a chariot so
None ever equalled him, so great his skill.
And now I feel my husband's presence near.
Doest thou behold the face of him who drives?

*Kasini*—

A black and aged man the distance shows,
But, seems, he enters with his master now.
Then shall we see him better; let us wait.

(*Enter King Ratnapura and Nala, the latter disguised as Vahuka, old, somewhat deformed and of black complexion, wearing old garment. Kali follows him still, but is weak.*)

*Damayanti*—(*Looking upward with clasped hands*)

God, it is he—my husband; no disguise
Of flesh or garment can withold from me
The throbbing heart of him who claims my own.

*Kasini*—

Be calm, dear lady; thou art quite unnerved.
How could that old and low-bred servant be
Damayanti's husband and Nishada's King?

*Damayanti*—

Ah, sister, couldst thou only understand
For one brief moment's space what moves my heart
At this strange meeting, sure, thou spak'st not thus
And I must go, or my poor heart, will break.

(*She joins the group below.*)

*King Bhima*—(*To King Ratnapura*)

Right glad I am to meet thee noble King,
And him, thy charioteer, full rightly famed
For his great skill; or else how could one day
Have reached thee from thy far off land to mine?

*Damayanti*—

Pray, father, may I speak unto this man?

*King Ratnapura*—(*Going towards Damayanti*)

Fair lady, thou doest honour me indeed
With thy own presence thus to welcome me.

*Damayanti*—

Thanks, Sir, and if thou mind not, I would speak
A word with him, thy able charioteer.

(*He leads her to the charioteer with a bow. Nala and Damayanti look into each other's eyes in silence. Kali appears vexed, but shows signs of feebleness.*)

*Damayanti*—

A King there was whom a true lady loved;
She followed him into the forest wilds.
But he forsook her, while asleep she lay,
Left her to her distress and loneliness.
Speak, charioteer, was this a noble man ?
Was such a low deed worthy of a King ?

*Nala* (*the charioteer*)—

It was King Nala, thus forsook his wife
But ah, his sore heart broke by that base act.
A demon mastered, overpowered him.
'T was he who acted not the King himself.
Still was he not all blameless. Had he been
More strong against himself in early life,
Had mastered all his powers with self-control,
He had not been controlled by unseen foe.
Both vice and virtue do create, attract
Forms of the mental fabric that they weave.
Thus, by mistake in early life commit
Fell Nala pray unto an evil Force.

He lost his crown, his kingdom through this fiend
In shame and sorrow lives he since that day.

(*Enter Naga, the Serpent King. He has serpents twisted round his turban and painted on his garments.*)

*Naga* (*the Serpent King*)—

Greeting to thee, Oh King, and to thy guests,
And to this noble lady, daughter thine.

*King Bhima*—

Welcome to thee, Oh Naga, 'tis indeed
An honour to receive so great a guest.

*Naga* (*the Serpent King*)—

I entered with full purpose, for I know
My presence here this moment needed is
And now, fair lady, tell me, how didst see
King Nala in this old, ill-shapen man?
Surely, thou couldst not thy heart's love bestow
A princess born, upon the like of him.

*Damayanti*—

Sir I chose Nala—higher than the gods
He then was young and fair, and my heart loved
But with a love that soared beyond the stars
'T was not the form the woman's soul did crave
It was two souls' affinity which drew
And which revealed the god in each to each
All worldly happiness were small 'gainst this
True marriage is a holy sacrament
Which for all ages does two beings join.
No fleshy screen, or fair or base it be
Can stand between two hearts that thus are lit
By one great flame that through the ages shines.

It was not Nala broke the holy tie,
An evil foe in jealousy conspired
To wreck our lives, but such were small success
God reunites, what he has joined as one.

*Naga* (*the Serpent King*)—

Know then, fair princess, all shall now be well.
I owe a debt to him. Nala, thy lord
Saved me when none had pow'r to ease my pain.
For once, for sin commit, I was condemned
To do my penance in a burning flame
Where I lay long in untold agony
In fire that burned, yet never did consume.
I might have suffered thus for ages long,
But that Nishada's King, thy exiled lord,
Came thither and my bitter plight beheld
And with the mighty pow'r that in him dwelt
Since Agni made a bridal gift to him,
He overpowered the flame and rescued me.
I then beheld the demon torturing him,
Therefore, that I in turn might show to him
My gratitude for what he did for me,
I poured some snake-poison into his blood.
Which through him flowed into the demon's veins
And soon caused all his life-force to grow weak
Though Nala's own form suffered too thereby,
Yet was the torture less than theretofore.
But now the time has come to rescue all.
The fiend is doomed, behold yon yellow flame!

(*Light effects produce the appearance of a flame. Nala goes near it, Kali closely following him. The latter falls into it with a shriek and a hideous grimace, Naga then throws a cloak over Nala and the latter goes out.*)

*Naga* (*the Serpent King*)—

Just a brief space, fair lady, and thou'lt see
Thy husband come to thee in the same form
In which thou chose him—suitor young and fair
The cloak I threw on him has magic power.
Behold he comes, bid welcome to thy lord.

(*Enter Nala in his kingly appearance.*)

*Damayanti*—

My lord, my husband, in whatever form
Thou doest appear to me, I am all thine.

*Nala*—

Is not this idle speech, Damayanti, say ?
How can a woman speak of faithfulness
When she invites the princes from all lands
That they compete for her a second time?
Are not thy noble words turned all to lie?
My heart is sad, and it were better far
We had not met again, than that I see,
The goddess of my life reduced to this?

*Damayanti*—

Nay, Nala, nay; it was but a device
To bring to me just him whom it has brought:
Did I not choose thee with my inmost soul,
Prefer thee to the very gods themselves?
No thought unholy haunts Damayanti's mind.
The elements themselves shall witness bear.
Come Vayu thou, Oh mighty one and speak,
Bear witness to Damayanti's virgin heart.

(*There is a sound as of blowing wind and a ghostly voice speaks.*)

*Vayu*—

Three years she mourned in loneliness her fate
She waited through the days, she waited late
No earthly joy brought solace to her life,
She loved but Nala, a true, stainless wife.

*Nala*—

We both have suffered through those cruel years.
Strange is the Fates' decree; but ever thus
Is the pure metal in the furnace tried.
Our very tears are joy unto us now.
The future waits us, be the past forgot.

*Naga* (*the Serpent King*)—

There's been no justice in Nishada land
Since it was robbed of its own lawful King.
The traitor, who through dice and demon's aid
Took to himself another's lawful rights
Shall lose his ill-won power in the same way.

(*Enter Pushkara. He starts at seeing Nala, but soon composes himself.*)

*Pushkara* (*to King Bhima*)—

My greeting unto thee and to thy friends
Another Swayamvara being held
For thy fair daughter's hand, I hither came
The lady for to win.

*King Bhima*—

Be welcome guest.

*Naga* (*the Serpent King*)—

But why wouldst thou with the hard bow compete?
The dice were easier and with thy luck,
What man is there to play the game 'gainst thee.

*Nala*—

We left a game unfinished three years gone.

*Pushkara* (*very eager*)—

I see three years have made thee practical.
Yes, I am ready, have the dice with me.
It was my realm against thy greatest jewel
As thou wilt still remember. Then play on.

(*Pushkara throws the dice with extreme haughtiness and Nala after him.*)

*Nala*—

It seems this time the luck is on my side.

*Pushkara*—

One through does not decide yet the whole game.

*Naga* (*the Serpent King*)—

Then throw again, now for the elephants.

(*The throw. Pushkara is very angry.*)

*Serpent King*—

Don't lose thy patience friend, but try again.

*Pushkara* (*to Nala*)—

Where didst thou learn the tricks since last we played?

*Serpent King.*—

No new ones, friend, didst thou not say thyself
He always knew the game and all its ways?

*Pushkara* (*to Nala*)—

The evil one is playing in thy dice.
I play just once more, that will end the game.

*Serpent King—*

The last may be thy lucky throw, take heed
Let's say the treasury,—just a joke, you know.

(*They throw. Pushkara shows great wrath.*)

*Serpent King—*

Pushkara, thy ill-gotten goods are lost,
Thy cousin has his lawful rights again.

*Pushkara* (*to Nala*)—

Yes, now laugh loud and drive me to the woods.

*Serpent King—*

It were thy place if thy example stood.

*Nala—*

Nay, nay Pushkara, that shall never be
I will not sin so deeply 'gainst my kind
I yield to thee thy lawful heritance,
Which is enough to keep thee as a Prince.
Go into other cities, there to live.
Redeem in thee the true, the better man.
Let not thy hand touch the vile dice again
And when in after-years at last thou find
That o'r thyself thou won the mastery,
Then come back to thy childhood's home and me
And I shall then receive thee as a friend
Assert the man in thee, and now—farewell !

(*Pushkara has looked down before him while Nala has spoken and now walks out slowly and with bent head.*)

*Serpent King—*

Nala, rejoice, thy foes are conquered all
Fair fortune smiles, the world is thine again.

Hail unto thee, who bravely stood the test,
And hail to her, the lady of thy heart.
The gods themselves in such as she delight
A noble woman is creation's crown.

*King Bhima—*

This day a second nuptial feast has brought.
Come, make we merry for the prize is won.
The Swayamvara was not then in vain.
Forget all sorrow in the happy end.

(*Pages and flower-maidens appear and group themselves round the central figures. They sing while roses fall upon the group.*)

*The Song.—*

Though evil Forces weave a spell
Of jealousy and hate
And all the darkest powers of hell
Stir up unfriendly Fate,—
Still shall the star of love prevail
Shine downward on the darkest traid
Undimmed early and late.
Nor shall its beacon cease to burn
Until the wanderer return
Homeward through love's own gate.

A. CHRISTINA ALBERS

# THE FIRST YEAR

I must linger to-night at the foot of a tree
On the side of a hill that looks over the sea,
At the foot of a banyan that, whispering, tells
If my love remains true though she distantly dwells.

*The gray fingers of dawn are beginning to reach*
*O'er the prairie where daily she trysts with a beech.*

I am listening now on the side of the hill
For a whisper to say she remembers me still.
Will the Indian banyan assure me anew
That across on the prairie my loved one is true?

*On the prairie she waits at the usual place,*
*But, alone in the dawning, has hidden her face.*

All the leaves and the branches are silent and cold,
And they whisper of nothing the oceans have told;
Not a movement to notice, no stir in the air—
Oh my banyan, to-night must I leave in despair?

*Now the soil of the prairie has gathered a tear;*
*She must sorrow to-day—she has waited a year.*

WAYNE GARD

# THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION.[1]

## I.

### The Original Sin.

As the term of office of the present Ministry is drawing to a close, it is worth while taking stock of what the Ministry has done, during the last two years and a half. I shall try to make a brief summary of this work in a series of articles in the "Bengalee."

When the Ministry first came into office, they were faced with the Meston Award and a formidable deficit in the Budget. The Finance Department juggled out of the desperate position by swallowing the balance of rupees one crore and twenty lakhs which they could lay their hands on. Rather than incur immediate unpopularity by assenting to taxation, the Ministers, who had no clear notions about the possibility of retrenchments, grasped this opportunity and meekly acquiesced in the eating up of the balances. And they strenuously fought against every proposed cut in the Budget on either the reserved or the transferred side—not the least in respect of their salaries.

The enormity of this first act has never been properly appreciated. These so-called general balances were not general balances at all. The bulk of these was money given by the Government of India to the Government of Bengal for definite purposes—chiefly educational, and, I believe, partly sanitary. There was about sixty lakhs of rupees for the Dacca University, and somewhere about rupees fifty lakhs—I am not at all sure about the exact figure—for primary education.

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[1] Reprinted from the "Bengalee."

The unreformed Bengal Government could not touch the money for other purposes. But it was pointed out, that, under the new rules the balances became the property of the Government of Bengal, *ergo*, the Government could do just what they liked with it. Perhaps, this interpretation was right—perhaps it was not. But, whether it was the property of the Government of Bengal or of the Government of India, it was property which on a proper view of public finance ought to have been looked upon as burdened with a trust for the purposes for which it was given or for other similar purposes.

At any rate, the trust character of the property would have been used by a Ministry who knew their business as a great handle. They ought to have sat tight over this money, which was definitely allocated to purposes within their province and refused to agree to any proposal for the reserved departments to have a share of it. But the Ministers parted with all this money with the utmost alacrity. And yet they had the cheek, when charged with their want of achievement in the last two years to plead want of money. There was want only because they had failed in their duty to keep their own money and throw the reserved departments on their own resources of either retrenchment or new taxation.

Now, look at it from another point of view. Here was money definitely accumulated for purposes within the scope of the transferred departments—a sum which was not a recurring income. Any one with half an eye would see that there would be a deficit next year, and there must be either retrenchment or taxation. A prudent Minister—one with any definite ideas of public finance—would have taken the bull by the horns immediately and insisted on a permanently-balanced Budget on the basis of normal income, instead of balancing it for the nonce by a big bite from a non-recurring income, and trusting, like Mr. Micawber, to something turning up for the future. Not so the Ministers. They swallowed the Budget which was produced by their European colleagues, without a moment's thought of the future.

The conclusion was a foregone one. It is pithily expressed by the Bengali saying about "piyaj and paijar." The inevitable taxation came, because they would not retrench—and the invaluable crore and a quarter of accumulated money for 'education' and 'sanitation' was gone!

Imagine for one moment what it would have meant if all this money had been available for education and sanitation. In the very first year of the Ministry, Mr. Biss drew up an excellent workable scheme for the expansion of Primary Education, which would involve a capital outlay of Rs. 98,200 and a total recurring expenditure of Rs. 4,72,000 only. Mr. Biss's programme spread this expenditure over ten years, at the end of which all the municipal towns would have been provided with adequate free elementary schools on an improved plan. In no year would the total of recurring and non-recurring expenditure on the part of the Government have exceeded Rs. 2,50,000. Even if the Government had undertaken the entire cost of the scheme, instead of sharing it with the municipalities, the cost would have been well within four lakhs of rupees a year, or less than the interest on the balance which the Ministers allowed to be misappropriated.

In the first year of the Ministry, Sir Surendranath Banerjee went all over the country urging schemes of benification. One-third of the amount allowed to be swallowed up would have freed an entire district from malaria, if the Hon'ble Minister's estimate was correct.

Mr. Provas Chandra Mitra had a beautiful scheme for technical education, which could have been started with a trifling expenditure of, I believe, rupees thirty lakhs. The same Minister appointed a Committee at Dacca for starting vocational education. The Committee have submitted a number of schemes, all of which could have been put through with the interest of the amount thus lost.

The crore and more would have worked wonders, and the Ministry could have gone to the polls with a triumphant record of good work instead of jejune apologies and meaningless communiques.

## II.

### THE WORK AND THE MECHANISM.

The Ministry of Education has this splendid achievement to its credit that, during the last two years, it increased the expenditure on education, but it did not increase a single teacher, nor add to the efficiency of a single teacher, and certainly did not increase the facilities of teaching anywhere in the province.

The most astounding piece of reform that Mr. Mitter is responsible for is the creation of a highly-paid Civilian Secretary for his Department. Logically, of course, the important Department of Education ought to have a Secretary, but the rational thing to do would have been to appoint the Director of Public Instruction the Secretary, as has been done in several provinces of India years ago. Mr. Hornell wrote a most convincing Note in which he pointed out that under the present system the Director was doing no useful work and the only sensible method, which also might prove economical to the bargain, was to make the Director the Secretary to the Education Department. Such combination of functions have worked well in the Judicial and the Public Works Departments. But this entirely sensible course was disagreeable to Mr. Mitter, and he must have a Secretary—special officer as he is called at first—and at the cost of the salary of, I suppose, three hundred primary school teachers. If, instead of appointing this highly paid officer, the Minister had distributed this amount between a few Local Boards for liberal grants-in-aid to free primary schools, he would have been able to provide free education for about ten thousand young children of school-going age.

And would the work of the Department have suffered? I should ask Mr. Mitter himself to take off his official spectacles and to cease to count the value of work by miles of red tape and reams of foolscap, and say what has been the net work done by this Secretary. I do not doubt that he is a very capable official, who has his ideas and is always trying to understand things and do his best. But, with all that, he is but one more step between the Minister and the actual teacher. And the more conscientious he is, the worse. His net work is to delay the doing of things and his conscientiousness would only add to the delay. Has the Minister counted the enormous number of files which has passed and repassed between the Secretary and the D. P. I. only to be thrown in the long run into the waste paper basket? Has he calculated the poundage of energy that has been wasted in this futile paper work? And all this is paid for "pro tanto" by the educational starvation of the people.

Another achievement, equally great, though in a humbler sphere, has been the creation of the new inspectorate for primary education. The multiplication of these officers and their elevation has been achieved at the cost of the primary school teacher—and, therefore, at the cost of actual education. It has perhaps advanced the elegance of the educational organisation, but prevented the much needed advance of education. After all, what the Minister, like his bureaucratic predecessors, is incapable of appreciating is that supervision is not education. The main purpose of an educational policy is to give education. And, let us never forget that it is the actual teacher who gives education. If the Minister had been a genuine educationist, he would have appreciated this fact and started with providing for a larger number of better-trained and better-paid teachers as the first part of his programme.

But the Minister, before he can make up his mind to spend a farthing on the actual work of teaching, thinks of a possibility that the farthing may not be spent with the utmost benefit to the people. He, therefore, spends a shilling, to start with, on the man who would look after the farthing, and then appoints another man for a sovereign to look after this shilling, and then pays ten sovereigns on another to supervise and advise till he finds that he is at the end of his resources and has no farthing to spare for the work of giving education.

Supervision is good in its own way, but there are limits. And Mr. Mitter, who is responsible to a popular Legislature, ought to have been the last person to agree to the strengthening of the supervising agency before giving more education.

Yet this has been the bane of the entire Ministry—this desire for the perfection of the apparatus at the cost of the real work. The Minister of Industries has built up an elaborate department of officers drawing salaries more or less fat, but there is no money with which this elaborate apparatus is to work out industrial development. The Minister of Local Government when he thinks of improvement of health starts with appointing costly Health Officers while money is wanting for carrying out many urgent reforms which could be carried out even without a Health Officer. When he thinks of expanding the work of Village Self-Government he starts with a project for an army of circle officers. With regard to this last matter Sir Surendranath has come forward with an elaborate apologia, which seeks to make out that without Circle Officers nothing can be done in backward areas. It is surprising that Sir Surendranath should have so soon forgotten that an enormous amount of work could be done by voluntary agency in Bengal. Why not try that device instead of starting with a staff of circle officers? If Local Boards are called upon to rise to the occasion and develop Village Unions, if Village Self-Government Associations are started in every sub-division for promoting Village Self-Government, a great deal more can unquestionably be done than a body of circle officers could achieve.

The Ministers have to learn anew that the main thing is the work—and cobbling and tinkering with the machinery, in itself, is not work. The Minister of Education who means business would have to concentrate, in the first instance, on providing more and better schools, more and better teachers, greater facilities and better teaching and leave the apparatus to the future.

## III.

### CONTROL *vs.* FREEDOM.

The fatal wish to control all things at one time has been the bane of bureaucratic rule in India and it has been the ruin of the present Ministry as well. The Government cannot trust anybody to do anything without control, supervision, and all the blessed paraphernalia of a centralised bureaucracy. That has been the root of all its worries with the Calcutta University.

A sensible Minister would realise that there could be only a limited number of things which he might do himself. For the rest, he must trust others. There are very highly paid officers for doing all sorts of jobs, and they must be allowed to do those things finally within limits. Besides, there are a certain number of statutory bodies created for special purposes. These must be allowed to do the work for which they exist.

But the Minister won't let them do any work without his final sanction.

The Director, under the new Ministry, has been reduced to the position of a mere post office. He forwards notes with his own comments and recommendations, and I am told that the Minister does not even accept the recommendations as a matter of course, even after the thing has been gone over very thoroughly by the Secretary. There are very highly-paid Principals of Colleges, who are not allowed to re-appropriate small items in their budget without the ultimate sanction of the Minister. I know of a case in which a very highly-paid European Principal of a College wanted a book-case for Rs. 250. He requisitioned for it, and, after six months, received sanction for Rs. 150 only. That was before the Reforms—the situation has become only slightly more complicated now.

There are Governing Bodies of Colleges, consisting chiefly of high officials like Commissioners, Judges, Magistrates and leading public men, but except in the Presidency College, they are not trusted with any powers. Since the present Ministry came into power, their position has become slightly worse.

The most ridiculous development of this want of confidence is displayed in the dealings of the Education Department with the University. The whole trouble about the Calcutta University arose because the Minister could not find it in his heart to trust the Calcutta University with a paltry sum of Rs. 2½ lakhs without control—safeguards against its abuse. Even now, I am told, the Government is willing to help the University for certain purposes, but on conditions and subject to vexatious checks.

The grotesque absurdity of the idea lies in this that the Calcutta University is a corporation managed by persons of learning, eminence, integrity, honesty of purpose, and experience in running a University, beside whom the whole Department of Education with the Minister on the top of it are little better than babies in the art. And yet it is to this body to which the Minister—whose academic career, by the way, would not bear much scrutiny, and whose knowledge of educational movements of the world is not worth considering—would dictate the ways in which it should spend its money and the lines along which it should develop. To pretend to know more about higher education than the august body at Senate Hall—even if it meant in practice nothing more than Sir Asutosh Mookerjee alone—is a high claim. As a corrective to that we might just point out that these identical men have built up a great centre of learning in less than a quarter of a century, out of the tiny little office in a corner of the Senate House run by a quarter-time Registrar, and half a dozen clerks, which functioned only sporadically during examinations. In that great transformation which has made the Calcutta University honoured all over the world, the Government of Bengal had no share. Mr. Provas Chandra Mitra had no acquaintance with its doings as he was never chosen to be even a Fellow of the University. These are facts which one finds difficult to forget in the consideration of this question.

But even if the Calcutta University was run by a pack of idiots and the Minister was a superman who could dictate any terms to them, it would be ridiculous for him to play the boss. He could not do it. Running a University is a complicated job, which requires attending from day to day, and you can't just pick up a part of its work and set your foot on it without disorganising, more or less, the whole show. If the Minister wanted to control it he would have to work at it day after day and go into all its details. Unless he can do so, the best that he could do would be to fold his hands and say, "I can't trust idiots like you with money, but I can't look after your work. So you must dissolve and make place for another body." I don't forget that the change in the constitution of the body has been a part of the Minister's hobby. But the significant part of his scheme of Calcutta University reform is that the change in the personnel is not the chief item of his famous Bill—it is the control of the Minister and the Department of Education. That will never do. If you mean business, you have to trust properly constituted bodies and highly-paid officials to do their job. It may be that they will sometimes do improper things or fail to do the right thing. No amount of supervision can prevent this happening sometimes. May I illustrate? Last year, there was a grant of Rupees five lakhs to the Dacca University of which they did not draw about one lakh before the end of the financial year. The result was that this one lakh of rupees, which was a part of the grant voted to the Education Department, was allowed to lapse, so that it was not only lost to the Dacca University, but it was also lost to the Education Department and became a part of the general balances. The Education Department did not know that this money was lapsing; if they did, they would have known how to re-appropriate it for other educational purposes, even if Dacca did not want it. Of course, the Department wanted lots of money and could find use for this extra lakh. But they did not know—although between the Director's office and the Secretariat Education Department, and the Minister, and the Finance Department, there was a most perfect system of checks upon checks and control upon control.

The only sensible thing to do, therefore, is to burn the fetish of control, lift the brakes and let individuals and bodies connected with education enough freedom—which, I need hardly point out, has always meant freedom to do wrong as well as right.

By the side of the Calcutta Mammoth there is a tiny little University at Dacca, a deformed abortion of a unitary and residential ideal. It boasts of a Vice-Chancellor on Rs. 4,000 a month. Provosts, Deans and Professors of eminence and high emoluments, public men and what not. The constitution of the University itself is a standing monument of a possibility of a multitude of checks with the minimum of achievement. Yet here also the Minister does not trust. He is interfering, controlling, supervising, everywhere. But that story I must tell another day.

## IV.

## A MONSTROSITY.

The Dacca University and the Dacca Intermediate Board were the first institutions which Mr. Mitter found on his hands upon taking office in 1921.

It is important to recall his exact situation at the start. The Dacca University Bill had been passed, but it was not to come into operation until the Government of India made a declaration to that effect. Mr. Hartog had been appointed Vice-Chancellor, but he had not come out. No other appointments had been made but an elaborate note had been made by Mr. Hornell, outlining the entire scheme of the University. All this was done by the Government of Bengal under the Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan, before Mr. Mitter came in.

The Minister was faced with a ready-made scheme and a deficit budget. He could have no misgiving about the matter. The scheme was based on a capital of rupees sixty lakhs which the Bengal Government held in trust, and a further annual Government grant of Rupees five lakhs in the first nine months, 8 lakhs in the next year and increasing to, I suppose, about ten or eleven lakhs in the course of a few years.

A Minister who knew his business would have refused to be rushed into this big business without a close scrutiny. There was yet a '*locus pœnitentiæ.*' The starting of the University could have been easily postponed till the finances were easier. It might have been used as a lever against the Government of India to make them part with some money if they wanted the Dacca University to be started. Great possibilities were open to a really courageous Minister who wanted to do business and submit to no nonsense. He might have made a great University at Dacca or he might have saved money.

But Mr. Mitter did neither the one nor the other. He allowed the University to go on, but had not the heart to let it really grow up. Appointments to the bulk of the highly-paid posts were quickly made, and it must be said that except for the importation of a * * London University man as a highly-paid Vice-Chancellor, and the dumping of a few of the incapables from the Dacca College, the selections were on the whole very satisfactory. Incidentally, Mr. Mitter bestowed his patronage by making an appointment of his own to the lucrative post of Chairman of the Intermediate and Secondary Board. And then the bomb burst.

The University authorities were told now for the first time that the sixty lakhs of trust money for the Dacca University did not exist and the University had no claim to it. All that the University could expect for recurring expenditure every year was what they had got for the first year—namely, five lakhs of rupees.

The Vice-Chancellor, unlike Sir Asutosh, dutifully accepted the situation and sat down to comply with the directions of Mr. Mitter. He and the treasurer sat down with a pair of scissors and cut down, not the posts which the University could do without, but all posts to which appointments had not yet been made. The result was a monstrosity—a top-heavy deformity with a spark of life in it.

The spark of life exists, and the University still hopes to thrive and prosper in the remote future on the strength of it—but no, thanks to the Ministry of Education. During the last two years, the Department of Education and its head have systematically sat upon the Dacca University. Every sign of life has been carefully smothered, and all ambitions on the part of the University to make itself really useful, have been duly put under restraint. The University asked for an increased grant to complete its work and to add departments for which there was great demand. The Government have refused, and sometimes, not even condescended to reply. A number of costly Government officers have been dumped on the University. Whenever any suggestion has been made that these officers might be taken away, the Government has roundly threatened the University with a proportionate reduction of the grant. When a proposal was made to give certainty and security to the University by placing the pittance of five lakhs on the statute just to relieve it of the yearly risk of death, the Minister simply refused to entertain the idea. The University wanted the houses and lands to be conveyed to it, the Government's only reply was to send in a thumping bill for rent of houses which was all along contemplated as given to the University.

On the other hand, the Minister and the Department are interfering with the work of the University to their heart's content, because, unlike Calcutta, there is no one at Dacca to stand up to him and say, it is none of your business. The result has been very unsatisfactory. One result has been that in the Dacca University no finality is ever reached. After months of deliberation in the complicated organism of the University with its half a dozen committees, the Council arrives at a particular scheme, say, with regard to the terms of employment of teachers. Then the matter is kept in abeyance till the Government has approved the scheme. The Government is never in a hurry to approve. They neither accept the decisions of the University nor make any suggestions of their own. After months and sometimes, as long as a year, the Government sends a curt reply simply sitting upon the scheme and the whole thing has to be done over again.

One illustration picked out of an enormous number, will suffice. Early in 1921, the Vice-Chancellor sent draft statutes for the approval of the Chancellor for the regulation of a Provident Fund for the teachers. The Chancellor somehow had asked, no doubt, on the advice of the Minister, that all communications to him should be addressed through the

Department of Education. From the Department it went to the Government Solicitor, who made a few objections and the draft statutes were sent down about a year. After amendment they were sent up again, and this time the Department of Education sent it to the Finance Department and the Government Solicitor. They were sent down again, late last session, with fresh objections which might have been made in the first instance. Then they were reconsidered and finally unanimously passed by the Executive Council and the Court in April last. And now in June, 1923, the Department of Education has advised the Chancellor to veto the statute on the question as to whether the University should contribute 10 per cent. or 6¼ per cent. of the salary towards the superannuation fund. At the end of the second session when the term of office of several members of the staff have terminated, the Dacca University is without a Provident Fund Statute.

And why ? Because the Minister was anxious that the Chancellor should not function, as Chancellor, but must have his strings pulled by the Department, so that the Department should not only control the University through its purse, which the Ministry had helped to rob in the first instance, but also in all matters in which the Legislature advisedly gave the control to the Chancellor. It never struck him that if the Governor must act with the advice of the Minister as his constitutional adviser, the Chancellor of the University must act solely on the advice of the Vice-Chancellor and the Executive Council who are his constitutional advisers in the University.

No doubt the Minister did all this with the best of intentions. And, no doubt, there is a principle upon which he proceeded. He is responsible to the Legislature and therefore, he must have his finger in every educational pie. But catch-phrases like ‘ ministerial responsibility ’ embody half-truths which land those who rely upon it in a quagmire if they are absolutely logical in following it. No Minister will ever succeed, none will discharge his responsibilities properly, who fails to place ample trust in Universities for the carrying on of University work. They can't control Universities without making them futile. The little things which they want to control do not stand apart. They form part of an organic whole, into the details of which the Minister cannot possibly go. It is the University, and the University alone, which can look into these things, and it is the University which must have the last word on all questions of policy, because they alone can judge the question in all its bearings. Unless you can make Universities free there is no sense in having Universities.

A sample of the doings of the Minister at Dacca may be furnished by his latest brilliant idea which shows to what lengths he would go in Calcutta only if he had his wish of having an effective control over the Calcutta University. His famous idea was to have an inspection of the affairs of the University by two officials, one from the Finance Department and another from the Education Department—junior officers I should call them whom no one would trust with the permanent Principalship of a first grade College, and one of whom was altogether out of the running when the staff of the University was being recruited. These great limbs of the administration saw the University, I understand, for a couple of days and, submitted a report on the University. I am told that in that report they not only deal of with high finance, but also gave expert advice on the number of hours each teacher should work, the total number of lectures and tuition hours required in each subject, the exact staff required, and perhaps also about the qualifications of the staff. And this, not after a discussion with the staffs of the various departments, whom they met only once at tea, but by evolution from within. And, I am told that the Minister, instead of turning down this cheeky document, has actually sent it down to the University for opinion.

The University, I do not doubt, will, under the guidance of its * * Vice-Chancellor, dutifully accept the situation and mend its ways in the matter of buying books for the library, employing good teachers or making any effort whatsoever to improve the quality or quantity of its education beyond the Dacca College standard.

But what are we to think of a Minister who sets up a University which he cannot finance, and then starves it, and then insults it by sending out amateur educationists to sit in judgment over veteran educationists and administrators ?

## V.

### The White Elephant.

When the Minister came into office in 1921, the Dacca University Act had been passed by a bungling Legislature. It contemplated that the Dacca University should give education of the post-Intermediate standard and the Act provided that, in Dacca, there should be no educational institution affiliated to any other University. The problem was how to provide for the Matriculation Schools and Intermediate Colleges at Dacca, till the Board of Intermediate and Secondary Education for Bengal was established.

The solution of the problem was very easy. All that the Minister had to do was to pass a short Act, enabling schools and colleges of the Matriculation and Intermediate standard at Dacca to continue to be affiliated to the Calcutta University. When the Minister took office, it was still possible to pass such an amending Act—and, in any case the heavens would not have fallen if the starting of the Dacca University was delayed by a few months to enable him to make up his mind about it. But he did not do it. Before him, the Department had framed a scheme to have a Board of Intermediate and

Secondary Education at Dacca, and the Minister not only acquiesced in it, but he took the opportunity to appoint as its head a gentleman who had accepted a post on a much lower salary in the Dacca University, and one who could be had on much cheaper terms.

The result was the establishment of the Dacca Board of Intermediate and Secondary Education—packed with Khan Bahadurs and Rai Bahadurs, a monument of inefficiency and ineptitude. At its best, it was redundant. It came into existence because the Legislature had blundered. If the Minister had only passed an amending Act, the province would have been saved an expense of rupees fifty thousand a year and been, to say the least, none the worse for it.

And what could fifty thousand a year have done for education at Dacca ? It could have made the Intermediate colleges and schools of Dacca much more efficient and provided much greater facilities for students. If this money could be spent on these institutions, it could have turned each one of them into a first-rate model institution. But the Minister has a constitutional bias against spending any money on teachers or teaching—his penchant is towards controlling and supervising bodies.

The famous Board was started for only one year. If he had made a mistake, the Minister had his chance to remedy it next year. The short Act could have been passed, and the White Elephant of Dacca decently interred. But all that he did was to extend the term of the Board for another year. This year again he has extended its life by yet another year.

Awful rumours are now afloat. It is said that the Minister has in his mind a scheme for two Boards of Intermediate and Secondary Education, one at Calcutta for the western districts and the other at Dacca. A more wicked waste of public money could not be thought of.

I am all in favour of a really strong and efficient Board for Secondary and Intermediate Education with ample powers, freedom and funds to reorganise the secondary and intermediate education in Bengal. Such a Board, the present Minister is incapable of thinking out or bringing into existence. If such a Board could be constituted, there are not the funds which would enable it to function efficiently. Wise statesmanship would, therefore, postpone such a Board till easier times in future. All that the Board could do now, and all that the Minister thinks of getting done by the Board could be done by a Committee of the Calcutta University like the Post-Graduate Board, and it might be made a statutory committee if so desired. There is no necessity for it, because there is no scope for a separate Board at present. On the contrary, there is a crying demand for more schools and better teaching.

If, at any time, a Board is started, it ought to have its centre at Calcutta and control the entire secondary and intermediate education of the province. No Board in a mofussil town would possibly be as strong as a Calcutta Board—and, in Calcutta, there will be less of Khan Bahadurs and Rai Bahadurs.

But what may be the special reasons for two Boards for the East and the West? Some time ago, a faint and spurious agitation was started in a Dacca paper with this identical object. The only argument urged in favour of a separate Board for East Bengal was that the Board published its results quickly and it was susceptible to public opinion. But this susceptibility may also develop a type which might lead to scandal. The Text-Book Committee at Dacca has been abolished, presumably for good reasons. The same reasons would hold against having a weak and inefficient Board in charge of the educational destinies of the boys of Eastern Bengal.

I do not want to dwell too much on a rumour. If ever it materialises, I am sure, my country will call upon the Minister to halt. During the two years of his term of office, the Minister has achieved nothing. I hope the Legislative Council will refuse to permit him to launch the country into an expenditure of lakhs of rupees which can easily be saved, in creating a body or bodies which, by themselves, will not directly improve or extend teaching. If experiments must be made, let them be made by a Minister who has three years of work before him and not by one who may have to retire the moment the experiment is launched.

I shall cite one final instance of the mentality of our Minister. Since the report of the Retrenchment Committee was published, he appears to have been the most forward in making cuts. That in itself would be quite commendable, if it proceeded on right lines. But while well over a hundred teachers have got notice, while the teaching resources of every institution giving direct instruction have been cut down to a minimum—the inspectorate thrives in all its glory, the Director's office continues as well-staffed as before, and Mr. Mitter retains his glorious Secretariat. I am told that a reduction in these is being considered—but, in the meantime the teachers whom we could afford to have in much greater plenty have been steadily getting the sack.

To conclude, I must say that I do not look upon Mr. Mitter either as a fool or as a knave. He is a clever and capable man, who has been honestly and conscientiously trying to do his best according to his lights. But his lights are all wrong. He is looking at things upside down. If he will just give himself a thorough shake to throw off his fixed ideas and imbibe more wholesome ones, I am sure he will yet succeed. Only, he has to realise a few broad principles:—Firstly, that the main thing to do just now is to teach—teach more boys and teach them better. The improvement of inspection, supervision and control might wait for a few years more. Secondly, that men and bodies must be selected with care for particular duties, but, when they have been chosen, they must be fully trusted to do their duty and not unduly hampered by vexatious control and unreasonable oversight. Thirdly, that education wants more money spent upon it and that it is not the department in which any cut in the total can be made, whatever adjustments of expenditure can be made as between sub-heads. Lastly, the man who is to give the education is the teacher. The man who can control teaching must also be a teacher. You don't put a man in charge of an engineering firm, who is ignorant of a knowledge of engineering. The man, who has never been behind the counter can never make a Bank manager. The business of education can only be managed efficiently by those who have made a business of education. A prudent Minister ought not to try to sit on them and force them but to ply them with all the available money and resources according to their requisitions without standing much on the dignity and position of a Minister.

RITA

# MAHESH [1]

The name of the village was Kashipur. It was small, but the landlord of the village was even smaller, though he was very tyrannical and his tenants hardly dared to speak above a whisper in his presence, such was his despotism.

It was the birthday of the landlord's child, and the priest was making his way homewards at noon, having celebrated the occasion. It was the middle of April but there was not the least sign of a cloud anywhere, and the rainless sky poured a pitiless heat on the plains.

The fields which extended to the horizon on all sides were cracking in the heat, and it seemed as though a constant vapour arose from the hot blood of the earth's breast. To look at the heated air as it steamed up in snakelike undulations made one's head dizzy as with a sort of intoxication.

On the edge of the fields stood the house of Goffur, the Mahomedan weaver. Its wall of mud had fallen and exposed the courtyard to the road and the innermost sanctuary of the home to the inquisitive gaze of passers-by.

Standing in the shade of a leafy tree which stood by the roadside the priest called out in a loud voice: "Hey there Gofra! are you at home?"

Goffur's ten-year old daughter, who was standing at the door, answered: "Do you want father? He has fever."

"Fever indeed!" exclaimed the priest, "Call him, confound it, the outcast rascal!"

On being thus summoned Mister Goffur came to the door shivering with fever. Tied to the branch of an old acacia tree which grew close to the ruined wall was a bull, on seeing which the priest exclaimed: "What are you doing with that creature? This is a Hindu village, and the landlord is a Brahmin, don't you remember that?"

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[1] A short story in Bengali by Mr. Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay, published in th *Bangabani*, Aswin, 1329, B.S.

His face was scarlet with anger and with the scorching heat of the sun, and so naturally spoke with intense harshness, but being unable to understand the cause of his anger Goffur merely stood still and stared.

"When I passed here in the morning I saw the bull tied there," said the priest, "and now again at noon it is in exactly the same place. If you go in for cow-killing the landlord will bury you alive, for he is not an ordinary Brahmin!"

"What can I do, Thakur," wailed Goffur, "I have become helpless. I have been having fever for many days, and can only drag him at the end of a rope for a few paces to get a mouthful of straw—and even that makes my head dizzy."

"Then let it free to graze by itself."

"Where can I turn him loose, Thakur? The paddy has not all been thrashed yet, and there is still a lot left out on the thrashing-floors. The straw has not been stacked, and there is not a blade of grass on the fields—everything is as dry as a bone. How can I let him loose, Thakur, when he may eat somebody's paddy, and nibble at somebody else's stacks?"

The priest, being somewhat mollified at this explanation, said: "Well, even if you don't turn him out to graze, you could tie him up in some cool place with two or three bundles of straw to nibble at. Besides that, doesn't your daughter cook rice? You can give him the rice water."

Goffur made no answer, and looking helplessly up at his questioner's face heaved a deep sigh, whereupon the priest went on:

"I suppose you have no straw either? What have you done with it then? Have you sold this year's share to fill your own stomach, without keeping a single handful for your bull? You wretched butcher!"

At this cruel charge Goffur was rendered speechless, but after a few moments' silence he said :

"I did get a small amount of straw this harvest as my share, but because I owed something from last year the landlord took it all. I wept and begged him again and again to give me at least a few bundles. I said to him on my knees, 'you are our lord and master, and where can I find refuge except under your protection? I have not sufficient straw to thatch the roof of the one room that I have to shelter myself and my daughter, though somehow I can manage to patch it up with palm leaves for the rainy season, but how can my Mahesh live without something to eat?'"

"Pooh!" exclaimed the priest with a sneer, "you're a nice one to give your bull a name like Mahesh! You make me laugh."

But Goffur was deaf to this jest, and continued : "But my lord had no pity. He gave me enough paddy to last me for two months or so, but all my straw went to swell his own stacks, and my poor bull did not get a single bundle—" and as he spoke his voice was choked with sobs. But the priest did not show the least sympathy for him, and merely said: "You're a nice fellow,—you don't want to pay what you owe? Do you expect your landlord to feed and clothe you? You are fortunate enough to be living in the dominions of Ram, and yet you are so small-minded that you abuse your lord and master!"

"Why do you say that I abuse him, Thakur," replied Goffur ashamed, "we do not find fault with him. But tell me from where I can get anything to feed him with? I have only four bighas of land and for the last two years it has borne no crops,—the paddy has dried up in the earth,—I and my daughter don't ourselves get enough to have two full meals a day. Just look at my house and you will see that in the rains we have only a corner in which we can keep dry,—there is not even room to stretch out our legs. And look at Mahesh too, how his ribs stick out. Do lend me a few bundles of straw Thakur, so that my bull can at least be fed for two days." And saying this he plopped down at the Brahmin's feet. But the priest started back with the speed of an arrow, and exclaimed in fury: "What, you a Mahomedan, and you want to touch me!"

"No, Thakur, I won't touch you. Why should I touch you?" apologised Goffur, "But do please give me a few bundle of straw, I beg of you. I saw with my own eyes the other day that you have several stacks. You won't be able even to notice it if you give me a little. There is no harm if *we* starve to death, but that poor dumb animal of mine cannot speak, he only gazes at me with his dark eyes full of tears."

"You want to borrow," exclaimed the priest, "but how are you going to repay me, tell me that?"

Goffur became sanguine at this remark, and said eagerly: "Oh, Thakur, I will pay you back somehow or other. I promise not to cheat you."

The priest making a queer noise and imitating the anxious tone of Goffur's voice repeated after him: "I promise not to cheat you. I will pay you back somehow or other. You're a fine fellow! Get out of my way and let me pass. I must get home, it's getting late."

Saying this he smiled in ridicule and put out one foot, but suddenly drew it back again in fear and cried out angrily: "Oh, what impudence, your bull wants to butt me, does it!"

Goffur stood up. In the priest's hand there was a basket containing offerings of rice and bananas, and Goffur pointed towards this and said: "The poor beast smelt that and wants to share a handful of it."

"Wants to share indeed!" sneered the priest, "As its master so is the beast I see! It can't get straw but it must have rice and bananas! Be off! Remove it from the roadside. With horns like that who knows but what it will kill somebody one of these fine days!" and with these words the priest escaped hastily.

Goffur on the other hand turning away from his visitor, stood motionless for a moment and gazed towards his Mahesh. His deep black eyes were full of pain and hunger, as Goffur said to him :

"So he would not give you even a truss of straw? They've got plenty, but they wont part with a single bit of it. Never mind, let them do what they like." And as he spoke his voice choked and tears came to his eyes. Going close up to the bull he began to stroke his neck and head and passed his hand all over his body, whispering tenderly in his ear: "Mahesh, you are my child. For eight years past you have worked for us, and yet now I cannot feed you properly. But you know how I love you."

Mahesh, in answer, stretched out his neck and shut his eyes with great satisfaction, while Goffur dried the tears which had fallen on the body of the bull and went on speaking in an indistinct voice: "the zemindar has snatched away your food. He has even, in his greed for money, let out the common grazing land near the cremation ground. In these hard times, tell me, how can I save you from death? If I let you loose you will go and break into other people's stacks, and will devour the plantain trees of my neighbours. What am I to do with you? You have no more strength left in you. No one wants you. People tell me to sell you to the butchers." And at the mention of such a possibility Goffur began to shed tears. Wiping his eyes with his hand he looked round cautiously and pulled out some whisps of old and colourless straw from the thatch of his house which he offered to Mahesh, saying in a whisper: "Eat it quickly, Mahesh. If you are slow about it, then — "

"Father! "

"What is it, little mother? " answered Goffur.

"Come and take your rice." Said his daughter, Amina, coming out from the house. Looking at them both for a moment, she added: "Father, you have again been giving Mahesh some of the straw from our roof?"

It was just this that he had been fearing, and he replied shame-facedly: "It was only some rotten old straw which was falling of itself."

"But I heard you from inside pulling it out," expostulated Amina.

"No, Amina, I didn't exactly pull it out."

"But, father, the wall will fall"—rebuked Amina.

Goffur remained silent.

Who knew better than he that everything but his house was gone, and even that was in such a condition that it would not last through the next rainy season if he treated it like this. How much longer could he go on in this way?

"Wash your hands, and take your food, father," said the girl, "It is ready."

"Let me have the rice water, my dear, I will feed the bull first."

"There is none to-day, father," explained his daughter, "It has dried up in the pot."

"None!" exclaimed Goffur, and he stood speechless. So his ten-year old daughter had understood that in these hard times even that could not be wasted. Washing his hands he went and stood indoors where his daughter had arranged his morning meal on a brass plate. She herself was using an earthern one. Looking at the food Goffur said gently: "Amina, I feel shivery. Is it good to eat when you have fever?"

"But only just now, father, you told me you were very hungry?" said Amina anxiously.

"Just now!" exclaimed Goffur, "But then perhaps I had no fever."

"Then let me put it on one side and you can eat it this evening," suggested Amina.

"But, Amina, if I eat cold rice, won't the fever increase?" asked Goffur with a shake of his head.

"What shall I do then ?" enquired Amina.

Goffur pretended to be trying to find a solution for the problem and then suddenly exclaimed: "Why not do one thing dear ? Why not give it to Mahesh ? Then you can prepare a handful of hot rice for me to-night."

For answer Amina looked at him for a little in silence, then she bowed her head and said quietly: "Yes, I can do that, father."

Goffur blushed at this little piece of pretence which had been witnessed not only by these two persons but also by the Unseen Spectator of all.

## 2

Four or five days later Goffur was sitting in front of his house with an anxious expression on his face. His Mahesh had not been seen since the previous day, and as he himself was too week to walk he had sent Amina early in the morning to search for him. In the evening she returned saying she had heard that the Ghoses had handed the animal over to the authorities to be locked up in the pound.

"Impossible, my dear !" exclaimed Goffur.

"But, father, it is true," replied Amina. "Their servant told me to go and look for him in the Dariyapur pound."

"What had he done ?" asked Goffur.

"He entered their garden and destroyed some of their trees," explained the girl.

Goffur remained silent. He had imagined all kinds of misfortunes that might have happened to Mahesh, but had never contemplated such a catastrophe. He was as innocent as he was poor, and could not imagine that any of his neighbours could inflict such a punishment on him, especially the Ghoses, for they were noted for their devotion to Brahmins and cows.

"It is getting late, father, wont you go to fetch Mahesh ?" asked Amina.

"No," replied Goffur.

"But they say that if he is not claimed within three days the police will sell him to the slaughter-house."

"Let them do what they like," answered Goffur.

Amina did not quite realise what a slaughter-house was but she had often noticed that even the mention of it in connection with Mahesh disturbed her father very greatly. To-day, however, he left her without a word.

That night Goffur went to the pawnbroker's shop, and producing his brass plate placed it on the counter, saying: "I want one rupee on this."

The pawnbroker knew the value of this article from long experience, for it had been pledged with him at least five times in the course of the last two years for one rupee. So he made no objection to-day.

Next morning Mahesh was to be seen in his usual place. The same tree, the same rope, the same post, the same empty tub, all were there. And those dark hungry eyes still had that sad and anxious look. Close by there was an old Mahomedan looking keenly at the bull with the evident intention of buying it, while at a little distance Goffur was seated in a crouching posture silent and moody. After his examination was over the old Mussulman took out a ten rupee note. He unfolded this and smoothing it out with great care he handed it to Goffur, saying: "I don't want any change. I will give you the whole amount."

Goffur stretched out his hand and accepted it without a word.

But when the two men who had accompanied the purchaser were about to untie Mahesh suddenly Goffur stood up and shouted in an angry voice, "Don't touch that rope. Take care what you do," whereupon they started back while the old man asked in astonishment "Why"?

"You ask why?" answered Goffur in the same angry tone, "I don't want to sell him. It's my wish," and he threw the note down on the ground.

"But yesterday you took earnest money in advance," expostulated the butchers.

"Here, take your earnest money, too, if you want it," shouted Goffur and he took out two rupees from his purse and threw them down angrily.

Seeing that there was the beginning of a dispute the old man laughed and said: "Oh, so you're trying to get the extra two rupees also, are you? Well take the money and buy your daughter some sweets with it. Will that satisfy you?"

"No," answered Goffur.

"But no one will give you a pice more than this, you may be sure," said the old man.

"No, I know that," replied Goffur nodding his head.

"What do you mean then?" asked the old man in annoyance. "The price you will get is only what its hide is worth, for what else is there?"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Goffur, with evident pain and with a harsh expression on his lips, he hurriedly shut himself in his room and loudly threatened that unless they left the village at once he would send for the police and have them beaten. Afraid of trouble they went away, but a very short time afterwards a messenger came from the zemindar asking Goffur to go to him.

Goffur guessed that his intention of selling his bull to the butchers had reached the ears of the zemindar.

In the zemindar's office there were all kinds of people seated and as soon as Goffur appeared on the scene the zemindar himself with eyes red with anger shouted: "I can't think what punishment you deserve! Don't you know where you are living?"

"Yes, I know, Sir," answered Goffur repentantly. "We have nothing to eat, otherwise I would pay whatever fine you care to impose on me."

Everyone was astonished to see Goffur so repentant, for they all knew him to be an arrogant and bad-tempered man. He sobbed and said: "I will never do such a thing again," and with this promise he took hold of his ears and began to crawl on the floor to show his humiliation before all.

"All right. Go along with you. But never dream of doing it again," said the zemindar with an air of generosity.

On hearing this everyone was thrilled with joy that this great sin had been averted through the supreme virtue of their lord and master, and through fear of his strict rule. The priest was present and he began to expound the etymological meaning of the word 'cow,' and enlightened his audience as to the reasons why Goffur should be turned out of the village as an untouchable and irreligious man. Goffur did not answer him, but returned home humbled but in a very cheerful spirit taking to himself all the blame and insult as his due.

On reaching home he fed Mahesh with some rice water which he begged from his neighbours and stroked him on his head and horns muttering indistinctly some endearing words.

Summer was nearing its end. It is impossible to realise, without having seen the sky at this time, how awful and cruel the image of Rudra, as it one day revealed itself at the end of June, could become. There was not a trace of mercy in the heavens. It seemed impossible to believe that the sky could change its pitiless aspect or that it could ever again appear tender and laden with rainy clouds. It seemed as if a constant and unceasing shower of fire poured from the brazen firmament and that it would not stop till everything had expired.

On such a day, at noon, Goffur returned home. He had not been in the habit of working as a hired laborer and his fever had only left him four or five days before. He was feeling weak and tired, but still he had been out in search of work. The only result, however, was that he had exposed himself to the scorching rays of the sun. He was so exhausted with hunger and thirst that he was almost blind. Standing in the courtyard he called out " Amina, is breakfast ready ? "

Coming out slowly from the house his little daughter stood by the post without a word. Getting no answer Goffur impatiently asked "Isn't breakfast ready ? If not, why not ?"

" There are no stores, father," replied the girl.

'No store ? why did not you tell me in the morning ? "

"But I told you last night " expostulated Amina.

" I told you last night!" repeated Goffur in the same tone screwing up his mouth in irritation. " Do you expect me to remember what you tell me at night ? " and his anger was so increased at the sound of his own harsh voice that his face became quite distorted. He went on : " How can I expect there to be any stores, you big lady girl ? What do you care for your sick father so long as you can enjoy your five meals a day. From to-day I will keep the stores under lock and key. Give me a drink of water at any rate. Perhaps you'll say you have no water either ! "

Amina stood with head bowed without moving and after waiting a few moments Goffur understanding that there was not even a drop of water to quench his thirst, lost all self-control and rushing up to her gave her a slap on the cheek saying : " You lazy shut ! What do you do with yourself all day ? So many people are dying every day, why can't you join their number ? "

The girl remained silent, but taking up an empty jar which was standing near by she went out into the hot sun wiping the tears from her eyes. As soon as she was out of sight Goffur's heart was pierced with remorse. He alone knew how he had cared for this motherless child. He remembered how this affectionate, hard working and gentle little girl had no fault. The small amount of rice he could raise on his own land was not sufficient to feed her properly. Some times she had only one meal, and on some days she did not even get that. Her taking four or five meals a day was as impossible as it was untrue. There was no drinking water but the reason of this was not unknown to Goffur. The two or three ponds which were situated in the village were absolutely dry, and the common people were not allowed to take water from the zemindar's private tank. The water which had accumulated in the one or two holes which had been dug out was difficult to get because of the crowds surrounding them in their eagerness to get their vessels filled, more especially for this little girl who could not even come near the crowd because she was a Mahomedan. Sometimes after waiting for hours and after many humble entreaties she could get a little water poured into her jar. All this he knew. Perhaps to-day there had been no water, or possibly in the midst of the struggle she had not been able to rouse any body's sympathy. Feeling certain that some such difficulty must have arisen he was unable to keep back his tears.

At this very moment a messenger came into the courtyard from the zemindar like an ambassador of Death and called out loudly : "Hullo, is Goffur at home?"

In a bitter tone Goffur replied : "Yes I am. Why? What do you want ? "

"The Zemindar is calling you. Come along."

"I've not had any meal yet," replied Goffur bluntly. "I'll come later."

The messenger could not endure such an exhibition of impudence, and with an accompaniment of filthy abuse, he said : "I have orders to drag you to him even if I have to kick you there."

Goffur for the second time lost his self-control, and retorted in an abusive tone : "In the Empire of Queen

Victoria no one is a slave. I pay my taxes and no one can compel me to go."

But for so insignificant a person to call for the protection of such a mighty being is not only fruitless but dangerous. For the mighty the saving feature of this is that such a weak voice does not reach their ears, otherwise they would never find time for eating or sleeping.

It is useless to describe in detail what happened after this. Suffice it to say that an hour or two later when he had returned from the Zemindar's and had silently laid down in his room his whole face was bruised and swollen. The chief cause of this great punishment was Mahesh, who after breaking loose and leaving Goffur's house, had entered the Zemindars courtyard and had eaten up some flowering plants and trampled on some paddy which was lying out to dry. And finally when they tried to catch him he had escaped after having knocked down the Zemindar's youngest daughter. This was not the first time it had happened—but when Mahesh had trespassed before, Goffur had been excused on account of his poverty. If he had come, as on previous occasions, to cringe for pardon he might have been forgiven. But the Zemindar could not tolerate such impudence as his tenant had expressed by saying that he paid his taxes to the Queen and was not any body's slave. Goffur had not made any protest when he was beaten and abused. He bore it in silence and when he had returned to his own house he still showed no sign of resentment. He had forgotten his hunger and thirst, but he felt as if his whole heart was burning with pain like the mid-day sky. For some time he lay unconscious of the passage of time, but when suddenly he heard the terrified voice of his daughter from the courtyard he rushed out, and saw Amina lying on the ground with a broken water-vessel by her side while Mahesh was standing beside her licking up the water like a thirsty desert. In the twinkling of an eye Goffur completely lost control of himself and seizing hold of a broken plough handle he lifted it and dealt a heavy blow on Mahesh's head. The poor creature tried once to raise his eyes, but a moment later his tired and wasted body fell to the earth, while tears mingled with blood fell from the corners of his eyes. Twice his body shivered in convulsion, and then with a heavy sigh he lay still with legs outstretched.

"What have you done, father? You have killed our Mahesh!" cried Amina in distress.

But Goffur neither moved nor spoke. He only stood motionless like a stone staring at the dark black eyes of Mahesh as he lay before him.

All the hide-dealers of the neighbourhood soon got the news and collected together like vultures, and carried away the body to the slaughter house. When Goffur saw the glitter of their knives he received such a shock that he closed his eyes with a shudder. But he spoke not a word.

The neighbours said: "The Zemindar has sent a man to get the priest's opinion about this crime, and we are afraid you will have to sell your house to pay for the ceremony of atonement for your sin."

Goffur paid no attention to what was being said but remained seated with his head buried in his hands.

—Late that night he called to his daughter and said: "Amina, let us go!"

She was sleeping on the verandah and, rubbing her eyes, she asked: "Where to, Father?"

"To the jute mills" replied Goffur.

The girl was astounded, for before this her father had never agreed to work in a mill.

—She had often heard him say that it was impossible there to preserve a girl's self-respect or honour.

"Don't delay, Amina," said Goffur. "We have a long way to go."

Amina was about to take the water pot and her father's brass plate, but Goffur prevented her, saying: "Leave those here, Amina. Those will go towards the cost of the ceremony of atonement for my sin against Mahesh," and taking the girl's hand he went out into the deep darkness of the night. In that village they had no relatives, so there was no one whom they had to inform. When they were crossing the courtyard Goffur stopped suddenly in front of the acacia tree and began to weep bitterly. Lifting her eyes to the dark starlit sky he cried : "Oh Allah, punish me as much as you please, but remember Mahesh died of hunger and thirst. Nobody would give him the least bit of land for grazing. Never forgive those who refused him the water that is Thy gift and the grass which Thou bestowest on all."

*Translated by*
W. W. PEARSON

# 'TWIXT EARTH AND HEAVEN

[ Our frontispiece this month, the work of a talented Gujarati artist, depicts the well-known Puranic story of Rishi Bharata and the Deer. The Sage Bharata who had given up the world and had renounced all love and affection once rescued a fawn from death, and tended it, and grew so fond of it that he could not perform his devotional exercises properly. It is further narrated in the Purāṇas that by constant meditation on the fawn he was doomed to be born as a deer in his next incarnation. The lines which are printed below have been inspired by the above legend.—Ed. C. R.]

(From Kalāpi[1])

Slowly, surely, age and death
  Upon his frame extend their sway,
Yet, alas! the ties that bind him
  To this Earth melt not away;
His latest love, his fawn, he fondles,
  His heart remembers days of yore;
With each caress his *yoga* suffers,
  Each tender glance but binds him more.

Post-Graduate

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[1] Kalāpi was a well-known poet of Gujarat in the last century.

# VENGEANCE IS MINE.

## BOOK II; CHAPTER XVIII

### IN THE MONASTERY

At six in the morning a deputation again waited upon the Prince. Jasubha on horseback with his full escort started for the Academy. The city was divided into two portions. At one end were plain, small cottages, while at the other were shops and factories.

The public buildings were upon the high street which ran through the centre of the city. This road would have put to shame the municipality of the first city in the land. In front of the Academy was a huge lawn. There the ochre banner of the monastery fluttered gaily. A little further away a small river was slowly winding on its way. On the lawn seats were arranged and it seemed as if the whole town had gathered there. Men and women had come with their whole families. Jasubha's appreciative glance rested on this concourse and for a moment he had a vision of what he himself might have been. For a moment he had a vision of his ancestors tumultuously welcomed by their people as they returned triumphant from the field of battle. He thought of the present state of his country and of the God-ordained duties of the princes who only thought of eating and drinking and debauchery. His heart expanded and from his eyes looked forth the spirits of heroes of the past thousand years, as he smilingly acknowledged the warm welcome of the people. But turning round he saw the smooth smiling face of Raghubhai and the generous impulse died away. A moment later when he took his seat on the throne he was once again the same old Jasubha.

Then came all the children. In their plain uniform they stood in regular rows and sang a song. The song was about heroes, about their sacrifice and about the service of the motherland. The words were inspiring and flowed like a stream of liquid fire. Ranubha's sparkling eyes showed that the Rajput in him was aroused.

After this thundrous cheers were raised by all people there present. Anantanandji was seen coming from the monastery. At every step he was being warmly greeted. All got up. Jásubha also forgetting his modern manners got up and bowed low. Anantanandji came up and took his seat near Jasubha.

Then the Mayor welcomed the Prince in a short speech. The Principal of the Academy read a short report of the educational activities. He mentioned that 210 boys and 156 girls had completed their course that year and that four students were to proceed to Europe for higher studies and that their expenses would be paid out of the profits of the recently established silk factory.

Jasubha had long since lost his faculty of being surprised, still he felt to-day an interest he had never experienced before in his life. Anantanand whispered to him that the people expected a few words from their Prince. Jasubha got up. Enthusiasm was in the air and even his inexperienced tongue waxed eloquent. He thanked the people and praised Varat and promised to help them in undertaking all their great works. He promised that the State should bear the expenses of the four young men who were going abroad. For a moment he forgot the terrible Revashankar: he was himself being then carried away for the moment by the current of service and sacrifice which flowed visibly in that place. The people heard him with joy and appreciation and the meeting broke up.

Anantanand had been sitting quiet all this while. Now he took Jasubha with him, and showed him round the Academy buildings—as extensive as a small town—and all the latest appliances for the use of the growing generation. Jasubha remembered having seen these appliances in Western lands.

"Swamiji, you have attained perfection!"

"Not at all. This is but the foundation. Perfection will come when the sky-kissing spire of our tower of victory shall be completed." His words enforced belief. In a few minutes Jasubha had begun to feel a reverence for the man. Anantanandji led him all over, talking on various matters in a gentle voice and constantly rousing the Prince with his inspiring words.

"Your Highness, if you have some moments to spare, deign to step inside our monastery and to accept of our hospitality," so requested the Swami with a smile.

"Certainly, I have no objection. Come along, Ranu. You too are coming?"

"Yes, Sir."

The monastery was originally a fortress. The building was ancient and massive. All the *Sannyasis* of the town—and there were quite a couple of hundred such—were staying there. In one wing of the third floor were the apartments of Anantanandji.

"Ranu, I have forgotten my cigar-case:" Jasubha remembered suddenly on his way upstairs, "just go and get it. You will not object, Swamiji?"

"Why should I? Ranubha shall fetch it presently. You please rest a while. Atmanand!"

"Sir," answered a *Sannyasi* coming forward.

"Kindly arrange everything for the Prince. Ranubha, you too will please help. I will be back presently," so saying Anantanand walked away. Jasubha thought this rather strange.

The room was quite plainly furnished. Jasubha took his seat on one of the plain wooden chairs there. A *Sannyasi* brought in tea and refreshments. Jasubha observed on the tray just the things he liked best and silently honoured the Swami for his care and hospitality. The magic power of the Swami was slowly but surely growing upon him.

"Ranu, now go. I am dying for a cigar. Come back quick."

"Certainly. I shall be back in no time."

Ranubha left the room. He had all along been thinking of Champa and wondering at her absence the whole day. He was feeling a sort of mental suffocation. Anantanand might be spotless—it could not be otherwise. But Champa had after all been a public woman. He started at the suddenness with which this thought came into his mind. He felt as if he had committed some great sin. Such a thought for Anantanand! All the reverence he had felt for the man for years protested against such a notion. Better smash the brain that harboured such a thought! He set his teeth and hurried on.

He missed the stairs by which they had come up. And he went down by another staircase. Evening was fast closing in and the light was faint. He reached the bottom and stood there. A bolt fell on him, as it were, when he heard Champa's trembling tearful voice from the next room.

"Swamiji, permit me just this much. Pray listen to your hand-maiden!"

"Champa," the voice of Anantanand was full of affection and Ranubha felt his heart breaking to pieces, "are you not too hasty? Very well."

"Have I your permission, Master?" asked Champa in an eager voice.

"Yes. But you shall repent." It seemed the Swami was moving away. Ranubha also thought of going on, when he heard something. Horror! clearly the sound of kisses! Wicked Champa! Villain Anantanand! Ranubha peeped into the room. Champa was lying on her face kissing the floor. There was no trace of Anantanand. Ranubha did not stop to consider. His self-control had gone at the first sound of the kisses. He clasped his head with his hands and rushed downstairs—ran—fled away—from the scene. His whole being was poisoned. Outside he beheld the living and non-living witnesses of the greatness of the Swami's mind and his distress increased. Why were such villains born upon this earth. Champa—a pupil, himself—another; and such behaviour! Better far the *Jogtas*[1] who only had the outer garb. Once outside, the gentle breeze cooled the heated brain—he became a bit calmer. Was Champa merely kissing the floor? How could that be? What more proof need there be? Oh, Champa, Champa! So this was the end. But what else could a public dancing girl be? Ranubha reached the cottage assigned to the Prince and taking the cigar-case turned back. On the way back he began to doubt whether after all Anantanand was so utterly vicious. A man may be very clever, might even have attained considerable self-control, still a sudden temptation is sometimes irresistible. Then what should *he* do? The river was near. He walked along its banks in the cool breeze in order to collect his thoughts. Should he take revenge against Anantanand? Or against Champa? Who was the real guilty party? The dancing girl was a public person. She was not Ranubha's private property. But even then should not the Swami have considered? Such betrayal! Ranubha at last determined to follow Anantanand's own teaching to the letter and thus to put him to shame. Why should he not sacrifice himself for some noble cause, thus easing his own wounded heart while alive and teaching Anantanand a lesson when dead. Yes—that was the true way.

Just then he saw some ten or fifteen armed men going stealthily towards the monastery. But so deep was he in his own thoughts that he scarcely noticed them.

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[1] A term of contempt (from *Jogi*) applied to the usual sturdy wandering religious mendicants of our country.

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE REQUEST

When Anantanand went upstairs he found Jasubha quietly enjoying the scene from the gallery and whistling in the absence of his cigar. As Anantanand entered Jasubha in his own mind admired the tall form, the large head and bright eyes of the man. This indeed was a man.

"Well, Sire, did you get the refreshments?"—asked the Swami in a kindly tone. Even to this most ordinary question he had imparted a charm all his own. He had put into it a sweet earnestness, as if the fate of nations had depended upon the answer. His manner won the heart of the other person.

"Yes, Sir, and I must thank you also for this."

"For what?"

"For creating such a paradise in my State."

"Prince, it has not been made by me. The *Zeitgeist*, the Spirit of the Age, inspires such movements and creates a new world."

"However it may be, still your work is an example for princes to follow."

"My Prince, it would be wrong if you imagine that I want to preach about my work. Those who have eyes may see for themselves. If you observe attentively you also may learn much."

"But I cannot see for myself. I cannot help it. The twig has long been bent and the tree has inclined in one direction.[1] I cannot go in any other."

"Shall I point out a way? Let this be continued by one who has both the desire and the power to do better. Let each fight the battle for which God hath appointed him."

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[1] The original has the Gujarati proverb: "the tail of a dog is ever bent."

"But such are very difficult to find."

"Prince, for this very reason I have invited you here. I have a thing or two to say to you. Does Your Highness remember how six years ago I came to your court to beg for a paltry fifteen hundred? And how you drove me away and how Revashankar at last stopped the whole grant?"

"I feel ashamed of that to-day. How could I know that the grant to Varat was needed for all this. ~~Rest~~ assured that you shall henceforth receive five thousand a year."

"Prince, I am not accustomed to beg from any one. But you know, you started on your tour because *I* wished it, and you came here because *I* willed it and chiefly in order to listen to a request of mine."

The Swami was standing against the parapet of the gallery; the rays of the setting sun had lighted up his face.

"Prince, look yonder;" and he swept his arm in the direction of his town, "at this moment there are here ten thousand souls leading as devoted and as happy lives as is possible to us mortals. Taking their course pleasantly through all the mazes of worldly existence, they are ready to give—indeed, are giving—each moment of their lives to the service of their motherland, their faith and their God. This is the result of my work of a dozen years. When I came here first there were in this place fifteen hundred wretched mortals, ground down under the heels of the old time *Bawas*, and they could just manage to eke out a miserable living. To-day you would scarce find the equal of this place in the whole world. You see it all and you give me the credit. Let me, therefore, make but one request—allow me to carry on my work unhampered, allow the zeal I have evoked to spread far and wide, allow the banner of Varat to be unfurled in every corner of your State." His voice was low, but vibrating with tense emotion. In his eyes shone the Light of Creation, such as the eyes of poets and founders of empires emit.

"Most certainly. I will never hinder your work. May your work be accomplished!"

"Not only this, Maharaja, I want something else besides. I have begun my work in your State. I want to make yours the model kingdom and then I want a far wider field for it. I want a million men to realise my dream, I want the whole of our Motherland. For this two things are essential: permission to remove my Institution to Ratnagadh and the dismissal of Revashankar."

Jasubha smiled, he thought the Swami was a bit ambitious.

"Sir, how could you ask for that? You are welcome to Ratnagadh; I shall give you some land. But why meddle with our dirty State-politics?" Jasubha was slowly getting tired of the discussion.

"I do not want your dirty State-politics, I want to destroy all that. They have been the ruin of our native States. As long as Revashankar is there, there is not the slightest chance of any change being introduced in the State. The people are tired of him but they go on submitting to his greed and his airs because they see no help. This is not the time for the narrow trades statecraft. The world needs large-visioned empire-builders. So I most earnestly request you to get rid of him and to save your State."

"But granting he is got rid of, who will carry on the work?"

"Who will carry on? Why, there is Ranubha."

"Who? Dear Ranu?" cried Jasubha with a smile, "Oh, what fun!"

"Do you think Ranubha not good enough? Well then, give the work to me. I will accept this worldly position and honour just for your sake and by raising your State to the level of my dreams, I will immortalise your name!"

Jasubha was not a simpleton. He thought that the Swami had done all this in order to be the Divan. His enthusiasm felt a distinct ebb. His habitual indifference returned and with it he found again his ironical manner of speech.

"Swamiji! You? I did not know that even in your *sannyas* you were not able to give up the thirst for power."

Anantanand's eyes became smaller and his nose twitched with unutterable contempt. His voice was sharp as a sword.

"Prince, do not mistake me. I have long since done with the power and pomp of the world. Do you think that I would have thus requested you, if I had cared for these? There was a time in my days of apprenticeship when I could have held the world in my hands had I but cared to do so. I left all that in order to gain the trifle Truth-Wisdom-Bliss.[1] I have the powers if I wish to-day to gain for myself the highest honours of the earth. Why should I then trouble so much to gain a bit of eminence in your paltry State? I would not even look at your State which to you is of such worth. But I want my work, my ideals."

"Sir, I am sorry. You ask too much. I will go to Ratnagadh and think it over."

"Prince, there is nothing to think over. You *must* dismiss Revashankar."

"I am not accustomed to be addressed in these tones," cried Jasubha and with utter indifference he turned round and sat down on a chair.

"Nor am I accustomed to beg on my knees. I will have to keep you here till you consent to dismiss him," thundered Anantanand, as if he was the Ruler of the State! Then he turned and walked away.

*To be continued.*

Eanaiyalal M. Munshi

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[1] *Sat.-citā.nanda.*

# MORE RESEARCHERS RE-SEARCHED

The July number of the *Modern Review* contains another attack against the Carmichael Professor, Dr. D. R. Bhandarkar. The first was made two years ago in the June number of the same monthly for 1921. Dame Rumour then whispered that it was instigated by an Archæological Superintendent. and his presence in Calcutta seemed to lend colour to it. This second attack, mischievous birds whisper, has been made by some one connected with a Library and prompted again by the same Archæological officer and a Borissa University Professor. "Are they actually in Bengal?" I thought to myself, and to my surprise I learn that they were here. These are, however, idle rumours, which do not deserve any consideration. What cannot be ignored is that the attack is not a calm dispassionate criticism of Professor Bhandarkar's views in the interest of truth and knowledge, but is an ignoble attack actuated by motives unworthy of a Bengalee. Professor Bhandarkar has created a school of Ancient Indian History and Culture just as Sir P. C. Ray has done for Chemistry. It is he who induced R. C. Majumdar, S. N. Sen, H. C. Raychaudhury, H. C. Chakladar, N. G. Majumdar, H. C. Ray and others to compose theses for Doctorate or P.R.S. or write papers or notes for publication in the 'Indian Antiquary' whose Joint Editor he was and in the Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society whose Philological Secretary he still is. While he is thus engaged upon the work of building a school of Ancient Indian History and Culture in Bengal, to assail him with cruel malicious criticism is not only a crime but also a sin. In the Preface of his first series of Carmichael Lectures he has very nobly said that "the Bengalees are a loving and lovable people." And is this the way in which the Bengalees are showing their loving and lovable character with which he has credited them? I for one am ashamed of it.

The attack against Professor Bhandarkar in the last number of the *Modern Review* is by one who calls himself Kala Pahaḍ. As the author of this article has not given his name, we despair of seeing any reply to it from the Professor or any one of his Assistants. Mr. N. G. Majumdar, at any rate, has clearly given us to understand so, on p. 107 of the October number of the *Calcutta Review* for 1921 which contains his reply to the first attack. In the interest of truth and fairness, and, above all, to vindicate the Bengalee character I am, therefore, compelled to give some reply to Kala Pahaḍ. I am not a lecturer or any kind of servant of the Calcutta University. Nor am I in any way connected with the opposite camp which is led by the *Modern Review.*

The astounding assertion of Kala Pahaḍ is that Professor Bhandarkar has no qualifications as a scholar and that he had to justify his appointment as Carmichael Professor by trumpeting sensational and cheap discoveries. Let us consider the whole question calmly and impartially. When Professor Bhandarkar was selected, who were the most likely scholars available for the Chair and what were his qualifications as compared to theirs? MM. Haraprasad Sastri, as is well-known, was a candidate for the Chair. People seem to have forgotten how the late Harinath De used to speak of Sastri Mahāśaya. MM Sastri, he used to say, is neither a good Pandit of the old school nor a good scholar of the new type. He has as yet given no proof of his being a first rate Pandit, and lives on the reputation of his forefathers. MM. Sastri never kept a *tol* nor did he ever edit any abstruse work, any *darśana,* as Pandit Satyabrata Sāmaśrami did the *Niruktā,* MM. Kāmākhyanāth Tarkavāgīśa the *Tattva-Chintamaṇi,* or Pandit Bahuvallabha Śastri the *Uddyota.* What he has done is that he has written some articles, imitating modern critical methods. The very first condition of critical scholarship is that no assertion should be made without giving authority for it. How far has MM. Sastri fulfilled this condition? Is there any paper of his which contains footnotes giving authorities for what he has said in the text? I have yet to find one. See on the other hand the articles that have emanated from the pen of Max Müller, Bühler, Kielhorn, Jacobi, Hultzsch, Sten Konow and so forth? Have they ever made any important statement without quoting authority for it? MM. Sastri, however, struts like a veritable *āpta* and spurns giving any authorities for his *ipse dixits.* Is that scholarship? What about his conclusions, again? Are they impartial and unbiassed? Take one illustration for the present. People have not yet forgotten the day when Dr. H. C. Raychaudhury read a paper more than two years ago, criticising MM. Sastri's views on the dismemberment of the Mauryan Empire. The paper was read before the Bengal Asiatic Society and left no doubt as to how far MM. Sastri could think calmly and lucidly. Sastri himself was in the chair, and although he was goaded by more than one member to give a reply, he quailed, because he had none to give. MM. Sastri's name, I know, is associated with certain Reports and Catalogues that he brought out on Sanskrit Manuscripts. But I leave it to scholars to determine how far they bespeak erudition and how far they have been done by "the method of the scissors and the gum-bottle." I should be the last man, however, to be blind to the invaluable services he has rendered to Bengali literature, and I cannot help thinking that he deserved in every way to be the President of the Literary Conference held at Naihati sometime ago.

Another Bengali scholar who applied for the Chair of the Carmichael Professor was Mr. R. D. Banerji who likes to call himself a pupil of Prof. Jadunath Sarkar of Aurangzeb fame. A worthy professor had never a more worthy pupil, and a regular panegyric of his scholarship and critical acumen we find has been penned by no less a scholar than Prof. Lüders of Berlin. Mr. Banerji wrote a paper on twenty-one Brāhmī inscriptions of the 'Scythian' period which was published in the *Epigraphia Indica*, Vol. X, pp. 106 ff. The paper was so good and so scholarly that it evoked unstinted praise from the German Professor, and I have no hesitation in quoting part of it here in order that the new generation of scholars may profit by it. This is what Prof. Lüders remarks about the article of Mr. Banerji: "What may be reasonably expected, and what, I am sorry to say, is wanting in Mr. Banerji's paper, is that carefulness and accuracy that have hitherto been a characteristic feature of the publications in the *Epigraphica Indica*. *It would be a tedious and wearisome business to correct almost line for line mistakes that might have been easily avoided with a little more attention.*" (*Jour. Roy. As. Soc.*, 1912, p. 153.) One more extract from Prof. Lüder's paper which clearly shows how great a philologist Mr. Banerji is. It is this: "Mr. Banerji has attempted to translate this text. He does not shrink from explaining *suṣoti*, with the help of modern Bengali, as 'an *apabhraṁśa* of Sanskrit *svasrīyā*.' *I am not sure whether the pages of the Epigraphia Indica are really the proper place for such linguistic jokes*" (p. 178). It is an open secret that whenever Mr. Banerji is asked by his friends whether he has any reply to give, he never hesitates to say: "I have prepared a crushing reply. It is three-fourths ready. It will soon be out." Although Prof. Lüders' criticism was published more than ten years ago, Mr. Banerji's reply is yet to come. May I request him to publish it forthwith to save the good name of the *Modern Review* and its party, if not the reputation of Bengali scholarship?

The characteristic feature of Mr Banerji's work, namely carelessness and inaccuracy, to which Prof. Lüders has drawn our attention, is not confined by any means to his papers in the *Epigraphia Indica*. Take, for example, the Progress Report of the Western Circle of the year ending 31st March 1918. In para. 17 on page 44, we read the following: "Large

Muhammedan tombs generally have a Masjid built by its side or within the same compound, such as the Masjid near *the Taj Mahal at Delhi.*" Sovan Allah! So Taj Mahal is not in Agra, but in Delhi. What a pity the Senate did not select such a scholar as Carmichael Professor for the enlightenment of post-graduate students! This is just the reason why the articles of Mr. Banerji require to be re-edited and have been so re-edited not only by Prof. Lüders and Sten Konow but also by Messrs. R. G. Basak and N. G. Majumdar. Take his paper on "the Andhau Inscriptions of the time of Rudradāman" which is one of his latest and which is published in *Ep. Ind.*, Vol. XVI, pp. 19 ff. The paper is so full of glaring blunders that Mr. N. G. Majumdar, I hear, is engaged upon re-editing the inscriptions. The warning uttered by Prof. Lüders seems to have been lost upon the present editors of the *Journal*, and what we cannot understand is how Mr. Banerji's present spiteful remarks against Prof. Bhandarkar were allowed by them to stand. I shall give one instance only. The latter's paper on the Dekkan of the "'Sātabāhana period" which was published in the *Indian Antiquary*, 1918, is styled by Mr. Banerji as "a popular account of the history of the Deccan." (*Ep. Ind.*, Vol. XVI, p. 22.) A more scholarly paper than that we have not seen and yet it is dubbed "popular" by him. The only paper of Mr. Banerji which is critical and will not be in need of any early revision is "Three Kshatrapa Inscriptions" (*Ep. Ind.*, Vol. XVI, pp. 233 ff.) But this paper has become critical simply because he is here associated with his 'assistant,' Dr. Vishnu S. Sukthankar.

I now come to a third Bengali scholar, namely, Mr. R. P. Chanda, who like Mr. Banerji had done some work in the field of Indology, when Dr. Bhandarkar was appointed Carmichael Professor. So far as I know, he did not apply for the post, but possibly his qualifications were taken into consideration by the Board of Appointment just as they did in the case of Prof.

Bhandarkar who also did not apply. Mr. Chanda had then brought out two books, one, *Gauḍarājamālā* in Bengali and the other 'Indo-Aryan Races' in English. About that time he was acting as a scholar in the Archæological Department under Sir John Marshall, and was engaged on his Memoir: "Dates of the Votive Inscriptions on the Stūpas at Sāñchi." About his Bengali publication I will speak later on, but let us see here what traits of scholarship have been exhibited in the 'Indo Aryan Races.' It is scarcely necessary to remark that there is one type of scholars who will borrow largely from the works of others but will, unconsciously no doubt, omit all mention of it. They, however, forget that this plagiarism on their part may elude detection for some time, but ultimately it must be out. Such is the case with Mr. Chanda who must have doubtless been indebted to the "Vedic Index" by Professors Macdonell and Keith, but who has strangely enough made no reference to the book, not even once, producing the impression that he is a well-read, well-informed Vedic scholar. His book was reviewed in 'Nature' (Nov. 23, 1916): 'The essays,...............traverse *well-trodden ground.* The great "Vedic Index" of Professors Macdonell and Keith has already collected practically all the information that the Vedic literature supplies on Early India." See again what Mr. W. Crooke has remarked when reviewing the book in 'Man' (August, 1917): "*The path which he has followed is already well-trodden*, and practically all the information in early Hindu literature which is of value for the purpose has already been collected and translated in publications like Dr. J. Muir's Original Sanskrit Texts and in the 'Vedic Index' of Professors Macdonell and Keith." Another trait of his scholarship is that he is discursive and rambling. The main issue is lost in the digressions, which are too many or too lengthy. This defect also has been noticed by the reviewers. Mr. Crooke, for instance, says: "The intention of the book is we are told to supply a monograph on the origin of the Bengali people. *This question however is dealt with only* *incidentally* in the present volume . . . . . . . . . . The scheme is thus sufficiently ambitious, and a study of the book suggests that, instead of discussing, necessarily with insufficient details, the leading problems of Indian religions and ethnology, *the author would have attained greater success if he had devoted himself to the special question which it was the object of the Society to investigate.*" A third trait of his scholarship is also noticeable. No scholar conversant with the methods of critical research has yet published any work of the size of Mr. Chanda's book without giving an index to it. Has Mr. Chanda done it? If he had done so, Mr. Crooke would not have emphasized this sad desideratum in the book. A fourth point about this book is also worth noting. Mr. Chanda poses as an all-round ethnologist, not excluding even anthropometry. Those who were present in Calcutta and attended the Ethnological Section in 1921 when the Science Congress was held here, were immensely amused when Professor P. C. Mahalanobis cornered Mr. Chanda and exposed the so-called scientific method of his work in the field of ethnology. The latter based colossal conclusions on the slender basis of the anthropometric measurement, for instance, of fourteen Vaidya heads only, when, as Professor Mahalanobis clearly demonstrated, one hundred and fifty was the lower limit of safe sampling for anthropological purposes. Does that show acquaintance with the critical methods of research work?

After the publication of his book 'Indo-Aryan Races' Mr. Chanda suddenly took a somersault. He was an ethnologist so long, and now aspired to be an archæologist. But when a person is not well-grounded in the scientific methods of research, he must betray his uncritical nature whether he writes a book such as the 'Indo-Aryan Races' in the sphere of ethnology or 'Dates of the Votive Inscriptions on the Stūpas at Sāñchi' in the field of Archæology. I am glad that Kala Pahad thinks highly of the critical work done by Dr. R. C. Majumdar. But just see what the latter has to say about

Mr. Chanda's archæological publication. I will quote here one paragraph from Dr. Majumdar's article criticising Mr. Chanda's theory: "Mr. Chanda has not utilised the brilliant opportunity he had, thanks to Sir John Marshall, of making a chart of all the different types of letters used in the Sāñchi Inscriptions on the lines laid down by Bühler. In the absence of the facsimile of all the inscriptions, this alone would have enabled his readers to judge for themselves the whole palæographic question in general, and the correctness of his own views in particular. Instead of doing that Mr. Chanda has given us merely the facsimiles of a few typical examples. It is needless to point out that the typical examples chosen by an author labour under the same defects as the eye-copy of an inscription: for, in both, the author is prepossessed by his own views about the matter." (Jour., As. Soc. Bengal, 1922, p. 227.)

I shall now pass on to Professor Bhandarkar about whose merits as a scholar it is scarcely necessary to say much. His outturn of work is as exuberant as, if not more than, that of MM. Sastri or Mr. Banerji. The quality of his work, however, is beyond all comparison to that of the two latter and Mr. Chanda. Four of his papers again are of outstanding merit, and have thrown a flood of light on the obscure periods and movements of Ancient India. Such are his papers on the 'Guhilots,' the 'Gurjaras,' 'Lakulīśa' and the 'Foreign Elements in the Hindu Population.' In regard to the first the late Dr. V. A. Smith says that it is "an exceptionally valuable and original essay." ('Early History of India,' 3rd edition, p. 422.) The second paper has been reviewed by the late Dr. A. F. Rudolf Hoernle in the Jour. R. As. Soc., 1904, pp. 639 ff., where he has clearly shown what unexpected light it throws on a period of Indian History until then very dark. The paper on 'Lakulisa' has elicited much encomium from Dr. Fleet though his view was therein combated and overthrown. Almost the whole of Professor Bhandarkar's theory has been accepted by him unreservedly.

(Jour. Roy. As. Soc., 1907, pp. 420 ff.). As regards the 'Foreign Elements in the Hindu Population' there is hardly any scholar writing about any branch of sociology of India who has not quoted from it. All these papers, it may be remarked in passing, have been most favourably reviewed by the late M. A. Barth in the *Journal* of the French Institute. In none of the reviews passed by these scholars they had any occasion to say anything which could constitute a defect in the critical nature of Professor Bhandarkar such as those which Professor Lüders pointed out in the case of Mr. Banerji and the reviewers of the 'Indo-Aryan Race' did in the case of Mr. Chanda. Nobody who considers the matter impartially can, therefore, find fault with Sir Asutosh Mookerjee or the Board of Appointment for selecting Professor Bhandarkar to fill the Chair of Carmichael Professor to the exclusion of the three 'Bengali' scholars, who can be called 'scholars' by courtesy only.

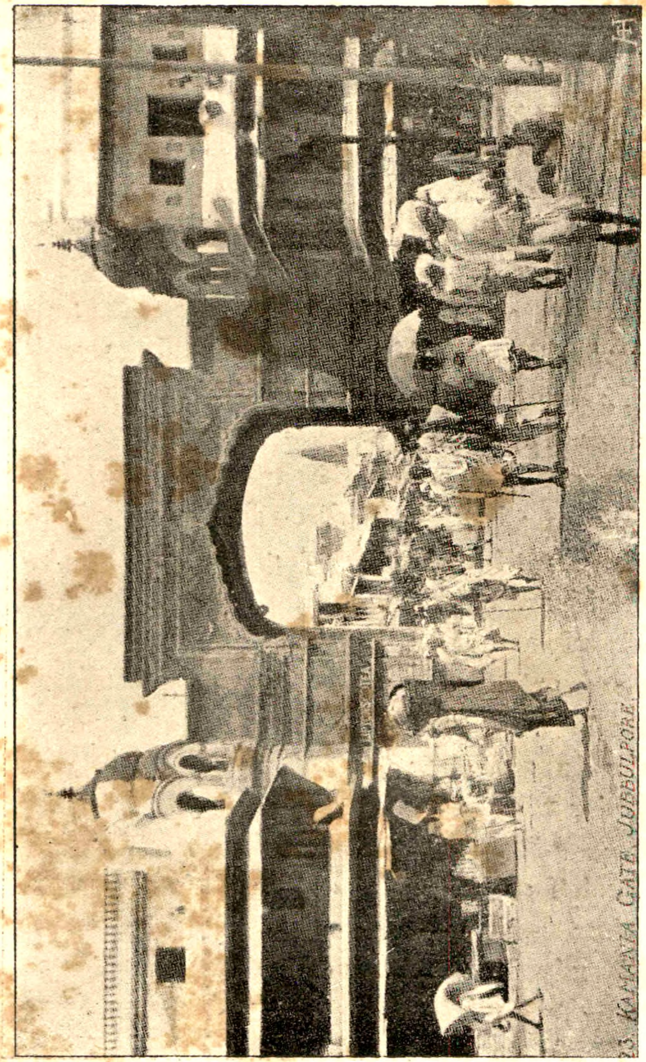
Now arises a curious question, namely, about the warped mentality of Professor Bhandarkar. Up till the time when he came to Calcutta his work was praised on all hands and no European scholar could point to any defect in his critical methods. On coming to Calcutta, however, Professor Bhandarkar suddenly develops a craze for sensationalism and cheap research, as Kala Pahaḍ would have us believe. But what is the exact instance of this new trait of his scholarship? We are told that Mr. Panchanan Mitra announced a sensational discovery based on two neoliths and Professor Bhandarkar supported it thoroughly with a view to demolish the monumental work of George Bühler 'On the Origin of Indian Alphabets.' One of the neoliths, it is contended, contained mere Arabic integers and Mr. Mitra's love of sensationalism saw prehistoric characters in them. This reminds us of a similar thing which happened in Bengal before Professor Bhandarkar came. I have already stated that Mr. Chanda has written a book in Bengali called *Gauḍarājamālā*. I request the scholars to turn to page 60 of this book, which contains the line तदनु विजयसेनः प्रादुरासीद् वरेन्द्रे. Mr. Chanda says that he has taken it from Ballālasena's *Dānasāgara*. Will he very kindly tell us from which manuscript of the work he has excerpted the verse? All the verses descriptive of the Sena family that occur in the *Dānasāgara* have been quoted by Eggeling in his 'Catalogue of India Office MSS.' on pp. 542 ff. And we find that the last word in the line is नरेन्द्रो and not वरेन्द्रे as Mr. Chanda has published it. Again, the old name for this country is Varendrī, and not Varendra, and if Mr. Chanda had but taken a little trouble and read the second verse from it which describes Ballālasena's preceptor Aniruddha, he would have met the word *Varendrī*. But why should Mr. Chanda take this trouble? Was he not working in the Varendra Research Society when he was writing the *Gauḍarājamālā*? Should he not justify his connection with that Society by the sensational announcement that Vijayasena, the founder of the Sena dynasty, was already a native and ruler of Varendra? Poor Mr. Nagendranath Vasu! This Prāchya-Vidyā-Mahārṇaba was not only branded as uncritical and unscholarly but openly charged with having misquoted a document in the controversy about Ādiśūra just by that very man who was by no means better. Well we are reminded of the admonition of Christ when he preaches: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." If Mr. Nagendranath Vasu is an instance of a victim of love of sensationalism, Mr. Chanda is doubtless another. But the story does not end here. And Mr. Chanda's sensational historical conclusions we find quoted by Mr. R. D. Banerji in his *Bāngḷār Itihās*, p. 289; and what is more amusing is that as is usual with Mr. Banerji who is the incarnation of carelessness and inaccuracy, he takes *Dānasāgara* to be a *kulaśāstra*. And what is funniest is that this glaring blunder has escaped the attention of the *sub-janta* Editor of the *Modern Review* to whom Mr.

Banerji says that he was indebted for many mistakes and inaccuracies pointed out by him. Prof. Bhandarkar has at least this excuse that he is not conversant with prehistoric archæology. But he says so frankly in more than one place, and admits to have been indebted to Mr. Mitra for a theory or suggestion about this subject. But has Mr. Banerji any excuse? Could he not have verified the matter by actually referring to a manuscript of the *kulaśāstra* (*Dānasāgara*)? Did it not occur to him that the old name of the northern part of Bengal was not Varendra, but Varendrī? But why should scholars take all this trouble whose object is not critical research work, but sensational discoveries and cheap applause? I hope I shall not be accused of having done injustice to Mr. Banerji, because I have hinted that he has not concocted sensationalism but merely propagated it. It may naturally be asked whether he has not shown any originality in this respect also. Far be it from me to do any injustice to him! Why should there be a *dvayī* between Mr. Nagendra Nath Vasu and Mr. Ramaprasad Chanda? Let Mr. Rakhaldas Banerji join them and form the *trayī*. His latest in the sphere of sensationalism is on p. 232, Vol. XVI, *Epigraphia Indica.* Sir John Marshall found an inscription near Sāñchi, and in line 2, Mr. Banerji reads the name of the Kshatrapa Jīvadāman. If an inked impression of this inscription is forwarded to Professor Lüders, he must remark: "I am not sure whether the pages of the *Epigraphia Indica* are really the proper place for such epigraphic jokes." The work of weaving out sensational theories and winning cheap applause, thanks to Messrs. Chanda and Banerji, was in existence in Bengal long before Professor Bhandarkar came. I am therefore unable to understand why the latter should be given credit for it, as Kala Pahaḍ has doubtless done. What may have happened is that the atmosphere of Bengal which was already tainted with a craze for sensationalism warped the capacity of Professor Bhandarkar's judgment which till he was in his own province was as critical and sober as anything. But to find out what had really happened, I enquired of those who were present in the Asiatic Society when Mr. Chanda read his paper. The story, however, which I learned is entirely different and does not at all show that Professor Bhandarkar or Mr. Mitra evinced any morbid craving for sensational things. After Mr. Chanda had read his paper, Professor Bhandarkar rose to give a reply as Mr. Mitra was not in Calcutta. From this, it is quite clear that there is absolutely nothing sensational about Mr. Mitra's conclusions, which, even if it may not prove to be the correct one, has all the air of plausibility about it and is, therefore, worth placing before scholars for healthy discussion. It is not my object to go into the matter here, because I hear that Mr. Chanda is recasting the paper after what Professor Bhandarkar has said about it by way of criticism. When that is published, the Professor or Mr. Mitra will, I suppose, give a reply to it if there is anything in it which requires or deserves a reply. It is, therefore, no use at this stage of stating my views on the subject because I am perfectly certain that I shall not be able to set the double-headed Janus of Bankura and his self-opinionative worshippers on the way to Truth. It is very nice for him as President of a religious institution to cry sonorously *satyam-eva jayate, n-ānṛitam* where pious resolutions are to be formed, but, when the time for action comes, he, as Editor of a monthly, must declaim a rigmarole of most astounding truths, untruths and half-truths.

Now a word of friendly advice to Kala Pahaḍ. Like a Borissa Professor, he is welcome to malign and abuse the Professors and Lecturers of the Calcutta University in the institution where he is working, as he is rightly or wrongly reported to be. But he should beware of assailing in the press with obnoxious criticism any member of the staff of the Ancient Indian History and Culture, because that is sure to provoke a reply which may involve a merciless exposure of scholars, some of whom may be his intimate friends. I sincerely hope that none of the scholars whose uncritical work I have tried to gauge in the preceding pages is a friend of his. Again, what has been pointed out above about their work is nothing compared to what still remains to be pointed out. One friendly hint also to Professor Bhandarkar. In his fervour of hero-worship he does not know that he has committed two sins. The first is, of course, that he has allowed himself to be selected and brought to Calcutta by Sir Asutosh Mookerjee. His second sin is that he has openly expressed his genuine admiration and reverence for the latter. He ought to expiate these sins speedily. Last year Dr. Sylvain Lévi delivered a lecture in the University, and remarked that the two greatest living men of Bengal were Sir Asutosh Mookerjee and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. If Professor Bhandarkar comes in close contact with the latter, I am sure he will find much to admire and revere in the Bengali poet, shall I say, the world poet whose message has brought solace and peace of mind to many of the *intelligentsia* of Europe. If the Professor then lights upon another silver scroll inscription, say, in the Paharpur excavations, it will most probably be found to contain the *jataka* of the Poet connecting him with Vālmīki, Bhavabhūti and Rājasékhara. And we assure Professor Bhandarkar that the Editor of the *Modern Review* will send two emissaries to Ballygunge to call upon him and request him to part with the scroll in order that its historical contents may be proclaimed to the world. Even the discoveries of the neolithic writings with which his name is now maliciously connected will then be trumpeted in the pages of the *Modern Review* and held up to public admiration and praise, just as his brilliant discoveries in the Besnagar excavations were described by the same monthly, long before the Autocrat of College Square decreed against appointing a chip of Sir Oracle in the Science College, if we may rely upon the Wag of the *Nāyaka*.

DHABALA GIRI

# IN AND ABOUT JUBBULPORE[1]


23. KAMANIA GATE, JUBBULPORE.

Kamania Gate, Jubbulpore.

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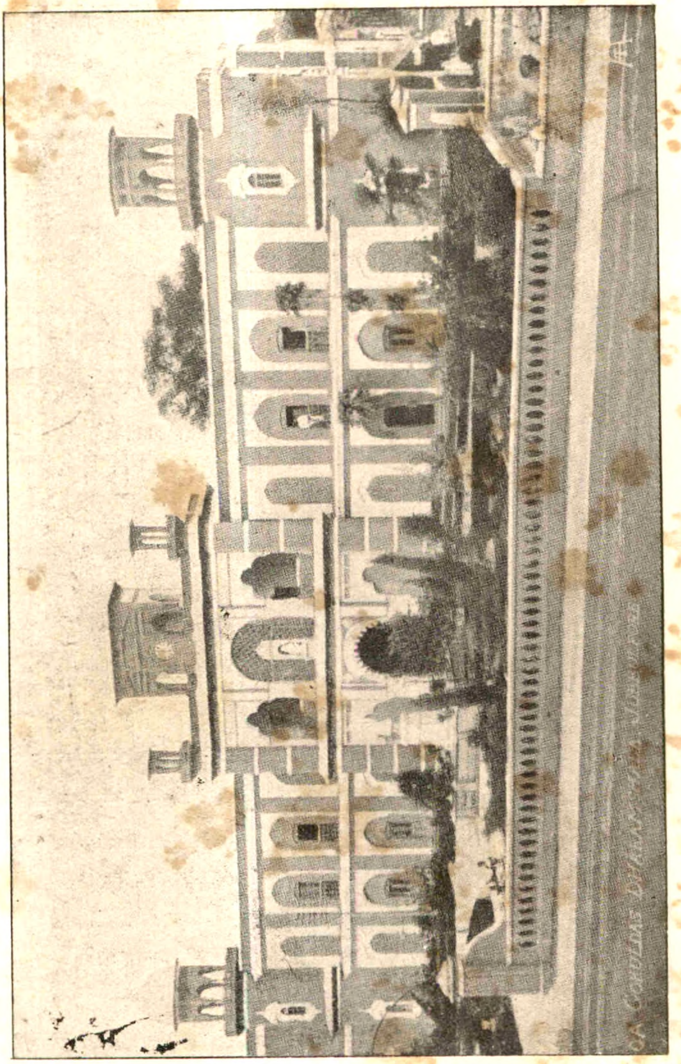
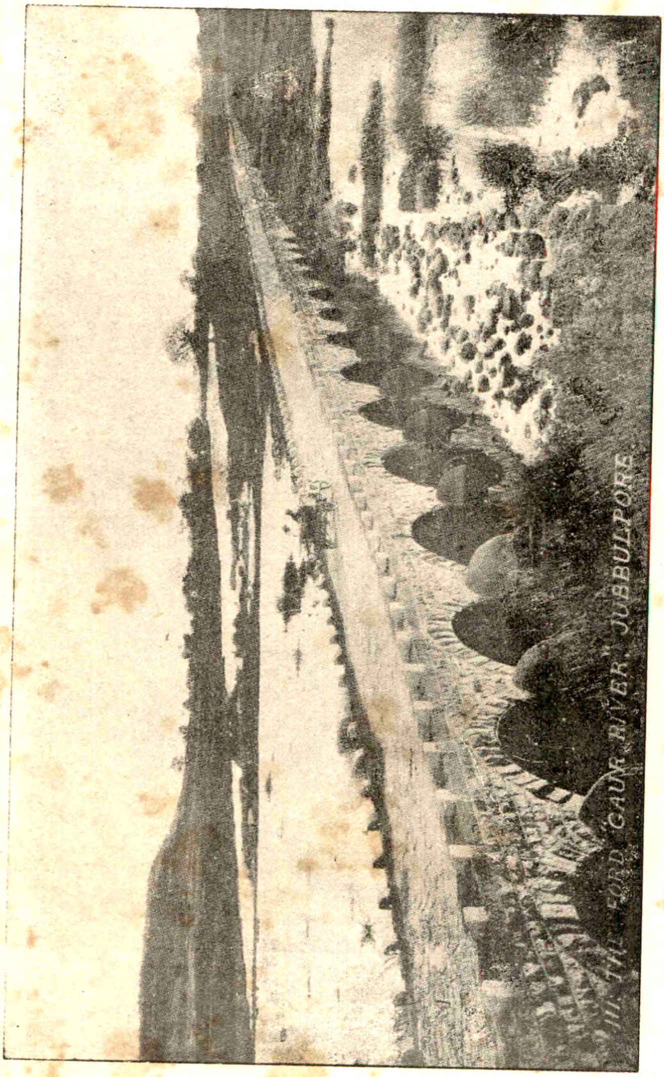
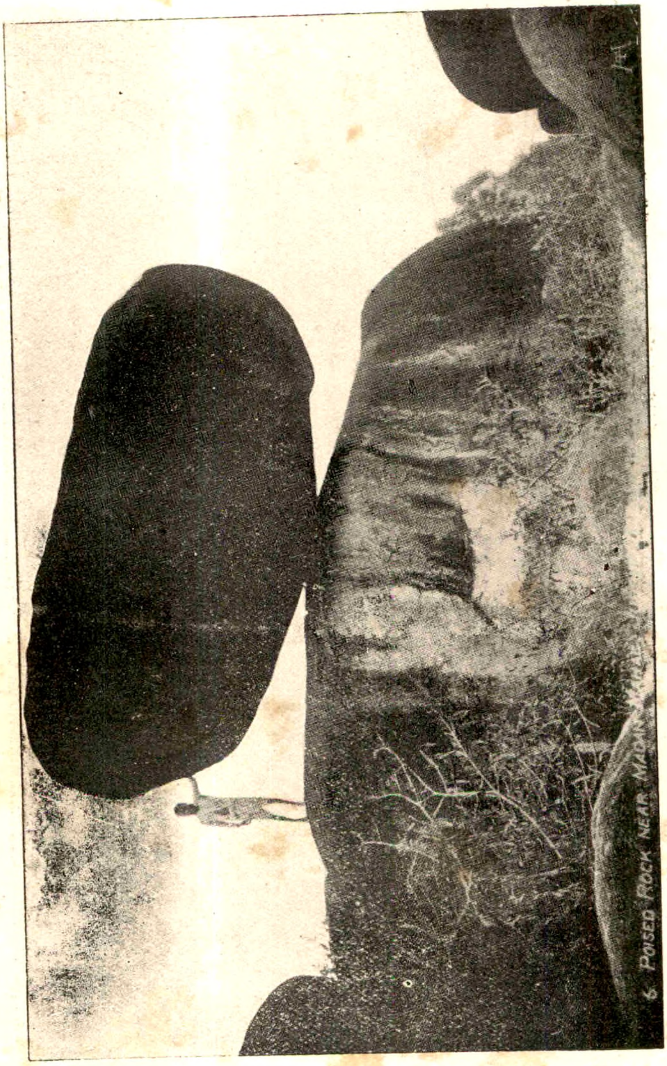
[1] By courtesy of the *Manashi-O-Marmabani.*



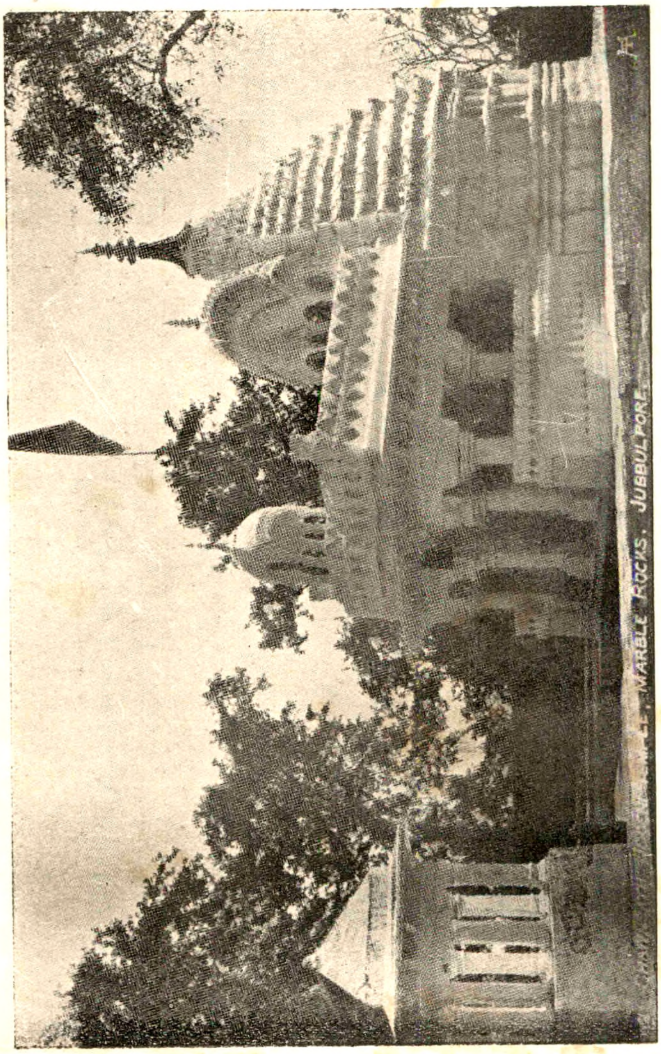
Raja Goculdas *Dharamsala.*


III. THE FORD "GAUR RIVER" JUBBULPORE

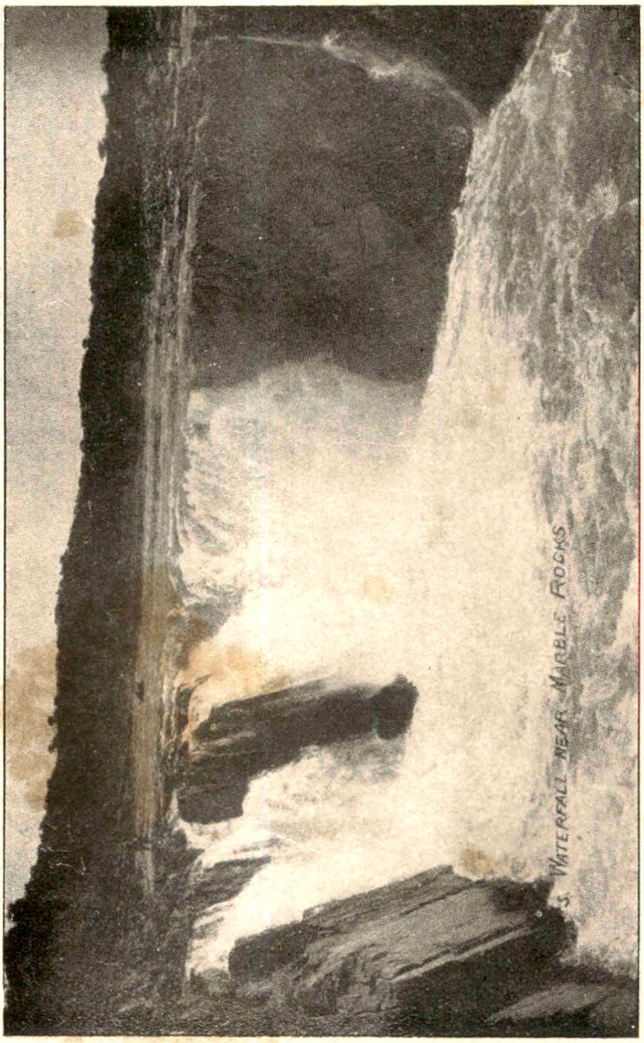
Bridge on the Gaur River.


6 POISED ROCK NEAR MADAN

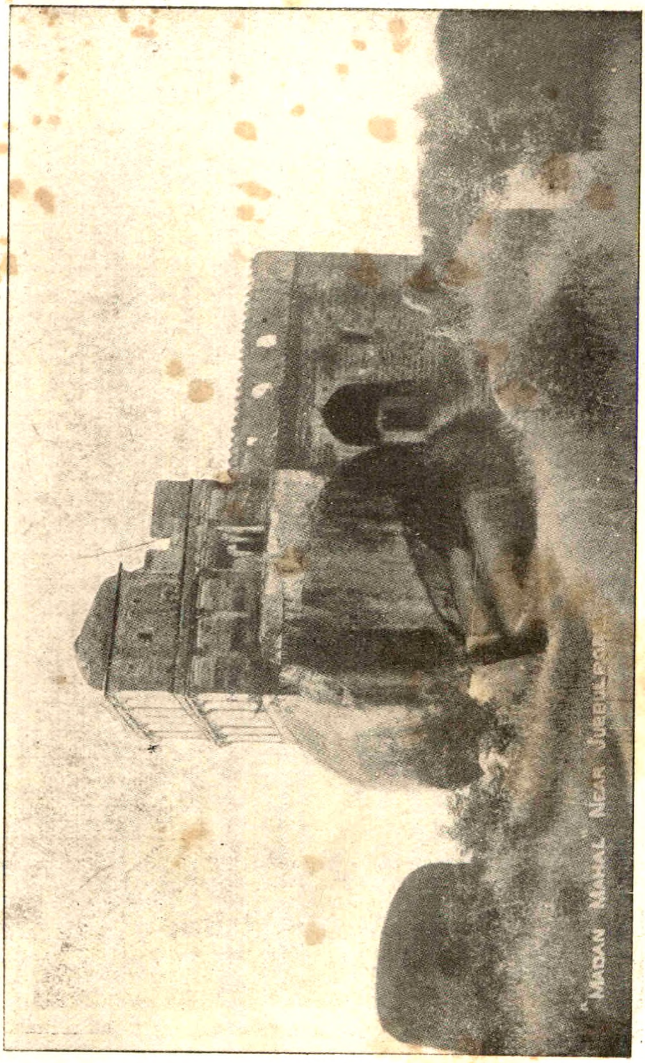
Poised rock near *Madan Mahal.*


MARBLE ROCKS. JUBBULPORE.

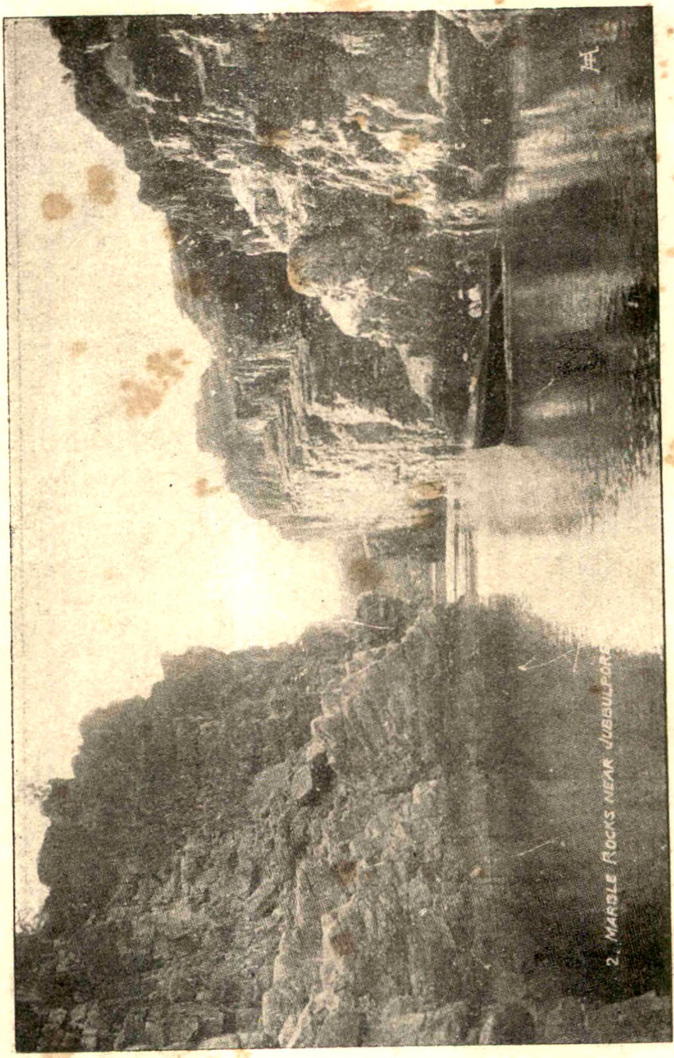
Chausath Yogini Temple, Marble Rocks, Jubbulpore.


3. WATERFALL NEAR MARBLE ROCKS

Waterfall near Marble Rocks.


"MADAN MAHAL NEAR JUBBULPORE

"*Madan Mahal*" near Jubbulpore.


2. MARBLE ROCKS NEAR JUBBULPORE

Marble Rocks near Jubbulpore

# MUHAMMEDAN EDUCATION[1]

I am not indulging in the usual language of convention when I say that I feel highly honoured at the great compliment you have paid me by inviting me to preside over your deliberations here to-day. Mr. President and members of the Reception Committee, I really feel grateful to you for having given me such a cordial welcome and referred in such appreciative and generous terms to my humble services towards the community to which I have the honour to belong. I am afraid I must ask you to be prepared for disappointment considering that my professional training has not qualified me to produce fine specimens of rhetoric and speeches. You will not get anything more than a few simple suggestions put together in ordinary plain language.

It is a happy augury to see that you have assembled here to-day in such large numbers in spite of the trying weather and the fatigue and discomfort of the journey from your homes in the interior of the districts. You have not only not been deterred by physical discomforts but have cheerfully suffered pecuniary loss and left your business to come here to take part in the deliberations of this Educational Conference.

I am sure as a result of the concerted action of so many Mahomedans, each anxious to do his bit, we will realise our sense of responsibility towards ourselves and the Muslim community and the great religion of Islam to which by the mercy and grace of God it is our privilege to belong.

## TRYING TIMES.

The whole world is in an upheaval, we are passing through very critical and trying times, we are standing at the parting of the ways—the great World-War and the aftermath thereof has produced new conditions, new possibilities and new problems which if not approached in the right mood and in the right manner and taken advantage of in the most appropriate fashion by the Muslims, our community will suffer a great and permanent set-back.

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[1] The above is the full text of the Presidential address delivered by Major Hassan Suhrawardy, M. L. C., at the Mahomedan Educational Conference, Maldah, 14th April, 1923.

The epoch-making Reforms with its enlarged councils giving larger powers to the chosen representatives of the people over the finances and the Government of the country should be taken the fullest advantage of by the Muslim community. Unless our own representatives have some hand in the allotment of funds and our own men participate effectively in shaping the policy of Government, Muslims will not be able to get the desired advantages from Government grants, and found stipends and scholarships, hostels and other institutions for the spread of Muslim education or obtain their due, and proper share from the Indianisation of the higher Civil Services and of the Army and of the different railway undertakings. In the past we were slow to take advantage of the benefits of Western education offered by the British and our present backward position is largely due to this apathy and mistake on our part and the suicidal and short-sighted policy of a variety of non-co-operation on the part of our leaders, who did not realise the fatal consequences of their conservative policy.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look back, ye brothers in Islam, to your great and glorious past when the Muslim centres of education at Cordova, Granada, and Savile, at Morocco, Stambul and Cairo, Damascus and Bagdad, Ispahan and Delhi held aloft the torch of light and learning in Europe, Africa and Asia and were the recognised fountain-heads of progress, culture and civilisation—when Muslims led the vanguard not only in the peaceful advancement of Science and Art but were also the virile leaders in military prowess and the pioneers in commercial enterprises and in industrial undertakings. But to-day look around and realise the depth of your fall and degradation due to ignorance, poverty, envy, party-feuds, conservatism and narrow-minded bigotry.

The crumbling ruins and tumbling edifices around us in this once a great and prosperous city symbolises the present state of decay and ruin of the great Muslim community who once occupied the highest pinnacle of glory, prosperity, fame and culture and are now surrounded by the darkest abyss of ignorance, penury, decay and disease. One can hardly believe that we are the progeny of those heroes :—

"The field for the exercise of whose cavalry extended from the confines of Tartary to the borders of the deserts of Zanzibar."

## A FITNESS OF THINGS.

As I stand here to-day and realise with admiration and awe that I am surrounded by the remains of the far-famed capital of Bengal, the historic Gaur and Panduah, I feel that there is a peculiar fitness of things in choosing this place as the venue of our educational conference. I notice the Art and exquisite workmanship on the shattered walls and broken pillars in the ruins surrounding me and see in them a most eloquent and unmistakable testimony of the greatness of the past princes and potentates of Islam. I feel the collapsed domes, the ancient arches and the crumbling minarets of that noble pile—the famous Adina Mosque once resounding and reverberating with the voice of the Mu'azzin at day-break and sun-down and in the stillness of night, are calling aloud, and appealing to us to revive, restore and prevent from absolute destruction and effacement the culture and civilisation of Islam so fondly cherished and highly developed in this very place by the Mahomedan kings of Bengal. Their name and fame reached to such a pitch of perfection that men of light and learning were attracted to them from all parts of the Muslim World. Even the proverbially home-sick Hafiz, the renowned Persian poet, was tempted to start on the arduous journey to Gaur from Shiraz in Persia in order to get recognition and patronage at the hands of a Muslim ruler of Bengal. I am sure all of you are familiar with the famous lines in which reference is made to this event :—" The bards of India would be pecking sugarcandy when this Persian sweet arrives in Bengal." Similarly, the famous poet Anwari in his inimitable chaste Persian praises Sultan Ghyasuddin in the following exquisite verse :—

" Mother Earth has not begotten under the canopy of Heavens a patron of learning and king like Ghyasuddin and an indigent beggar like Anwari."

### A CONTRAST.

To-day unfortunately the inhabitants of Maldah, of Panduah and Gaur are looked upon with the rest of the Muslims of Bengal as the most backward and wanting in education and culture ! Let us, however, not be down-hearted and depressed by our present condition. Let us realise that our present condition is not due to any inherent defect or fault in the religion of Islam but that the fault lies with the present-day Muslims—the followers of Islam. Our present condition is only the natural result of our having slept the sleep of mental torpitude for centuries and ages. With self-help, good guidance and by taking advantage of the opportunities offered to us, we can regain our lost position. Every dark cloud has a silver lining and after every downward stroke of the wave there is the inevitable upheaval. Our regeneration and rise is sure. The Muslims have got as great and glorious a future before them as has been their past. Let us stand on our legs with strong hearts and steady determination and break ourselves free from the artificial shell of bigotry and denominational bias, the fetters of party feuds and petty jealousies amongst ourselves and a state of entranced contentment. Let us realise that the true teaching of Islam is broad-minded, liberal and progressive and embraces the whole world and all the sciences, arts, and industries in its parental arms. Read and interpret in their true perspective the " Shariat " and the Holy Koran and follow the spirit and not the letter of the glorious religion and the faith of Islam to which it is your privilege to belong. It did not fail you in the past, it will not fail you in the future, it will illuminate the darkest recess and corners of your hearts, and uplift the Muslim community and raise it to the pitch of prosperity and height of education, culture and influence which have been its glorious heritage. We must realise that our intellectual, social and economic development can be worked out only by our own efforts and by giving proper guidance, help and support to the younger generations. The fatal doctrine of "*Kismat*" has been as great a barrier to our progress as has been the dogma of contentment. We are made fatalists from our tender years and we are taught that we cannot get past our preordained destinies. Such a doctrine is opposed to progress and fatal to advancement and crushes out of existence all ambition and spirit of enterprise and is responsible for the indolence and sloth and apathy among its votaries. It is a false doctrine wrongly interpreted and unjustly attributed to Islam. Islam does not encourage sloth, and idleness nor a foolish reliance on others, but in unmistakable terms inculcates the principle of self-help. It is said :—

" For the safety of your camel rely on Providence, but all the same do not forget to tie its legs."

"The success is vouchsafed by God but the effort must come from my own self."

## MUHAMMEDANS AND EDUCATION.

It is a most gratifying sign to note that Muhammedans are interesting themselves more and more in education. They are realising that by honest hard work they will get over their difficulties and qualify themselves for their legitimate share in every sphere of work in the country. We must utilise all our resources for the advancement of education because our hope of salvation lies only through the door of education. It is an irony of fate that while Islam teaches that the ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr, the Muslims are now reputed to be the most backward in education! It is a solemn duty with every Muslim to do his best for propagating knowledge. The great prophet of Islam said, "Cross over deserts and seas: Go over even to China in the pursuit of knowledge." "Seek knowledge from the time you leave your cradle of infancy to the time you leave this world to lie on the cradle of your grave." The growth of the mosque and the *maktab* side by side is a proof positive of the interest of the Muslims in education as an article of their faith. The sayings of the Prophet and the sacred books of Islam are rich in passages encouraging the propagation and pursuit of knowledge. Now that we have roused ourselves from our lethargy and slumber and are prepared to take advantage of the blessings of modern education let us not repeat the mistake and waste our energy in acquiring only what is called the cultural side of education. We should be alert and quick to realise the full significance of the well-known saying :—

"Read Persian and sell oil," "Strive after bread, it is substantial, the melon you have grasped has only flavour and contains water."

## VOCATIONAL EDUCATION.

Take early and full advantage of vocational education, and of the opportunities offered for training in what are called the Industrial, Technical and Mechanical side of education,—so that a few years hence the Muslims will not find themselves in the same position of backwardness in which they found themselves in the Arts side of their University education. What I recommend is that we should not continue to tread over the old and beaten paths of education but should, like progressive men of business, keep our eyes and ears open and notice the altered conditions of things and adapt ourselves to the modern requirements and altered conditions. If we decide to take Government aid and help for our social and educational uplift then I think we should ask for Government aid in the shape of scholarships and stipends for Muslim students for study in this country and abroad and for starting vocational and technical departments in connection with our *Maktabs* and *Madrasahs* and not waste our time and energies in agitating for an out-of-date political cult which breaks its heart over such unremunerative denominational institution such as the establishment of a Mahomedan Arts College in Calcutta. What is the good of sinking money in brick and mortar for a fine building while the majority of Mahomedan students are so poor that they either cannot pay their way to get a graduate's degree or on account of their straitened circumstances have to seek employment at such an early period of their lives that they cannot afford to put in the necessary time in the University in order to finish the course necessary for an ordinary Arts Degree? Therefore, I recommend that the Mahomedans should utilise all their resources in founding scholarships and stipends and in some cases hostels for Muslim students and providing every facility for study in the already existing colleges and universities in this country and in Europe and America. Let our youngmen take the fullest advantage of the teaching and training offered by the more modern and less lengthy but more remunerative vocational side of education. Agriculture, Commerce; Industries, Technology, Mining, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering are unbroken grounds full of promise for the youngmen of our country. Imagine the great advantage the sons of the agriculturists of Maldah and Murshidabad will derive if instead of producing only the raw products like silk cocoons, they learn the improved methods of reeling and weaving of silk! I advocate that in the receptive period of their life the young Mahomedan boys should work as comrades and friends side by side with members of other communities and cultivate sympathy and friendship in the school room and the playground which will be lasting throughout the rest of their lives. If boys of other communities are at present more advanced than ours it is a mistake to keep our boys isolated from them for in the field of life they will have to come together and if brought up in isolation there is the risk of their not realising the relative fitness of things. In the struggle for existence "survival of the fittest" is the law of nature. The Persian poet says:—

"Your comrades should be better than yourselves so that you might improve and profit by their association."

## PROTECTIVE MEASURES.

Protective measures are necessary in the earlier stages of our regeneration and advancement. Pray do not, however, be lulled into security against the approach of that sure but sudden storm which may sweep away all the extraneous props and support on which you are leaning so securely. Prepare and fortify yourself while opportunities are available to face any weather, any sudden hurricane of any magnitude. Grow in friendship, co-operation and harmony and if necessary in healthy emulation with the different communities and you will not build a dead wall round yourselves. Isolation and distrust is fatal to progress. The mischievous habit will creep into your own social fabric and you will find it difficult if not impossible to grow out of it. I do not believe the Muslim community is backward because the Muslims are mentally deficient. I believe they are backward only because they did not take advantage of the opportunities offered to them at the right moment and in the right way. All that we want now is to be given a just and a fair chance, and good guidance,—the Muslims will again prove that they possess great grit, stamina and capacity in them. They will rise up to the occasion and prove their worth and efficiency.

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

I cannot sit down without making a reference to the important question of female education. The educated man naturally looks forward to his companion for life to be a partner of his aims and aspirations, his ideals and ambitions. If he finds there is no reciprocity and enlightenment in his own home or in his own community he seeks recreation and intellectual companionship elsewhere with the natural fatal results. Our girls of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow. Islam strongly recommends education of both boys and girls and you find in every mosque a *maktab* attached to it and in these *maktabs* children of both sexes are given education in *Diniyat* and taught to read and write. Female education is not a new institution to Islam. Respect for women is no innovation of the modern times so far as the Muslims are concerned. "Heaven lieth at the feet of mothers" said the Prophet of Islam and Muslim history is replete with the names of ladies famous for their piety, culture and learning. Give your girls a thorough grounding of religious education on which the foundation of secular education and culture will be broad-based. We should include domestic and personal hygiene, cookery, sewing, knitting, drawing, painting, keeping of accounts and general house wifery as part of education for our girls. We need not aim at making them B.A.'s and M.A.'s. Saintly and pious ladies like Hazrat Fatima, Sakina and Rabai Basari and cultured ladies like Noor Jahan, Mumtaz Mahal and Zebunnessa were not the products of any Faculty of a university. One can be highly educated and cultured without entering a University and obtaining degrees. The influence of a woman in the harmony, health and prosperity of a family and naturally on that of a nation depends on the early education and culture she receives. If we neglect this important factor we will never be able to lift up the veil of superstition and ignorance which is stifling and smothering the corporate growth of our community, obstructing the rays of enlightenment and true Islamic culture, and preventing them from penetrating and illuminating the darkness which is now unfortunately prevailing round the four walls of our benighted Zenana.

I am very much obliged to you for the courtesy you have shown me by patiently listening to me. I thank you very much.

HASSAN SUHRAWARDY

# THE LAW OF KARMA

In days of yore, a Brahmin pure,
Afflicted with penury's blast,
His wretched life could scarce endure,
For wealth, prayed he, to God at last.

In mount Kailash, the hoary God,
Mahadeo sat, his consort fair,
Kind Parbati was by her Lord ;
There softly blew the Malay air.

Mahadeo played a charming air
Upon his bow—his favourite harp—
The snake around his matted hair,
Outspread its hood with fangs so sharp.

Within the Brahmin's modest hut,
Sat he, in sad and pensive mood,
His learned books in hunger shut,
Cried he to God for wealth and food.

The Brahmin's cry went forth above,
And Hara's harp discordant rang,
Sweet Parbati's kind heart did move,
She heard the far cry with a pang.

" Lord of my life ! O tell me why
This pious Brahmin hungry be ?
For wealth in vain why should he cry,
When knaves in riches roll in glee ? "

So spake the goddess to her lord,
Who kissed her sweetly with a smile ;
Harmonious rang his mental chord,
In ecstasy he danced awhile.

Quoth he, "My darling! man must taste
The fruit of acts in former birth;
This Brahmin now so pure and chaste
Escape can he, this law of earth?"

"Oh! dupe me not, dear lord! reward
Him for devotion *now* to thee;
For past sins on him be not hard,
Relax thy law if law this be."

The great Mahadeo smiled again,
"Unreasonable women are" thought he,
But spake to her in sweet a strain
"My darling! prithee, wait and see."

Now through a forest lone and deep,
Goes slow and sad the Brahmin old;
Upon his path the God does keep
A necklace made of pearl and gold.

The Brahmin poor in absent mind,
To sightless people felt very kind;
To feel how they their way do find,
With eyes both closed, his path did wind.

The necklace rich remained unseen,
The Brahmin's wealth became a dream,
The hoary God spoke to his queen
"The law of Karma *is* supreme."

C. C. MUKERJI

# Reviews

**China, Captive or Free?** By Rev. Gilbert Reid. (London, George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1922).

This is a treatise by the Director of the International Institute of China. The author is, as in duty bound, a friend and well-wisher of China and its people, and in the preface states that "for adhering to his convictions and out of love for China he was made to suffer not only *for* China, but *with* China, and underwent some tragic, amusing and puerile persecution from the great diplomats of four Legations, British, French, Japanese and even America. The U. S. Constitution, like the Sermon on the Mount, both slumbered and slept."

The author was present in China during the whole period of the Great War and after; he is intimately acquainted with the Chinese language, literature and history and was on friendly terms with well-known Chinese political leaders; we may, therefore, trust that his account is as correct as it is impartial. Every one who wishes to obtain a true insight into the origin of the present deplorable condition of that "distressful" country of Eastern Asia should read Gilbert Reid's fascinating book. Well may he say: "The contact of European civilisation with the peoples of Asia and Africa, and the American continents, makes sad reading for the man of justice. As to the one country of China, with a long record of civilisation, statecraft. philosophy, art and religion, the question arises: "Has China been blessed or cursed by Western civilisation?" Looking at the sad havoc of years, Japan may well claim that she is no worse than European nations in their treatment of China. No wonder that "from China's standpoint all outsiders are bad." As a matter of fact, every impartial student of Chinese history from 1840 onward cannot help being ashamed of the long series of overt acts of aggression, of sordid intrigues and of bare-faced bribery of which nations who constantly boast of their civilisation and of having saved civilisation have been guilty for a long series of years. We may well ask: Why was China not left alone? Was it to bless China with a foreign civilisation, which after all was probably not better than its own ancient civilisation? Or is the average European or American Christian morally so much superior to the average Chinese that it was so necessary to flood China with Christian missionaries?

The Great War was carried into China certainly not for the benefit of the Chinese, nor could the fall of Tsing-tao have had the slightest influence on the final result of the war. The small German fleet had left Chinese waters and was not likely to return to fall an easy prey to the Japanese. Tsing-tao was garrisoned by 4,500 German troops. In the final rush up the slopes of Iltis fort 17,000 Japanese gained a glorious victory over 3,800 Germans. That event took place after Japan had violated neutral Chinese territory in the most bare-faced way.

"To bring the war from Europe to Asia has been a calamity to China, though so worked as to be a gain to Japan." Marquis Okuma was of opinion that it afforded Japan "the one opportunity in 10,000 years." And to China it brought the greatest catastrophe in 10,000 years. The first fruit of the great victory of the Japanese over the Germans was the presentation of the renowned Twenty-one Demands to the Chinese Government. The acceptance of these Demands would have been to reduce China to a permanent state of vassalage, and the mode of presentation was a downright insult to the President of the Chinese Republic. This came on top of the violation of neutral territory and concomitant material losses, for which China should have been indemnified. But "reparations" are not for weak Asiatics. About the same time France had occupied Lao-shi-Kai near Tien-tsin in Chinese territory in a high-handed way, another violation of the laws of neutrality.

The present trouble in China, due to the predominance of Chinese militarists, dates from the 4th of February, 1917. On that day, that arch-intriguer, Paul Peinsch, presented the new President Li Yuan-hung, with a request from that obstinate but weak theorician, ex-President Wilson. The request was that China should sever diplomatic relations with Germany. Li Yuan-hung was devoted to democratic ideas; his one aim was to unite the country, to stop fighting and to establish a real republic. He was trusted by the people, and he was convinced that, if the country could be kept at peace, his honest endeavours would be crowned with success. Li had recalled the Parliament dismissed by Yuan Shi Kai, and in the spring of 1917 "the outlook for democracy, peace and national prosperity was bright." But at this very moment there appears the inventor of the League of Nations on the scene to upset all the good achieved by Li. The account of the intrigues which followed and in which Reinsch, Ferguson, Councellor of the Chinese Red Cross Society, Roy Anderson, son of a methodist missionary, the well-known Australian Morrison, and a number of "writing men" were engaged is very interesting reading. The President and the Premier of the Chinese Republic as well as most of the older generals were absolutely against acting on Wilson's recommendation. So the young China party, many of whose members had been educated in America, had to be appealed to. The great sesame dangled before their eyes was that China would secure in her own right a place in the Peace Conference; further, that Young China would now have a chance of getting rid of their "archaic" government and that China would be able to repudiate Germany's and Austria's share in the Boxer indemnity. The insincerity even of such paragons of righteousness as ex-President Wilson can be seen from the following—at a meeting of the Senatorial Committee of Foreign Affairs, Senator Johnson asked: "Did China enter the war upon our advice, the advice of the United States?" Reply by the President: "I cannot tell, sir. We advised her to enter and she soon after did. Whether she had sought our advice, and whether that was the persuasive advice or not, I do not know."

The effect of the step taken by Wilson was that Japan, which up to that time had been adverse to dragging China into the war, now indignant at the United States' intrusion, changed her tactics and vigorously urged China on into the general cockpit. Agitation flourished and money was poured forth to convince those who had doubted the wisdom of China joining up. But as before, the chief attraction of the Young China party was the prospect of having a seat at the Peace Conference, when they might be able to checkmate Japanese designs. President Li wished to remain on friendly terms with all nations; he abhorred intrigues, trickery, secrecy and bribery; his great aim was to make China a real Republic, and desired that he and all officials should adhere to Law and Constitution.

The final declaration of war on the Central Powers was preceded by military revolts; the militarists of Peking formed a "Provisional Government" of their own in Tien-tsin; different Military Governors declared themselves independent, Parliament disappeared, the militarists were in the saddle and the real republic had come to a sudden end. President Li, one of the few strong and upright men who could have initiated a reign of peace and constitutional law, resigned. The entry of China into the war proved the greatest misfortune to that country. What might have become a prosperous nation has become the prey of military autocrats, whilst under the old Chinese and Manchu autocracies the provinces had enjoyed local self-government and a considerable amount of liberty and orderly conditions.

And what was the real purpose of dragging unfortunate and weak China into the war? The answer is contained in one of the utterances of President Wilson's: "This is not political war; it is a commercial war." It was certainly a commercial war in that part of the world on the part of at least two Great Powers, it was commercial as well as political on the part of two of the others. Not much credit is due to those who, either by promises or threats, dragged into the war small or weak nations, who had little or no interest in whatever would be the outcome of the war.

We have not the space to deal with the later chapters of the book which treat of the future prospects of China, Japan's future influence on China, the influence of western nations on China, and Vital Principles *versus* Spoliation. The perusal of five appendices will give further food for reflection to the thoughtful reader.

P. B.

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**A Short History of the British Commonwealth,** by Ramsay Muir, Vol. II, The Modern Commonwealth, pp. 824, Demy 8vo, Price 15*s*. net, published by George Philip & Son, Ltd., London, Philip, Son & Nephew, Ltd., Liverpool, 1922.

In this volume, Prof. Ramsay Muir narrates the history of the growth and development of what he has very aptly styled as the second

British Empire. Here we read his account of the loss of America, reorganisation of Canada, conquest of India, exploration of Africa, colonisation of Australia and the inclusion of Egypt in the British Empire. The first British Empire was lost but Britain more than made up for her lost Empire; she founded the second empire which in extent, solidarity and resources, outstripped the first. But in these days of scientific history a mere narrative, however well written and interesting, is never seriously treated. A historian must deal at length with causes and effects, he must explain the ideas and the ideals of the period, he must lay bare the underlying influences, the mere events are known even to the tiro. What has been the fundamental basis of the imperial policy of British statesmen? According to Prof. Muir Britain has made a serious attempt to reconcile the interests of the white colonists and the black aborigines. Or to quote his own words, "The character of the modern commonwealth was fixed. It was to be a fellowship of self-governing peoples, and its unity was to be voluntary rather than compulsory; but at the same time it was to be the means of protecting backward and subject peoples in the exercise of their rights. In the case of white settlements the ideal of partnership, in the case of backward peoples the ideal of trusteeship, had replaced the older ideal of mere dominion."

Prof. Muir supports this view with uncommon ability and it is the main theme of his work. He gives a new interpretation to the old familiar events but none the less we cannot forget that the approach of western civilisation has meant nothing short of ruin and extinction to the so-called backward and coloured races in America, in Australia, in Africa, almost everywhere in the world. The Tasmanians are entirely extinct, their neighbours of Australia are fairly on the road to extinction, the Bushmen are represented to-day by a miserable band of refugees in the Kalahari desert. Prof. W. J. Sollas writes of the Tasmanians: "The estimates which have been given of the number of the population at the time Europeans first became acquainted with the country differ widely: the highest is 20,000, but this is probably far in excess of the truth. After the war of 1825 to 1831 there remained scarcely 200. These wretched survivors were gathered together into a settlement, and from 1834 onwards every effort was made for their welfare, but the white man's civilisation proved scarcely less fatal than the white man's 'bullet' and in 1877, with the death of Truganini, the last survivor, the race became extinct." It is a sad commentary on the efficiency of the white man's trusteeship. Many Australian tribes are extinct but it cannot be said that the root cause was intellectual inferiority in all cases. Prof. Sollas observes,—"The character of the aborigines has been much abused, for whenever the white man deprives a people of their land he repays them by conferring upon them an evil reputation that they do not deserve. * * * He (the aborigines) was hospitable, kind towards his relatives, and dutiful towards the aged. His intelligence was equal to his needs; it differed from ours, and in schools where white and black children are taught together, the advantage—oddly enough—was not on our side!" Prof. Sollas gives a more pathetic story of the brave little Bushman's passing away—"All that we learn about the Bushmen impresses us with their ability. They possessed all the noblest of the primitive virtues, and, not least, unflinching bravery and unquenchable love of freedom. It was this last which came to be accounted to them as their greatest crime They found it impossible to become slaves to strange masters in their own land, equally impossible was it for a hunting race to maintain its existence in proximity to an encroaching agricultural people of European blood. A terrible war of extermination was waged against them by the Boers. The stories that are told of this war are shocking to humanity, and we cannot refuse a tribute of admiration to this brave people, who in almost every instance preferred death to surrender." Such has been the fate of backward races throughout the British Empire in the past; whether the benevolent interpretation of the British imperial policy, as given by Prof. Muir, will be justified by future events is yet to be seen. But the attitude of the white settlers in Kenya towards their fellow subjects from India does not indicate any change of the angle of vision.

Prof. Muir is on the whole sympathetic to India. Though we have failed to agree with him always yet he is certainly right when he says that "the attitude of the self-governing dominions towards immigrants intensified the resentment against western supremacy." The problem is a difficult one and a solution will be hard to find. After all, blood is thicker than water, and Englishmen will have ultimately to stand by their kinsmen in Africa. On the other hand, it is absolutely impossible for an Indian to reconcile himself to an Empire that does not concede to him the rights of equal citizenship. (This was written in May last long before the Kenya decision.) Prof. Muir is very optimistic about the future of the British Empire. He says—"It may be, again, that the glorious fellowship of the ancient peoples whom she has bred, and of the ancient peoples whom she has aroused from stagnation, and of the simple peoples whom she has brought under her tutelage, teaching them the meaning of Law and the aspiration after Liberty, has served its purpose in the scheme of things, and is destined to be dissolved into its elements, or to pass into a still wider and looser fellowship of peoples. But this also we shall be slow to credit. Rather must we hope that this miracle of peaceful comradeship among peoples of an infinite diversity will survive to be the model and perhaps the core of a yet wider fellowship of peoples which will ensure the reign of peace upon the earth. This British Commonwealth, whose story we have told so lamely, is indeed, a structure so wonderful, so unlike anything that history has seen before, so Protean and so flexible in the forms which it assumes, that no man may predict its destiny. It is among states what the banyan is among trees. The banyan sends forth offshoots from its branches which root themselves in the ground, and develop into stems sometimes as solid as the parent trunk, it becomes a whole grove of trees, yet still remains one tree; and the sap that runs up through every stem is diffused through all the luxuriant interlocking branches. Even if the parent stem decays, the great many-stemmed giant remains a single living entity. It may be that something like this is the destiny of the commonwealth. And if it be so, then, even though the parent stem should wither, it will surely remain the central shrine and sanctuary of the living cathedral that has sprung from it."

The work abounds in many pen pictures of great men that only a master artist can produce, brilliant surveys of literary, scientific, and industrial progress that only a comprehensive intellect can achieve, and an elaborate but skilful analysis of known facts with an exposition of the forces underlying them that a historian of the first rank alone can perform. Prof. Muir's History of the British Commonwealth is both stimulating and thought-provocating. He brings to his study an entirely unprejudiced and critical mind and the work under review will be ranked as a classic. We have no hesitation in saying with M. Ch. Bémont, " L' esprit qui anime M. Muir est élevé serein, exempt de préjugés."

S. N. Sen

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**Lays of Goa and Lyrics of a Goan,** by Joseph Furtado (B. X. Furtado and Sons, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay : Price Two Rupees).

A little book of songs, some very pretty, some very quaint, some very pathetic and all very interesting. The language is simple and straight, no embellishments. The poems referring to Goa and to her antiquities are very good indeed. The pathetic ballad of " The Pilgrims " is a gem, not very dazzling but still a gem, for its sheen is derived from human heart.

For quaint humour—a peculiarly Goan quality—" The Brahmin Girls " is specially to be mentioned.

A pleasant book this is to have on one's shelves, and I may recommend a slight dose of it when jaded or sad.

Bookworm

# Ourselves

## UNIVERSITY LEGISLATION.

In our last issue (Vol. 8, p. 136) we placed our readers in possession of information regarding the action taken by the Senate on the correspondence between the Minister of Education and the Vice-Chancellor. Since then there have been fresh developments.

The Bengal Legislative Council met on the 2nd July, 1923. People interested in education expected a pronouncement on the subject of the proposed University Bill which His Excellency the Governor had assured the Council on the 16th March would be introduced in the July session. No announcement, however, was made, to the relief of some, to the disappointment of others. On the day following, a Press Communique was published in the following terms:

> It has always been the intention of the Government of Bengal to afford full opportunity for discussion to all parties interested in their University legislation and the best means of providing this had been under consideration for some time. It has now been decided to hold a Conference at an early date, either in August or September, at which it is hoped that representatives of the Government of India, of the Government of Assam and of the Calcutta University will be present. At this Conference a further effort will be made to arrive at an agreed basis for legislation. The postponement of their Bill till the new Council meets is due to the desire of the Government to allow sufficient time for the consideration of the views of all parties concerned and does not indicate any abandonment of their intention to proceed with their legislation for the reform of the University.

This was followed by a letter addressed by His Excellency the Chancellor to the Vice-Chancellor:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
CALCUTTA.
*July 4, 1923.*

DEAR MR. BASU,

I should be glad to meet the members of the Senate and discuss with them the procedure which we propose to adopt at the forthcoming

Conference regarding University Legislation. Will you please invite the members of the Senate to meet me at Government House next Thursday July 12th at 5-30 P.M. I think it would be desirable that the proceedings should be public and I am inviting representatives of the press to be present. Will you let me know the day before how many members are likely to attend.

At the meeting I shall explain what action I have taken since I last saw some of the members of the Senate and what course the Government now propose to adopt regarding University Legislation.

Yours sincerely,
LYTTON

Under instructions from the Vice-Chancellor the Registrar issued the following invitation to all members of the Senate:

SENATE HOUSE,
*The 5th July, 1923.*

DEAR SIR,

In forwarding herewith copy of a letter addressed by His Excellency the Chancellor to the Vice-Chancellor, I am directed to request you to be good enough to be present at the meeting to be held in the Government House at 5-30 P.M. on Thursday next, the 12th July, 1923.

Kindly let me know if you will be able to attend the meeting.

Yours truly,
J. C. CHAKRAVORTI,
*Offg. Registrar.*

The man in the street could realise that matters had taken an unexpected, if not an unusual, course. Prof. C. V. Raman dealt with the situation in a letter which was published in the morning papers and was forwarded to His Excellency the Chancellor for information.

We shall set out the letter in full, as it was mentioned by His Excellency himself in the speech he delivered at the Conference which followed.

A few days ago, a Government communique appeared announcing that the proposed University legislation would be deferred till the various important questions involved in the reconstruction of the University had been carefully explored by a representative conference. The contents of the communique gave much satisfaction in educational circles, if only because it gave room for the optimistic feeling that at last the acrimonious disputes between the Government and the University were to be shelved and real work was to be begun. Since then, however, further developments have occurred which are distinctly less promising. On Friday morning the members of the Senate received through the Vice-Chancellor an invitation to meet H. E. the Chancellor at Government House on the 12th instant. The note that appeared in the papers on Sunday morning does not fully convey the terms of the invitation sent out to the Senators. H. E.'s letter to the Vice Chancellor runs as follows:—" I should be glad to meet the members of the Senate and discuss with them the procedure which we propose to adopt at the forthcoming Conference regarding University Legislation. Will you please invite the members of the Senate to meet me at Government House next Thursday July 12th at 5-30 P.M. I think it would be desirable that the proceedings should be public and I am inviting representatives of the press to be present. Will you let me know the day before how many members are likely to attend? At the meeting I shall explain what action I have taken since I last saw some of the members of the Senate and what course the Government now propose to adopt regarding University Legislation."

I have no desire to criticise H. E.'s action but I cannot help feeling—and I believe many Senators agree with me—that the review of past events which H. E. proposes to make would be distinctly unfortunate on the present occasion. As is well-known there has been a great deal of unpleasantness and even bitterness in the relations between the University and the Government particularly in the matter of the proposed legislation. No useful purpose would seem to be served by raking up all these differences once again. The members of the Senate are in possession of the documents which fully indicate what the Government has done in the past, and it seems hardly necessary that the events should be recounted to them once again. On the other hand there is a real risk that reference to the events of the past may provoke fresh circumstances. If H. E.'s version of the facts is unacceptable to the Senators, it is possible that some of them would consider it their duty to put forward their own version and further unpleasantness would arise. If H. E. the Chancellor wished simply to explain the attitude of Government in the past, a more suitable course would have been for him to issue a press communique amplifying the one that appeared a few days ago. An even simpler course would have been to publish the documents now in the hands of the Senators and let the public judge for themselves.

Then again, the Senators would certainly welcome any statement from the Chancellor as to the action proposed for the present and for the future. But it is distinctly unfortunate that they should be asked to express an opinion at Government House without having time for adequate consideration. The matter could have been settled very simply by the Government communicating the proposed procedure officially to the Senate and asking whether they agreed to it.

I also understand that the Vice-Chancellor, on whose personal responsibility the Chancellor's invitation was communicated to the Senators is down with influenza and that it is very unlikely that he would be able to take an active part in the meeting at Government House on Thursday next. Moreover, it is understood that H. E. is to leave for Dacca on Thursday evening. In view of these facts may I be permitted to suggest that the proposed meeting at Government House if not dropped altogether be postponed till H. E.'s return from Dacca? Meanwhile the Senators may be informed of the Government proposals and would then have time to consider them adequately. A few days ago the Senators learnt with great regret that two of their colleagues, Dr. Hiralal Halder and Prof. S. C. Roy, vacated their seats. They have not been reappointed by the Chancellor to the Senate. These gentlemen are both brilliant scholars and University men, and their absence will greatly weaken the Senate on its academic side. It is openly said that these gentlemen have not been reappointed merely in view of the fact that on certain occasions they have been fearless critics of the Government, and this impression is strengthened by the fact that two officials have been appointed in their places, neither of whom is a University man and one of whom has publicly expressed himself in a manner most unfriendly to the University. If it is H. E. the Chancellor's desire to cultivate friendly relations with the University, his actions in such matters would seem to be a truer index and be much more effective than any number of personal explanations or discussions at Government House.—Yours, etc.

C. V. RAMAN.

* * * *

The Conference met at Government House in the historic Council Chamber described by Lord Macaulay. The Vice-Chancellor was absent. Amongst the ex-officio Fellows, only two were present, namely, Mr. P. C. Mitter, the Minister of Education and Mr. W. W. Hornell, the Director of Public Instruction. Of the Ordinary Fellows, 49 were present:

MM. H. P. Sastri; Sir Asutosh Mookerjee; Mr. H. C. Maitra; Rai Bahadur C. L. Bose; Dr. H. Stephen; Dr. Kedarnath Dass; Dr. U. N. Brahmachari; Mr. S. C. Mahalanobis; Rai Bahadur K. K. Banerjee; Dr. D. N. Mallik; Rai Bahadur Dr. Dines Chandra Sen; Rai Bahadur L. M. Chatterjee; Mr. J. R. Banerjea; Mr. B. M. Majumdar; Mr. J. R. Barrow; Mr. Jamini Bhusan Ray; Rev. Father F. X. Crohan; Mr. T. S. Sterling; Mr. T. H. Richardson; Moulvi Mohamed Irfan; Dr. T. O. D. Dunn; Mr. S. Khuda Buksh; Rev. Dr. W. S. Urquhart; Mr. Justice Z.

R. Z. Suhrawardy; Dr. P. C Mitter; Mr. M. N. Ray; Mr. R. N. Gilchrist; Dr. D. B. Meek; Mr. K. K. Chanda; Dr. M. N. Banerjee; Mr. K. L. Datta; Mr. Justice G. C. Rankin; Mr. E. C. Dewick; Sir A. R. Murray; Mr. Asutosh Sastri; Mr. R. P. Mookerjee; Mr. A. E. Brown; Prof. A. N. Tagore; Khan Bahadur Shams-ul-ulama Hidayat Hossain; Mr. J. N. Maitra; Dr. P. Nandi; Mr. Probhatnath Bannerjee; Sir Abdur Rahim; Mr. A. Macdonald; Mr. R. B. Ramsbotham; Prof. P. N. Banerjee; Mr. S. R. Das; Mr. J. Van Manen; Mr. N. G. Leather; Dr. C. V. Raman; the Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan; Mr. S. N. Mallik.

HIS EXCELLENCY said that before he took up the business of the meeting, there were two matters about which he wanted to say something. The first was to express his personal regret at the absence of the Vice-Chancellor Mr. B. N. Bose and his sympathy with him for the indisposition which had kept him away. He believed that his feeling of regret and sympathy was shared by everybody in that room. Secondly, he wanted at once to set at rest any fear or suspicion which might be in the minds of the members of the Senate regarding the object or possible consequences of the meeting. Professor Raman had been good enough to send to him a copy of the letter which he had written to the Press. He learnt from that letter that Professor Raman and perhaps some other members of the Senate had been a little apprehensive as to his object in calling the meeting. The Professor had expressed in his letter a fear that he (His Excellency) might give a version of the past events in a manner that might not be acceptable to the members of the Senate which they might even feel it necessary to contradict,—thus leading to an unpleasant controversy. Another of the fears which Professor Raman had expressed was that the speaker might make some new proposal and ask the members present to express their opinions on it before they had had time to think the matter over and carefully weigh their answers. He wanted to assure them at once that he had no such intention. His object was to allay controversy, not to create it. He had no intention of going back at all. His object was to get on. His only reason for saying what he had to say to them in person instead of in a written communication was that he had found by past experience that the substance of official communication was apt to be misconstrued. However careful one might be, there was always a danger of some phrase or word being misunderstood and conveying an impression exactly opposite to what it was intended. He was a great believer in personal discussion of this character, saying what he had to say to them, and giving them an opportunity to say what they had to say in their turn. They would remember, the speaker went on, that he had had a discussion with some of them last December when he had given them an assurance that the Government had no intention of introducing the Bill until they had fully discussed it. He hoped that that meeting had served to allay any misgivings that might be in their minds regarding the intention of the Government. He confessed, he was not very successful because he found that the fear in the minds of the Senate regarding the intention of the Government had increased rather than diminished since then. When they came to know him better they would be convinced that he was a person not easily to be discouraged by failure of this kind. He was determined to make another attempt and it was with that object that he had invited them. He thought that perhaps it would have been wiser if instead of giving a mere assurance at his last meeting with them he had been more precise and had discussed with them how that assurance could be best carried out. On account of that omission some controversy arose as to whether the Conference and discussion held between the Government and the University should take place before or after the Bill had been submitted to the Government of India. If they had discussed that question, he felt almost sure that this controversy would never have arisen. Be that as it may, it was not his intention to reopen it at the present meeting. As they knew, the Bill that was drafted by the Government about a year ago had been considered by the Senate and their opinion on it had been presented to them in writing. That draft Bill had also been considered by the Government of Assam, and they too had sent to them their views in writing. All these views together with the comments of the Bengal Government had been submitted to the Government of India. Considerable correspondence extending over several months had taken place between them and the Government of India on the subject and he had also the advantage of a personal discussion with His Excellency the Viceroy and the Hon'ble Member in charge of Education. He was happy to say that there was a complete agreement between the Government of Bengal and the Government of India regarding the competence of the former to legislate and the objects which they sought to attain by their legislation. Opinions had been expressed by all the parties interested, but no opportunity had yet been afforded to bring the various parties together with a view to securing a discussion of the points at issue and, if possible, an agreement. That was the only stage which now remained to be gone through. Conferences and committees had been suggested but no actual meeting had yet taken place. Now it was his earnest wish that such a meeting should take place at the earliest possible moment and it was with the object of fixing the date and discussing the manner of such a meeting that he had invited them there. He again assured them that in discussing the matter he had no intention of asking them to commit themselves to any decision as regards the procedure he was going to suggest. He merely wanted to afford them an opportunity of saying anything that they cared to say regarding the suggestions which were put before them. As had already been indicated by the brief communique in the Press, they proposed to invite the representatives of the Government of Assam to meet them at an early date. The Government of India had kindly consented to be represented at that Conference and to offer them assistance in the discussion. Of course their representatives would not take any sides in the matter; they would merely be present there to offer friendly advice to both parties. And he thought that it would materially help them to have present at the Conference representatives of the Government of India with whom the decisions in matters between them and the University rested. He said that the third week of August would suit him best for the Conference. As he had already said, he would ask them for no decision at present but he would be glad to have their views regarding the question of the date. The number and personnel of the University representatives would be settled in consultation with the Vice-Chancellor. Whatever date might be selected he was anxious that the representatives of the University should come to the Conference with the authority to express the opinions of the University on the main points under discussion. The final decision would, of course, rest with the Senate, but they would not be able to make any progress unless at the Conference those who represented the Senate were able to say what the University thought about this or that question that came up for discussion. At that meeting the Government would explain what were their objects in the legislation which they contemplated. The representatives of the University would have an opportunity of saying how far they were in agreement or disagreement with the views of the Government. He had every hope that when they had discussed the matter they would find there were some substantial points of agreement. Having exhausted all the matters on which they agreed, there might still be certain points on which they disagreed. They would discuss at the Conference what was the best way of dealing with those matters. What he suggested was that the best course would be for Government to place at their disposal the services of their Draftsman who might be instructed to put into the form of clauses the views which they held either by way of amendment or by way of additional clauses. Then they would reach a stage in which they would have the Bill embodying the points which were agreed to and those on which the University differed from the Government. They would also have before them the clauses proposed by the University which were not accepted by the Government. He suggested that they should then meet again with these drafts before them and try once more to come to an agreement. Finally, if there were points on which they failed to agree, these together with their Bill could be placed before the Government of India for their decision. The Senate would in this way have an opportunity both of expressing its opinion on the Government Bill and of putting forward, if they wished, any counter-proposals of their own. He submitted that that procedure seemed to him fair to all parties. The speaker concluded by expressing a hope that when they came to sit round the table and discussed fully and freely all the points at issue, it would be found that the differences between them were not so great as they had been represented. He had every hope that they would agree on all points and that if disagreement remained on some minor points, that would not be, as indeed it should not be, of a kind to impair the friendly relations between the University and the Government. All, however, depended on the spirit in which they would meet. He assured them that, as far as the Government were concerned, they would meet with the strongest possible desire to secure an agreement. They should spare no effort to achieve that end. In dealing with the questions touching the University he had no consideration other than what he conceived to be the interests of the University. He had no consideration either for his personal reputation or that of anybody else. He might be right or wrong. But in the views which he held and which he expressed he had no thought whatever, excepting the promotion to the best of his ability of the interests of the University, its teachers and professors and students.

His Excellency then enquired : Are there any questions that anybody would care to ask ?

Rai Bahadur Chunilal Bose expressed the opinion that the time suggested by His Excellency would suit the Senate.

Dr. Pramathanath Banerjea expressed the opinion that the time could not be convenient to many of the members of the Senate.

MR. MANMATHANATH RAY: I want to know whether on the present occasion I shall look upon Your Excellency as the Chancellor of the University or the Governor of Bengal.

HIS EXCELLENCY: As Chancellor of the University.

MR. MANMATHANATH RAY: Your Excellency has said that the University representatives ought to have authority to speak at the Conference on behalf of the Senate. That will be possible if the whole Senate has some information as to the points and scope of the discussions at the Conference; otherwise it will not be possible for the Senate to give their instructions to their representatives who will speak on behalf of the whole University. I have referred to it only because it appears to me that Your Excellency in your capacity as Chancellor may instruct in your capacity as Governor to let the University know as to what points will be open for discussion at the Conference. It appears to me that it will not be possible for us at the present moment to commit ourselves about any of the points which Your Excellency has placed before us. It will be more convenient if we were to carry Your Excellency's message and consider the various questions and let Your Excellency know our views.

MR. JNANRANJAN BANERJEA: As regards the date, it will suit most members of the Senate. The members that will really be representative will be elected by the Senate. That is the idea so far as these representations are concerned. They will, no doubt, represent the University. So far as the number of questions for discussion is concerned the representatives will certainly be in a position to say at the time of discussion what the attitude of the Senate will be about this matter. But at the same time it will not be possible for them to say if for every utterance the imprimatur of the Senate should be put. His Excellency has distinctly said that the ultimate decision will, of course, rest with the Senate. So the apprehensions, entertained by Mr. Ray, need not be entertained at all. As regards the date, an official communication will come from His Excellency to the Senate. There will be no difficulty if the third week of August is fixed. I wish to speak on another point. It is a very happy augury that the University, the Government of India, the Government of Bengal, and the Government of Assam are going to be represented at the proposed Conference No doubt the position of the Government of India is not exactly the same as the position of other Governments. We are very glad to know that we shall have the privilege of the help that the Government of India is likely to render in the matter. So I say it is a happy augury. It is really a question which benefits both Bengal and Assam. We ought to have a representative of the Government of Assam here. I believe, so far as the University Reforms are concerned, Assam will not be left out. Some representatives of Assam will come from the University as well. It is perfectly true, as one of the speakers has spoken, that the members of the Senate may feel that it is not possible for them to exactly make out beforehand what will be the justice in every question. It is a difficult thing. But, so far as our representatives are concerned, the idea of Your Excellency is simply this, The matters will be presented before the members and they will express their opinions. So far as their decision is concerned, there will not be considerable difficulty after all. As these matters have been really considered to some extent by the Senate already, I believe, the members are sufficiently familiar with the views of the Senate with regard to the points of University Reforms.

HIS EXCELLENCY: No more questions and no more points now. I thank you, gentlemen, for coming here. I wish you to understand that what I have said to you to-day must not be taken as the only intimation you will receive of our proposals. I have merely put you in possession of the substance of the communication which we shall send you officially. We shall write to you making definite propositions and shall await your reply. I am very much obliged to you for coming here, and, I hope, that the meeting will be ultimately beneficial to the interests which are common to us all.

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## ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH.

So much noise has recently been created by interested parties about a paper read by Mr. R. P. Chanda before the Bengal Asiatic Society that we think it necessary to place before the public the other version of the story. Mr. Chanda, we are told, was followed by Prof. Bhandarkar who began his reply as follows:—"I have carefully listened to what Mr. Chanda has said about the prehistoric antiquities referred to in my paper and I cannot help saying that he has not read it with an unbiassed mind. Wherever in this paper I have mentioned these neoliths I have made it quite clear that it was Mr. Panchanan Mitra's theory that I was broaching, and if I have not taken any credit for it I do not quite understand how any scholar with a particle of fair-mindedness in him can level criticism of this theory against my head. This is not the first time that these neoliths are the subject of debate. Not long ago Mr. Hemchandra Dasgupta wrote a paper criticising this view. His paper has been published in the Journal of the Society. Almost at the beginning of this paper he clearly admits that that was Mr. Mitra's discovery and that I had given but 'a general account of it.' This is fair-mindedness. This is exactly what might be expected of an unbiassed critic. Mr. Chanda, on the other hand, cites quotations from my paper which distinctly prove that it is Mr. Mitra's theory that I was setting forth and yet curiously enough holds me responsible for it. It is thus a controversy between Mr. Mitra and Mr. Chanda."

We have also carefully read Prof. Bhandarkar's paper and cannot help saying with Mr. Dasgupta that the Professor is there setting forth not his but Mr. Mitra's theory; and it is inexplicable to us how Mr. Chanda held Prof. Bhandarkar responsible for it. Of course, if the theory is found hollow and shallow, the conclusions based upon it also fall to the ground. The case is exactly analogous to what Prof. Bhandarkar has stated about the two iron pieces of circa 150 B. C. which he exhumed in the Besnagar Excavations. Sir Robert Hadfield's analysis clearly shows that the iron were really steel pieces, which was a very startling discovery indeed. But if any chemist now comes forward and shows that that analysis was entirely wrong, Prof. Bhandarkar's sensational discovery about steel being known to India as early as 150 B. C. must also go.

But what about the Arabic integers on one of the neoliths? Were they not known to Mr. Mitra when Prof. Bhandarkar wrote his paper? This is what the Professor is reported to have said in his reply to Mr. Chanda: "In the first place in justice to Mr. Mitra it must be stated that he was aware that the characters on the pre-historic celt from Assam could also be read as Arabic integers, exactly as Mr. Chanda has told us just now. Mr. Mitra, however, was then inclined to the view that they were more of pre-historic characters than Arabic integers. If they were Arabic integers giving an English date, he argued, it was curious that the integers indicating the day, month and year were not separated by any hyphen or dot according to the English mode of writing. But on the contrary they were all underlined, a thing opposed to all custom so far as he knew; on the other hand, a continuous underline was found in many prehistoric epigraphs. And this is just the reason why in my paper I have stated that the Assam celt bore apparently four letters. The word 'apparently' was deliberately used, to imply that Mr. Mitra was by no means certain on the point."

This is the other side of the shield. And it may be added here that just as Mr. Mitra was inclined to the view that the writing on the neolith was more probably in pre-historic characters than Arabic integers when Prof. Bhandarkar wrote his paper, he now seems inclined to the opposite view as is clear we think from the fact that he makes no mention of it in his paper " Pre-historic Arts and Crafts of India" published in the Journal of the Department of Letters, Vol. III, 1920; nor in his paper on pre-historic writing in India and Europe read before the Asiatic Society of Bengal more than two years ago and published in its Journal and Proceedings, Vol. XVII, 1921, No. 4.

Why did he omit all mention of it? it must be because he then inclined to the view that they were Arabic integers rather than pre-historics character. The fact, however, remains that Mr. Mitra knew that the writing on the neolith could also be read as an English date. Mr. Mitra must certainly have known about it in 1920 when his paper was published,—certainly two years before Mr. Chanda announced it before the Bengal Asiatic Society.

Professor Bhandarkar was followed by Mr. R. D. Banerji who told the audience that there was one mischievous individual called Kasimuddin who was notoriously addicted to engraving characters on museum exhibits and who always began by incising an underline. He had every reason to suspect the hand of Kasimuddin on this neolith also. When asked by Professor Bhandarkar Mr. Banerji had to admit that Kasimuddin was no longer in the land of the living. And unless Mr. Banerji gave us at least one more instance of the mischievous prank of Kasimuddin, his account, we are afraid, will have to be treated as a mere cock and bull story.

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### PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC M. B. EXAMINATION.

The number of candidates registered was 290 of whom 200 passed, 89 failed and 1 was absent.

### FIRST M. B. EXAMINATION.

The number of candidates registered was 303 of whom 153 passed, 136 failed, 2 were expelled and 12 were absent.

### I. E. EXAMINATION.

*Section A—*

24 candidates were registered. 19 passed in all three groups, 4 failed to qualify in Mathematics, 1 failed in more than one group. Two were registered for Mathematics only; one of them passed.

*Section B—*

39 candidates were registered. 20 passed and 19 failed.

### B. E. EXAMINATION.

*Non-Professional Section—*

15 candidates were registered. 12 passed in both groups, 3 qualified in Science but not in Mathematics. One candidate

who had previously qualified in Science appeared in Mathematics only and passed.

*Professional Section*—

23 candidates were registered, 12 passed in the Second Division.

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## DR. S. C. DHAR.

Our congratulations to Mr. Sasindra Chandra Dhar who has just qualified himself for the Degree of Doctor of Science. Mr. Dhar had a distinguished career in this University. He was placed first in the first class in Pure Mathematics at the M.Sc. Examination in 1916 and obtained the Premchand Roychand Studentship in 1920. He submitted for the Doctorate an elaborate thesis on Mathieu's Differential Equation which was accompanied by a number of previously published original papers. The Board of Examiners (Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, Dr. C. E. Cullis, and Dr. Ganesh Prasad) unanimously reported that judged by the result of his work he was fully qualified for the Degree. Dr. Dhar is a member of the Post-Graduate Teaching Staff in Pure Mathematics but has recently been obliged to undertake educational work in Nagpur (C. P.). This is not the first instance that the University has found it impossible to retain the services of a distinguished teacher.

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## SANSKRIT COLLEGE.

For many weeks past there have been persistent rumours that drastic steps have been taken for reduction of the staff of the Sanskrit College. We state the facts so far as they have been elicited on a careful enquiry. Mr. Nanigopal Bhattacharyya, M.A., formerly Professor in the Uttarpara College, was some years ago appointed Lecturer in English at the Sanskrit College. He suddenly received a notice that his services would no longer be required. Since then he has died of sudden failure of the heart. Babu Fakirdas Banerjee, M.A., was Professor of Philosophy at the Victoria College, Cooch-Behar. He was some years ago appointed Lecturer in Logic at the Sanskrit College. He has now received notice to leave and is stranded. Mr. Dhireshchandra Acharyya, M A., Premchand Roychand student, one of the most brilliant graduates of the University, was appointed to the P. E. S. some time ago. He has now been called upon to go down to the S. E. S. and is to be transferred on a reduced salary to the post of Head Pandit of a Moffussil school. Mr. Mahendranath Sarcar, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy and Mr. Syamacharan Mookerjee, M.A., Professor of English are, it is said, to be sent down to the S. E. S. from the P. E. S. while Pandit Rajendranath Vidyabhushan who has been in service for more than twenty years has been informed that his services will no longer be required. On the other hand, Babu Asutosh Sastri, the Principal, who has reached the age of superannuation has been granted an extension of service. The changes mentioned have been effected in secret and though the matter must have been under consideration for many weeks, the University has not been consulted in any way. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that a prominent member of the Syndicate has brought forward a motion that affiliation be withdrawn from the College. We may add that it is publicly asserted that the members of the teaching staff who have been selected to be "axed" in this manner are precisely the men who had the courage to criticise the management of the College under the present Principal and the present President of the Governing Body. The matter will shortly come before the Senate when sensational disclosures of things behind the scenes may be expected.

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## PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

There is also a strong rumour that reductions will be effected in the staff of the Presidency College. Mr. J. W. Holme, M.A., Professor of English is, it is said, about to take up the post of Principal of La Martinere College. His place, it is said, will not be filled up. Mr. K. Zachariah, M.A., Professor of History, has taken long furlough; his place, we are assured, will be left vacant. The chair of Mathematics vacated by Dr. C. E. Cullis may not be filled up. And, it is rumoured that another member of the staff in Mathematics will be sent away to Chittagong.

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## DR. HALDAR AND MR. RAY.

Professor Raman, in his letter printed above, has invited attention to an important fact which should not be overlooked, namely, that Dr. Hiralal Haldar, University Professor of Philosophy, and Mr. S. C. Ray, University Lecturer in Economics, have not been re-appointed as Ordinary Fellows by His Excellency the Chancellor. Dr. Haldar and Mr. Ray had been fearless critics of the actions of men in high places, and there was a widespread apprehension that the independence which had characterised them might cost them their seats on the Senate. In this connection, events which happened now nearly twenty years ago may be recalled with considerable interest. During the passage of the Indian Universities Bill of 1904 through the Imperial Legislative Council, Dr. Asutosh Mookerjee, as he then was, brought forward a motion for the omission of the clause which restricted Fellowships to a term of five years. The chief reason assigned in support of the motion was formulated in these terms :

> "This rule will undoubtedly tend to impair the independence of nominated Fellows. It may no doubt be contended in theory that the

Government, in considering the claims to re-appointment of Fellows who have vacated their office, will have regard only to their fitness irrespective of the fact that they might have opposed the views or the policy of the Government upon particular questions; on the other hand, it may be supposed that there may be persons of sterling independence who would fearlessly discharge their duties regardless of consequences. It seems to me, however, that these are extreme cases which it would be next to impossible to realise in practice, and in the vast majority of instances nominated members of the Senate, at least such of them as may be anxious to retain a seat on the Senate, will shape their conduct in conformity with the views expressed or supported by high officials. I venture to think that, if such be the actual result, no reasonable man can doubt for a moment that it would be disastrous to the best interests of the University."

Dr. Thomas Raleigh, the Law Member, who was in charge of the Bill, felt the sting and defended the provision by the following arguments:

> "Now one of the arguments used against the five years' Fellowship is, that a five years' Fellow will not be independent; but this is an argument which I confess has never made the smallest impression on my mind. It proceeds upon the assumption that the Government of this country is a suspicious body, constantly on the watch to do somebody harm, and that Government resents any show of independence on the part of its nominees. I venture to say that the whole record of our Government in India goes against this. The races and the individuals with whom we find it most easy to make friends are those who are most independent, and I will cite my Hon'ble friend Mr. Gokhale as a strong example of that. Mr. Gokhale has made his name in this Council by delivering periodically tremendous attacks upon the Government and its policy, and the result is that we put Mr. Gokhale on almost every one of our Committees, and that we are not satisfied with any of our measures until it has passed through the ordeal of Mr. Gokhale's criticism. I think that the whole amendment is founded upon an apprehension for which there is no ground, and for that reason I would adhere to the limit as fixed in the Bill as amended."

The motion, as might have been anticipated, was negatived.

Mr. Gokhale next brought forward a motion that the term of Fellowships might be ten years instead of five years, and urged the following considerations:

> "In regard to what fell from the Hon'ble Mr. Raleigh in connection with the Hon'ble Dr. Mukhopadhyaya's amendment, I must still plead that a five years' duration would strike at the independence of the members. I quite admit that it is not right to say that Government will necessarily note those men who take a particular view of the questions that come before the Senate and carefully weed them out whenever an opportunity

comes. At the same time let us not be carried away by too much faith as by too much distrust.

"The Hon'ble Member's faith is no doubt touching in its simplicity and its completeness. But he must forgive others if they are unable to share it. Of course Government in the abstract is incapable of doing anything wrong, but Government in the concrete means individuals, not always altogether free from passion or prejudice.

"As regards the Hon'ble Mr. Raleigh's reference to myself, I do not know whether to regard it as a compliment or a criticism. I was under the impression that Government put me on Select Committees, because it was thought that I understood a little of the matters referred to the Committees. I did not know that the function assigned to an interesting but not very agreeable character—the Devil's Advocate—at the Canonization of saints was considered to be specially in my keeping in this Council."

Lord Curzon evidently felt nettled and gave the following exposition of his policy :

"I now come to the larger question of principle. It has been alleged by the Hon'ble Dr. Asutosh Mukhopadhyaya and the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale in favour of their proposals, that the fixing of a short term must impair, if not destroy, the independence of the Senates of the future.

The argument (as supported by the Hon'ble Dr. Asutosh) is that these Fellows will find it necessary to shape their conduct (those were his words) in a manner to suit the Government, in order to ensure the re-nomination which they may desire at the end of their term. As I said at the beginning, this seems to me most directly and explicitly to challenge the probable conduct of the Chancellors of the future. The Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale remarked, we may have very good Chancellors and very good Vice-Chancellors now, but we must not show too much faith in their successors: it may be that future Chancellors and future Vice-Chancellors will not be men of the mental elevation of the present occupants of those two posts. I am sure the Hon'ble Mr. Raleigh and I are very grateful for this compliment, but I cannot accept it to the detriment of our successors. They will act upon the principles which have actuated their predecessors, and to no body are they better known than to the Hon'ble Member himself. If there is one thing that we welcome in this country, it is frank and fearless criticism, so long as that criticism is bestowed upon us with responsibility and without venom. Now, my Hon'ble Colleague on my left said that his reference to Mr. Gokhale was in the nature of a joke; but, if I may say so, it was a very forcible joke; and if this amendment does not come with a good grace from him, still less does it proceed with a good grace from the Hon'ble Dr. Asutosh. That Hon'ble Member was only the other day elected to this Council by the votes of the non-official Members of the Legislative Council of Bengal. No sooner did this news reach us here, than we at once placed him upon the Select Committee of this Bill, though we knew that it must add considerably to the length and contentiousness of these proceedings. But so anxious were we to give full scope to reasonable and competent criticism, that we at once took advantage of his services.

"Let me take another case, that of the Hon'ble Nawab Saiyid Muhammad, who spoke just now. The other day he delivered himself at this table of a speech against the Official Secrets Bill. Immediately, in the twinkling of an eye, we put him on the Select Committee to deal with that Bill. These are but typical cases; typical of others which are continually occurring in every aspect and sphere of administration in this country. For my own part, I think that at the end of a five years' term, the fearless critic of Government policy, provided that his criticism is honest, will stand a very much better chance of re-appointment than the time-server or the sycophant, and I should be very much more afraid that instead of proving servile in order to escape rejection, a man may develop an exaggerated independence in order to secure renewal. On these grounds I deprecate as extravagant and unreasonable the charges that have been brought against Government by both Hon'ble Members, as a ground for protesting against the term of tenure that is contained in this Bill; and I think the Council may, with confidence not only in the present occupants of high offices in this country, but in their successors, agree to the shorter term proposed."

The motion of Mr. Gokhale was negatived. Dr. Asutosh Mookerjee next brought forward a motion that the period be fixed at seven years instead of five years. Mr. Gokhale took the opportunity to make the following observations:

"I wish to make only one observation, and that with reference to what fell from Your Excellency in connection with the last motion. My Lord, I never intended to imply that future Chancellors or Vice-Chancellors were not to be trusted to make their nominations in an absolutely conscientious manner. But we must look at facts, as they exist. A Chancellor in an Indian University is the Head of the Government, and it has happened in the past and may happen again that he takes little or no interest in University matters, especially in connection with the nomination of Fellows. In such cases the work is likely to be left to the Secretary who is in charge of the Education Department. Now, unless it is to be insisted that every member of the Civil Service and every officer of Government must be trusted absolutely, I really do not think that any exception need be taken to the argument that proper care may not be taken at times in the appointment of Fellows."

The ideals of 1924 are different from those of 1904. We sincerely trust that the fate which has overtaken Dr. Haldar and Mr. Ray will not deter others in the performance of their duty. The epitaphs of Dr. Haldar and Mr. Ray are in preparation and will be recorded later.

* * *

## POST-GRADUATE RESEARCH.

The following resolution was adopted unanimously at the eleventh annual gathering of the Bharat Itihas Sanshodhak Mandal of Poona held on the 14th, 15th and 16th June, 1923.

"That the University of Calcutta be congratulated for starting a Post-Graduate Department and for having included Maratha History as one of the subjects of study therein and for having published such useful books as Dr. Sen's Administrative System of the Marathas. Similar congratulations be offered to the Allahabad University for its Modern History Department work."

* * *

## EXTENSIONS OF SERVICE.

In our note on the Sanskrit College (Page 362) we have drawn attention to the fact that while, ostensibly on the ground of economy, several members of the staff of the College have been "axed" and cast adrift, while others have been reduced from the P. E. S. to the S. E. S., an extension of service has been granted to Babu Asutosh Sastri. In this connection, we may usefully recall that, with the sanction of the Secretary of the State for India in Council, Article 459 of the Civil Service Regulations has been very materially altered. We set out below the text of the article in its original as well as in its modified form.

### Article 459

### (Original Form)

" 459. (*a*) An officer who has attained the age of 55 may be required to retire by the Local Government under which he is employed. The Local Government may delegate this power, in respect of a non-gazetted officer, to the authority which can fill up his appointment or can sanction his pension.

(*b*) The rule should be worked with discretion in order to avoid depriving the State of the valuable experience of really efficient officers and adding unnecessarily to the non-effective charges. In the case of officers holding superior appointments, the standard of efficiency by which retention is to be decided is above the standard required in lower appointments. In every case in which the rule is enforced the reasons for enforcing it should be recorded. But no claim from an officer to compensation on account of the enforcement of the rule will be entertained.

(*c*) Each such officer's case should be taken up when he is 55 years old and before the expiry of each extension of service. In every case the extension should be given for not more than one year at a time.

(*d*) An officer who has attained the age of 60 cannot be retained in the service of Government save in very exceptional circumstance, and with the sanction of the Local Government.

### Article 459

### (Modified Form)

459 (*a*) Ministerial officers who have attained the age of 55 may be required to retire, but should ordinarily be retained in service so long as they remain efficient until they come under the provisions of clause (*e*).

(*b*) Officers, other than ministerial, who have attained the age of 55 should ordinarily be required to retire and should not be retained in service except where unquestionable public grounds for retention exist, and there is no doubt as to the physical fitness of the officer.

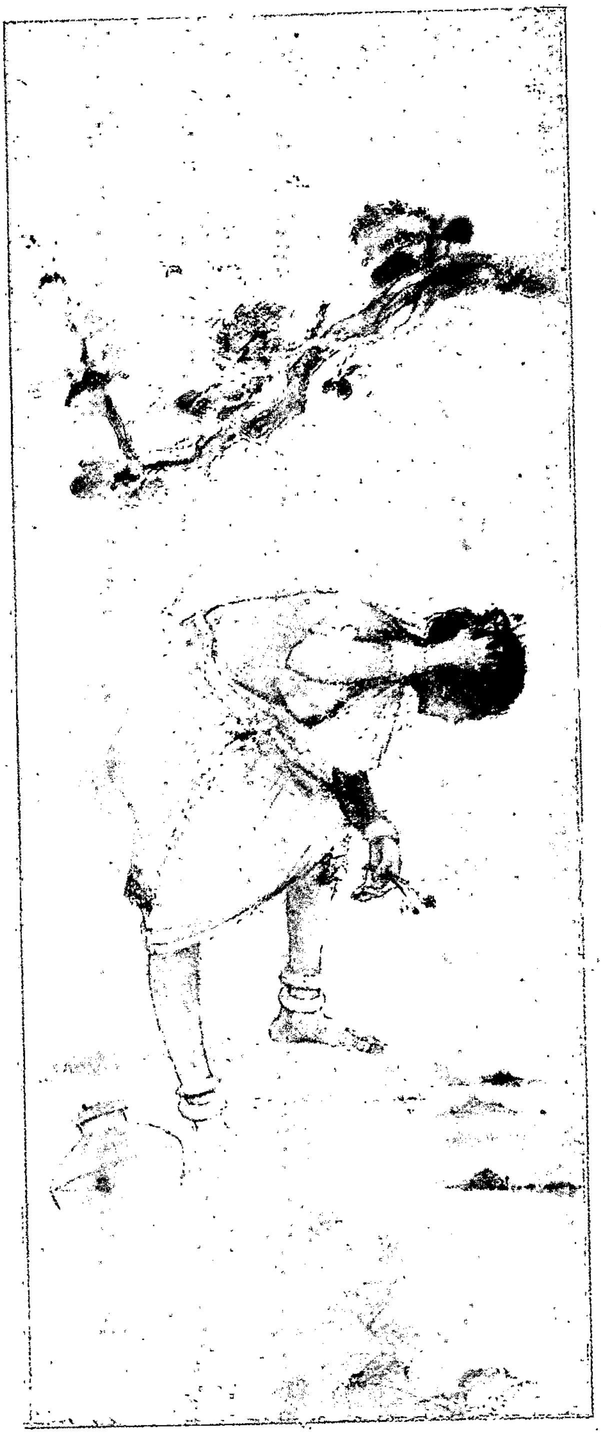
(*c*) Each officer's case should be taken up when he is approaching the age of 55 and before the expiry of each extension of service. Extensions may not be granted for any period exceeding one year at one time.

(*d*) The powers given by the preceding clauses may be exercised by the authority competent to fill the appointment (if vacant) of the officer who is required to retire or retained in service.

(*e*) An officer who has attained the age of 60 cannot be retained in the service of Government save in very exceptional circumstances, and with the sanction of the Local Government.

(*f*) No claim to compensation from an officer who is required to retire under the provisions of this Article will be entertained.

There can be no room for controversy that the alteration is based upon a deliberate change of policy. The object of the amendment was to increase the efficiency of the Public Services, and it is well known that the Local Government have felt bound to interpret the new rule strictly in the case of all Services. The Local Government have held that the retention of service of an officer, after he has attained the age of fifty-five, cannot be justified, if an equally or almost equally capable officer can be found to take his place without serious detriment to the public interests. In this interpretation of the rule, the Local Government have had the unqualified support of the Government of India. It would not be difficult to name at least half a dozen distinguished men, any one of whom would, if appointed to the Principalship of the Sanskrit College, add to its dignity and enhance its prestige.



NATURE'S MIRROR

THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1923

# THREE POEMS

(*Translated by the author from the original Japanese*)

## I

### The Third Period

Where is the old song I used to sing
With high style and joy?
I am now a charred ruin;
With the conflagration began the third period of my life.
'Tis the character of the age to hasten its catastrophe;
Oh, to rebuild a new song
On the ruins of my heart,—
The poet's castle, lone and immense,
In colour evolve from sadness and wounds!
To carry out my plan subtle and free,
I would never regret sacrificing
The lusts of ideal and dream.
My life was directed before by the set notion of
entanglement;

But my song, I am glad to say, is now free
From sophistry............
Oh, how the fire had ruined
My love and romance!
Here I stand upon the ruins
Against reality's menace.

## II

### THE SPARROWS

The sparrows are twittering under the eaves.
I sat behind you for the first time, (oh, that's some twenty years ago now,)
I pulled your black loose hair, two or three, with my finger-tips.
How you raised your lovely frightened eyes, and stared at me.
*You said: "Why are the sparrows twittering so?"*

Ten years passed since then. You brought out the name of my old lover,
You became depressed foolishly, then you cried and raved loudly,
You sprung to your feet, saying: "I am unreasonable, no doubt,——
Let us separate now for good!" To the garden you stepped out,
Between you and me the sparrows had been twittering so.

Now it is eighteen years since we got married, (how time
flies !)
You take off the lid of the boiling kettle in this small,
small sitting room,
And say: "Please, wait, I'll make tea after baby sleeps."
I lie down by the oblong brazier with a paper,
And listen to the sparrows twittering under the leaves.

## III

### THE PILLARS

To-day after a long time, I was dipping in the hot water at a
public bath.
The little boy held in the arms of an old man with the dirty
Dharma-like face,
Turned back timidly, and looked at me hard ;
The face of the boy, at least one half of it, was smeared with
bean-jam, as with a plaster.
I thought it was more than I could bear, if he washed his
face in this water ;
But when he turned back his timid face again,
Good heavens ! he was quite clean.
"Oh, such is the dirty public bath," I muttered.
The boy of some seven years old, also accompanied by this same
old fellow, looked back on me.
The two sticks of mucus, wonderfully large, hanging down
from his flat nose,
Were, why, something like the pillar of the Nelson Monument
at Trafalgar Square.

Thinking that he might wash his face too, I left the bath-tub
in a hurry.
I was looking down, while the bath-man rubbed my back with
all his strength;
And when I looked up, there was sitting before me the same
boy with the wonderful pillars,
And stared at my face strangely.
I felt relieved, saying: "Thank God, he did not throw his
pillars in the water!"
Then not to stand shilly-shallying, I soon left the place.

While dressing, I thought of something to the following effect:
"What does such a trifling love of cleanliness amount to?
I am certainly a weakling.
Suppose Harunobu or Utamaro or Rossetti is living to-day,
He would like to colour a lady's garment with such a greenish
mucus.
At any rate, they are the most beautiful sticks of ultra-marine!"

YONE NOGUCHI

# CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

## PARALLELS

There are children who do not take much note of the things around them. These ask few questions. Others are of a continual curiosity, and are such askers of questions, as frequently to tire out their grown-up companions.

The heroine of this little piece belonged to the second class; but her curiosity was limited in a peculiar way. Her brother, at the same age, had looked upon the world with a mind open to any and every impression, and the matter of his questions was very nearly as various as the things that lay within reach of his eyes, ears and hands. His sister was as intently curious; but with a prepossession, which was that in the world of beasts, birds, and flowers, you would always find parallels to the doings and occurrences of human life.

She supposed, for instance, that enquiry would shew that birds keep their food in a larder, just as human beings do. Once she said : " Daddie, the birds are all singing for their supper, and going to bed. But I don't know where is their *bottle-khana.*" She went on : " Where can they get their *Khana?* I think they go to some place in the trees, and find *Khana*, and then they go to sleep, and they wake in the morning, and talk."

To wake in the morning and talk what was, she knew, her brother and herself to do. Birds must be supposed to do so too; for what else could they do? Her preconceived idea, it will be seen, stood between her and knowledge. Her brother knew where the birds got their food, for he had watched and noted. To her mind, it was useless to try to ascertain; for the birds would be sure to have their *bottle-khana* where nobody could find it. It is an open question, however, whether she was not preparing her mind for the reception of knowledge of a more valuable kind than the knowledge that is concerned with the things of sense.

Her preconceived idea, I have said, was that parallels to human occurrences would be found everywhere. She applied it even to the smallest particulars. She once quoted her father as having said that a bird that was in sight was a kestrel, and that kestrels feed on rats. "I did'nt say *rats*," her father corrected her, "but *mice*. Rats are too big." "But, Daddie," she asked, "a kestrel would be very glad of half a rat, would it not, or a quarter?" She saw it carved at some bird-substitute for a dinner-table.

Another of the stories told of her is concerned with eating. She and her father were watching snails on a window-sill. She wanted to know why, as they were there then, they had'nt been seen before.

"I think they live behind the leaves of the Virginia creeper," her father answered, "and they feed on them. It has been raining, and so they have all come out. Many creatures come out after rain." "Yes," he added presently, "you see that one there is eating a leaf." It was not so, however. They soon saw that the snail had merely been passing over the leaf. They were a little disappointed. The child was the first to recover her spirits: she had worked out that a snail was not to be expected to be seen eating at that hour. "But Daddie," she said, "it will eat the leaf, when it is *our* tea-time."

Once in a field that they passed they saw a white hen with about a dozen chickens. On their return they saw a black hen in the field with three chickens. Her mind was instantly ready with the explanation that the matter seemed to her to call for. The white hen was the mummie-hen, and it was putting the younger chickens to bed. The three chickens with the black hen were the three eldest, and the black hen, which was taking them for a walk, was one of the chickens' aunties.

"The fact is," she would have said, if she had spoken her whole mind, "beasts, birds, and flowers are the same as we are, only different to look at."

## LITERALNESS

A thing noted in Brideen is an extraordinary passion that she has for literal truth. That is not to say that she objects to make-believe, or the saying of things in play that are not true. Make-believe is a chief stock-in-trade in her conversation, the expression of it coming with her under the general name of "dolls'-house bât." She has even invented a piece of machinery, by means of which anything passes that may be said. It is her "lawdy family." If anything is objected to in her play as unusual in real life, or impossible, absurd, or dangerous, as taking more than a drop or two at a time of medicine that is poison, she will say: "In my 'lawdy family' you may take as many drops as you please."

It is when the talk is serious, that it troubles her, if anything is said that is not literally true. Thus if you say that everybody knows this or that, she will understand you to mean *literally-everybody*, and, if she knows that literally everybody doesn't it troubles her. The passion in her is most alert when she is being reproved for something, which is unfortunate; for the occasion for correction is apt to be lost in a quicksand of explanation of things merely verbal. So if you would correct her, you must choose your words as you would pearls, some of which if you do not choose well, may prove paste.

Once Brideen had to be refused an orange or something, she having been unwell. Said her Mother: "You don't want to be a little sick girl always, do you?" "It couldn't be *always*," she replied; "for I sha'n't be a *little* girl always, and I sha'n't be anything *always*, for I shall die."

Another time her Mother said: "At that rate, Brideen, you'll be all day over your dinner." "It couldn't be *all* day," she said; "for I have already spent part of it in the garden."

Yet another time her Mother said: "Brideen, I've a great mind to send you to bed for the rest of the day. If I had been as naughty, my Mother would have made me stay in bed the whole day." "It couldn't have been the *whole* day," she rejoined: "for that would have meant that you had been naughty in the night."

### IN THE THIRD PERSON

To speak of themselves in the third person is common with children, I understand; but with Brideen the practice persisted longer than usual. When she was old enough to have learned freely to use the first person, she was still capable of resaying a thing in the earlier manner, if with some difference. Thus she once said: "I have found a haricot bean in my soup;" but being the next instant dissatisfied with that, she resaid it so: "Peter, if you were Brideen, you would have found a haricot bean in Brideen's soup."

I was not prepared for such an extended use of the third person—it had not been a feature of Peter's talk, who is older—and that made me more attentive to his sayings, and more interested to remember them. Such a piece of recorded conversation as the following has still a great interest for me:—

"This is a very long walk! Brideen said she wanted to go for a little walk."

"Well, you see Mummie wanted to get some medicine at the shop."

"Then the shop ought to have been a little more close."

"It is where it is."

"Then Mummie should have gone to another shop."

"Then happens not to be one nearer."

"Then Mummie should have left Brideen at home."

"Should she?"

"Yes; for when Brideen goes very far from home, not in carriages, she gets very tired."

Brideen not only usually spoke of herself as others did—in the third person, that is—she also shewed no hesitation in speaking of herself on occasions as others might when cross with her, or minded to be ironical, or merely to banter. Thus, seeing a hammock, she might say: "I'd like—great fat thing!—to be carried in that hammock," or, having a cold in her head: "Put on your bib, old sniffler." The epithets in those instances, and of course usually, were appropriate to the occasion; but she was once heard to say: "Brideen, butter-fingers!" When she had dropped nothing, and when what moved her to address herself so was solely the interest that the phrase had had for her.

A fact was a fact with her, and, even if the fact was about herself, she could take an apparently impersonal, or "other-person," view of it. I will give instances in a moment: I would first note that it may explain her so free use of the epithet "butter-fingers" and the rest. And now for the instances.

Once it was a question whether Peter or she should go into the house for something. Peter wished her to go. "I can't go," she said.

"Why can't you go?"

"Don't you know?"

"Of course not."

"I can't go because I'm too lazy."

The tone in which she brought out the last phrase—there was a great deal of impatience in it—had the implication that she thought Peter stupid to require to be told a thing so well known to everybody.

This is another instance. Brideen's mother had a way of good-humouredly calling her children names, and, except that the good-humour broke their force, of using very hard names. She has been known to say to Brideen for instance: "Aren't you a little abomination?" Once Brideen asked her father why he had brought her downstairs. "Oh," he said, "I thought you were perhaps worrying your mother—being a 'little abomination.'"

"I *were* being a little 'bomination!" she said, with her head on one side.

Her interest in a fact as a fact, which obscured the impropriety of her advancing her own laziness as a reason why she should not do a thing, went with her readiness to accept any grown-up person's statement about anything, however little prepared she might have been for it. She was only once known to exercise a doubt, and then it was to be noted that it was not the statement that she found too hard, but the implication that she had read into it herself. Someone had said that her apple must be peeled, because the skin was like leather. After long reflection she said: "Can they really make shoes out of apples?

## CHILDREN'S TALK

I suppose I am not wrong in thinking that there is no very successful piece of writing that has the talk of children for its subject. That might be taken to denote that my own interest in it, which is certainly very great, is due to the conjuncture of a particularly rich experience with a special susceptibility to the pleasure of it. It is in just such conjunctures that successful pieces of writing have their genesis, and I might see in what has fallen to me an encouragement to write, except that the same conjuncture must often have been before, and yet has not been an encouragement to another. If it has been before, which one must suppose, what is denoted is that the subject, though certainly of high private interest, could never be of public, but for one objection. It is that, as in biographies there is a striking dearth of talk, only one man having had a Boswell, so the absence that I have noted of an essay on children's talk may be due to there having been no one minded to play the Boswell to them. There must be the record made at the time; for nothing is rarer than the memory that can recall spoken words after the time, and everyone has felt how unsatisfactory it is to quote spoken words, when they cannot be reproduced exactly. "I do not remember well enough," a person says. We do not know, perhaps, why the substituted word should not be as telling as the one that was used, but only that so it is. It is not so telling even for a third person—*i.e.*, one who does not know for certain that it is not the word that was used; which shows, does it not, how closely words fit the character of the person using them? They fit him like a skin, of which, if part be taken off, even one who has not seen the man before will know. But for that, such a one as Froude, in his "Life of Carlyle," would have given quantities of talk; for he could not but know that nothing else would be half as interesting. If you want to portray a man, give his talk. Nothing else is so revealing—not his writings, nor men's opinions of him, nor anything. Even if reproduced not perfectly exactly, it would be more revealing than anything; but, as I have said, we cannot be reconciled to that imperfection.

To bring us back to my subject—is it not seen that a man's interest, or lack of interest, in children's talk is interest, or lack of interest, in child character? There are those who want the full wine of human personality, the product of the mature mind, and to them childhood is just immaturity. To others it has its own ripeness, completeness, perfection. For such I would write: they will feel the charm of character revealed by the child talk that I am now to give.

There is plenty of repetition in families of things that children have said; but the interest is usually some quaintness, oddness, or unexpectedness in the thought. My interest is as often in the expression. When a little girl, asked where she is going, answers, "*none*-where," or looking round the table says, "there is *none* butter," or says, "they have given me so much milk, that I do not know when I shall have *lasted* it all," and, asked what she means by *lasting* milk, replies, "have it all *drinken*." I find it very interesting. I have pleasure, too, in the way children coin words on the analogy of other words, as when they speak of *unlaying* the table, or the *uneasy* game of tennis. Another thing that has pleased me is their way of picking up a grown-up expression, and using it, sometimes in such a context as we use it in, sometimes in quite another. Her mother once said to a little girl, "I should like you to do it, but you needn't, if you don't want to. There is no *must* about it. For some time afterwards she was always using the expression. Once it was while she and another were watching to see if a ladybird would walk up a blade of grass. "I think," she said, "it says, 'I do not want to, and there is no *must* about it.'" Another time, her father having said that they might bathe first, and have tea afterwards or have tea on the edge of the cliff, and then go down to the sea, and bathe, she asked, "Is there any *must* on the edge of the cliff?" The same young person was told to be careful not to spill anything the speaker adding: "It is a clean cloth: see that there are no accidents." A reproving finger pointed later to a jam stain, and the same voice said, "Look at that!" "Yes," the young person replied, "that is one of my accidents." Another time she had to report the loss of a handkerchief. "One of my accidents!" she added.

What I enjoy most is when some unexpectedness in the thought enhances the charm of the expression. A father walking with a child of five years exclaimed, "Thank heaven for this bright sunshine!" "But, Daddie," the child objected, "when there is a great lamp of sun, then I try to look at it, but I can't." The same child (an Anglo-Indian, more familiar with *roti* than *bread*) "used to call a big plateful of slices of bread" "a huge *bunch* of *rotis*." It was she who, asked if she had drunk her tea, replied, "yes I have drunk my tea, but I have left the *cha*." She meant that she had left the tea leaves at the bottom of the cup. And she and her brother, doing their first "copies," used to speak of 'H' as made of two *sticks*, with another joining them. Only they used the Hindustani *lakri*.

There was a little boy of fifteen months, with a vocabulary of some twenty words, five of which he had coined himself. They were, *ai-ee*, apple; *dish*, cat; *cce*, pencil; *did-da*, photograph, picture, illustration; and *dâch*, tobacco pouch, pipe, match.

Two other children, older certainly, but not so very very much older, coined *memit* as a name for the splints that were used for a time to straighten their legs. Afterwards, for some inexplicable reason, they transferred the name to the hot-water bottle. It is not known in that family by any other name.

## The Little Umbrella

Brideen is still an interesting child, with quaint little ways of thought and speech, and with so many of them, that sayings of hers might be quoted in most chapters in a book on child psychology. She is very knowing (a vulgar person would call it 'cuteness'), yet equally naive; very old-fashioned, yet very childish; very wide-awake to the things going on round about, yet a day-dreamer. She is also a charming phrase-maker.

It is not to be expected that one little story should illustrate all this, especially as its date belongs to a still earlier period of Brideen's life. She was not yet four years old, when her Mother took Peter and her to call on a Mrs. Corin in Lee Road in Calcutta. There she fell instantly in love with one of her hostess's baby's presents—a toy Japanese umbrella—but as the baby was too young to appreciate it, and Mrs. Corin very kind, it promptly passed into Brideen's possession.

"Mummie," Brideen said with intense interest, as they drove home, and with the implication that she thought that nobody would ever have dreamt of such a thing happening, "Mummie, I've got the little umbrella!" Presently she said, with her grey-blue eyes very wide open, "I said '*thank you very much*' to that Memsahib, but she didn't say anything!" It was explained to her thereupon that the giver of a present, when thanked, is not expected always to say something.

From that point onwards it was perhaps Brideen's father who was most concerned with the little umbrella. He had first to listen to her endless prattle about it. She would ask such a question as:

"Daddie, how did we make this umbrella?"

"We didn't make it," he replied.

"Then how did Corin Memsahib make it?"

"She didn't make it either."

"Then who *did* make it?"

"Oh, somebody in a shop or in a factory."

"I think Baby Alice"—that was Mrs. Corin's baby—"wanted to buy a little umbrella," Brideen went on, in a tone that indicated her desire decisively to dispose of the question, and leave the field free for other speculations—"I think Baby Alice wanted to buy a little umbrella, and Mrs. Corin *buyed* that one, and the Sahib in the shop where she *buyed* it, *he* made it. Yes—with a confirmatory shake of her curls—I think that was what happened."

Or it was:

"Daddie, this little umbrella came from far Japan." The allusion was to Robert Louis Stevenson's

"The children sing in far Japan;
The children sing in Spain," *etc.*,

which Peter and Brideen at that time were getting by heart.

Presently the shadow of the umbrella as a broken thing fell upon Brideen. It was not broken yet, but it soon might be ; for Brideen had much of her father's house in her, one member of which was once heard saying over a broken toy : "Broke already ! I did broke it !"

So Brideen wished the umbrella taken care of for her.

"Daddie, will you *khabardari* my little *chatir* ?"

"Yes."

"Will you keep it in your *almirah* with Teddy and Tommy Trout ?"

"Yes."

They were a Teddy Bear and a doll of hers that were being taken care of. The *almirah* usually contained quite a number of such articles.

Brideen was not to be inconsolable, if the little umbrella did get broken. Indeed, there might be something so interesting to do then, as almost to make her wish that the day had already come.

"Daddie," she said, "if after another time (she meant 'some time') this little umbrella gets old, then we must cut the *kapra* straightly off, and throw away the umbrella. But it isn't old now. It is only a little days now. An umbrella doesn't get old in a little days !"

"If after another time..." It was a very short time afterwards that the umbrella got broken. Brideen and her father went out alone that evening for a drive. Suddenly Brideen, who had been unusually silent, broached the subject.

"Daddie," she confessed, "Peter Sahib wasn't pleased with me for breaking my little *chatir*."

"No, and I wasn't pleased either. You can't have been careful with it. If you had been, it wouldn't have got broken."

"I've got the *kapra* in my drawer," said Brideen after a pause. "When I get a new dollie, and we make clothes for that dollie, then I'll use the *kapra* for trimming."

Then suddenly remembering that she had been told that her father didn't feel very well that day, she added :

"When I was *thora bimar*, I didn't want to talk, and now you are *thora bimar*, and don't want to talk. So I will talk to myself."

So on she prattled to herself, but Daddie noticed that nothing more was said of the broken *chatir*, or the *kapra* that was to be used for trimming, or of Peter Sahib's displeasure. Peter's mattered, Daddie knew, much more than his own.

J. A. CHAPMAN

# WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT AND INDIAN AFFAIRS

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt was born at Petworth in 1840. He attained to fame and notoriety in many directions. He began life in the diplomatic service and was attached to Athens, Madrid, Paris and Lisbon. In this way he travelled a great deal and imbibed many ideas not usually associated with those of the orthodox Englishman. He was a poet of considerable parts and his volume styled "Love Sonnets of Proteus" rightly attracted much attention and earned for him no slight meed of praise. He married the Lady Anne Noel, a grand-daughter of Byron, and together they wandered all over Asia Minor and Arabia. Blunt thus came into close touch with Moslem opinion and thence onwards he devoted much of his time and energy to the advancement of Mahomedan ideals and aspirations. He was attracted by the unlimited vista of Pan-Islamism and it was as a result of his sympathies with the Musulman world in general that he came to take a particular interest in India Wherever he went he disagreed entirely with the forms of government introduced and favoured by his own countrymen and hence we find him constantly engaged in anti-British schemes and plots. At the time of Gladstone's Home Rule Campaign he rushed excitedly into the fray and supported the extremists in Ireland with the result that he was imprisoned for a couple of months. In the compass of this short article, which deals primarily with matters of Indian interest, it would be impossible to indicate and describe even a small fraction of Blunt's many-sided activities but still I must not fail to refer to the famous stud of Arab horses at Crabbet Park which was wont to attract visitors on purchase intent from countries in both hemispheres.

Blunt frequently identified himself with those occupied in endeavours to wreck constitutions and existing governments. Extreme nationalism appealed to him immensely and this is strange in view of his low opinion of rich and poor alike. He was always anxious for change but was never really happy since he did not wait to consider if the new machinery would be any better than the old. Yet restless in mind and body he could not sit still himself or allow anything in which his interest was aroused to remain peacefully quiet. For his own countrymen he had it would seem but little love or respect. "There is," he says, "nothing so mean in the world as the British mob, unless it be the British aristocracy, but now our fine lords and ladies, though they adulate royalty, do so with their tongues in their cheeks, and this saves to some extent their self-respect."

The diaries of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt prove fascinating and interesting reading. A careful study of them throws much light on his character and opinions. Educated at Stonyhurst he was in the more early days of his life a staunch Catholic but gradually he became materialistic and in the end he lost his faith. He seems to have striven with all his mind and might to remain within the fold of the Church but the trend of events proved too strong for him. He made the journey to Rome and even had a special audience of Pope Leo XIII. "It was in the spring of 1886 when, after my failure at the Camberwell election, I was sick alike of the affairs of the world and of the vain pursuit of happiness. I went to Rome as on a pilgrimage with the vague hope that perhaps I might there recover my lost faith in supernatural things and end my days in piety......I made a general confession of my sins, and if I had been unmarried, I should have attempted to join some religious order as a desperate protection against my own belief.........My reception by His Holiness was of a kind which surprised and touched me almost to bewilderment when I heard the door shut behind me, and I found myself absolutely alone with one so nearly divine, if there was divinity anywhere to be found on Earth." It is a pathetic picture that rises upon the screen of one's mind—the aged Pontiff anxious to retain in the Church a soul that is going astray: kneeling at his feet the penitent desperately anxious to remain but unable to do so owing to forces that he cannot combat. Blunt gave up his faith but he never harboured any ill feelings against the Church of his ancestors. In fact it seems to me that to the end of his long life he was always hoping to recover his lost beliefs so eager was he, whenever occasion arose, to discuss questions of Catholic dogma and tradition. Moreover, the Bellocs and the Dillons, the Petres and the Butlers were amongst his closest friends and this is a fact from which only one deduction can be drawn.

Blunt took a great deal of interest in Indian affairs and made a couple of journeys to Hindustan to see for himself the condition of the country. His views were formed, however, long before he landed and he went away after seeing only the side of the question in which he believed and was interested. Half measures never appealed to him and so he was greatly disappointed in Gokhale. "He expresses himself well in English, and I have no doubt is an able speaker. But he is clearly no leader of a revolution and they will effect nothing without one. He lacks the enthusiasm which a belief in ultimate success would give, or even the bitterness which is also the force of hatred and despair."

Again under date 21st July, 1912, there is another very interesting reference to Gokhale:—"Drove Belloc to Steyning where we had tea with Mackarness. We found Gokhale there, who exhorted me to use my influence with Indian Mahomedans to get them to join the Hindoos in working for self-government. I have of course been doing this for a long time. I reminded Gokhale of my advice to him four years ago to put a couple of bombs in his pocket when he went to see Morley at the India Office. The reminiscence shocked him, for he is a timid man, and terribly afraid of being thought an extremist, especially in presence of Mackarness and his fellow judge, Lord Coleridge.........My last word to Gokhale on going away was—Above all don't be too moderate."

This is typical of Blunt's earlier aspect on life in general. Agitation by lawful and constitutional means had no attraction for him. Any object to be attained must needs be gained in a hurry and with the aid of the minority who might be obsessed with ideas of hatred and revenge. Beliefs of this nature have done considerable harm to many nations in their struggle for what is styled independence and the student of history need only ponder on the conditions that exist in Russia and in Ireland to realise the force of this contention. When Sir Curzon Wyllie was assassinated at the Imperial Institute by an Indian student Blunt had no word of sympathy for the relatives of the deceased. He makes fun of the English press which "is united in its religious horror at the crime.........if ever people had excuse for means of this kind, it is the people of India." This indeed is an extraordinary standpoint and an unwise statement to make. Even when allowance is made for likely exaggeration such words could only have been written by an individual with an abnormal mentality. If an object is worthy of attainment it is desirable beyond denial that the end should be gained by laudable means. Wilful murder and the like are certainly not stepping-stones of righteousness and they will never prove satisfactory advertisements of a just and wholesome cause.

Blunt wrote a book entitled "India under Ripon" which brought forth a long and eulogistic letter from H. M. Hyndman, the socialist, who also dabbled a great deal in Indian affairs. The following is his description of Hyndman. "He is a big, burly, bearded fellow, a rough edition of William Morris, with the same energetic talk on socialistic topics that I remember in Morris......We discussed the prospects of socialism and how it would affect Imperial questions, and I told him I believed it would be just as bad for the subject races in Asia under a socialistic regime in England as now. This he would not agree to, but he did not convince me I was wrong." Whatever opinion one may have regarding Hyndman and his views it cannot be denied that he had definite beliefs which he considered, rightly or wrongly, would be for the benefit of mankind in general, in the East as much as in the West. With Blunt, however, the case was apparently different. He undoubtedly believed that he was doing right in supporting what he called subject nations, but he did not appear to consider sufficiently if the new state of affairs was likely to be an improvement upon the old.

In 1913, however, the failure of his propaganda and schemes elicited a heart-rending confession from Blunt. He had been seriously ill for some time previously and without preface he suddenly records the following lament in his diary :—"I am alone just now here and in this dark world I am overwhelmed with woe. I see myself as one sees the dead, a thing finished which has lost all its importance, whatever it once had in the world......I have made almost no converts in Europe, and am without a single disciple at home to continue my teaching after I am dead. Even in the East, though my ideas are bearing fruit and will one day be justified in act, I have founded no personal school where my name has authority." These words were written in his seventy-third year and they constitute a confession of complete defeat and abject despair. It is difficult to decide what caused this admission on the part of Blunt though it is a typical ebullition of his emotional temperament. "Nothing, if not all" was invariably his watchword and that is perhaps the reason why as the end of his career was approaching he unexpectedly gave the following advice to Indian Moslems :—

"My present motto, therefore, for Indian patriotism, Mohamedan and Hindoo alike, would be Loyalty to the Imperial Crown but insistence on self-government under it......And so may God prosper you and hasten the day of Islamic and Asiatic independence." This indeed is strange advice from one who had previously supported Dhengra and Savarkar, and other extremists of Egypt and of Ireland as well as of Turkey. It is, however, yet another example of the way that human nature often tempers and improves the wild and semi-irresponsible minds of enthusiasts. These well-meaning idealists set up a target before themselves but fail to notice how torn and disfigured it becomes before their attack upon it succeeds.

In the pages of his diary Blunt makes a pleasing reference to Lord Ronaldshay, lately Governor of Bengal. "Beauclerk brought Lord Ronaldshay to luncheon, a pleasant young man of thirty-five (1911) who has travelled much in Asia and is now in Parliament, with aspirations of being some day Viceroy of India......My view of Imperial matters was entirely new to him, as it is to most people, though it is really forty years old. He, like everybody else, confuses the meaning of the word Empire, which has only quite recently been applied to our white colonial system, which is no more imperial than was the Greek colonial system in the days of Pericles."

Blunt was a great friend and admirer of Robert, first Earl of Lytton, and on the 6th of February, 1911, he records a note to the effect that he has been arranging "Lytton's letters to me, some two hundred of them, a really wonderful series, from 1865 to 1891 when he died. They are as good as Byron's or Shelley's, and far better than Trelawney's whose letters to Clare and Mary Shelley I have just been reading."

There are also certain references to the present Governor of Bengal which I propose to cull although there is no suggestion of India about them. They were made long ago and so even if there were no oriental connection at the time there exists at present adequate reason for their obvious interest to those whose lot is cast in Bengal.

"*7th April* (*1903*). Lunched with Victor and Pamela Lytton in their new house in Queen Anne's Gate. Victor goes almost daily to listen to the debates in the House of Commons, feeling cut off from a political career by being in the Lords. He is looking older and his face has grown longer. I see in him a certain likeness now to his grandfather the novelist."

"*17th February* (*1910*). Victor Lytton came to lunch to talk over the question of prison reform with me. He talked intelligently on the subject, in which he is much interested."

Such remarks, pedantic and arbitrary as they certainly may be, are typical of many that illuminate the pages of the diaries. Although it has no Indian interest I cannot refrain from quoting the entry against the 2nd of January, 1911. It hardly could have been shorter, or more to the point:—

"The birthday honours list gives Jameson a baronetcy who ought to have had a rope." This admittedly is in far from the best of taste but it exemplifies that intensity of feeling which Blunt himself not only possessed to overflowing but that he demanded so vigorously in others whose cause he wished to further.

When Blunt passed away recently at the ripe old age of four score and two he must have been sore and sad at heart. All his ideals had eluded him though no one could have tried more bravely than he to keep them with him. Ireland and India, Egypt and Turkey, nations one and all whose several schemes and schisms he had constantly championed, were seething with internecine strife. Peace and happiness were nowhere in sight and he left the world, a disappointed visionary. Not even the consolations of the Christian Religion were available to him.

He was buried in an old Eastern carpet in a certain Sussex wood without any rite or ceremony. By his will he left to the Franciscans of Crawley a legacy for the up-keep of the Monastery Chapel where the mortal remains of his brother and sister rest in peace. To the Quakers a bequest he made for the support of one of their burial grounds as a token of his appreciation of their conscientious objection to military service, while to the Mahomedans he bequeathed a sum of money to be devoted to the erection of a mosque in London.

" All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home :
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

Methinks that if Blunt had sought comfort from amongst its wonderful pages the philosophy of "The Hound of Heaven" might have helped him much during those dreadful periods when he was "alone in the dark world and overwhelmed with woe."

P. LEO FAULKNER

# BIRDS' NESTING IN THE SIMLA HILLS

Several years' residence in the hills of Simla and the observation and study of bird-life of this part of India have taught me much of the nesting-habits of the birds found in this district. The exigencies of space prevent me from attempting a full description of the nidification of all Simla birds, but it has often struck me that a collection of notes, culled from my diary, would be of interest, especially to those who are fond of the oological aspect of ornithology. It is not my intention to write about any rare birds, nor do I wish to record any startling discoveries—such notes are better suited for publication in a scientific journal devoted entirely to natural history. In the pages that follow I shall give some of my personal experiences in connection with oological rambles in Simla. I sincerely hope that my notes may prove to be of interest; and if this be the case, my task will have been accomplished. In order to be a bird-lover it is not necessary to be a professional scientist, and there are many bird-lovers in India.

One of the most engaging little birds found in Simla is the tiny Red-headed Tit, which is about half the size of a common house-sparrow, but which the learned have saddled with a scientific name far too heavy for the diminutive bird to bear. In ornithological parlance the Red-headed Tit found in these parts is known as *Aegithaliscus concinnus iredalei*! The nesting-habits of this tiny bird are most interesting. Like the other tits found here, this species is a very early breeder—in fact, except for the huge Lammergeyer or Bearded Vulture (*Aypactus barbatus grandis*), which like some other birds of prey breeds in the depth of winter—the Red-headed Tit is perhaps the first bird to turn its attentions to nest-building at the very first signs of spring. By the second week of March this little tit begins nesting operations.

A sharp eye and a little patience are all that is required, and a walk along any hill road will soon result in the discovery of more than one pair of building tits. Before your eye catches the birds you will hear the well-known call-notes—*Prit-tit-tit*, *Chee-hee-hee.* Then you locate them, and you will soon be rewarded by seeing a bird carrying a feather in its bill. Stand still and watch, and you will find the bird making for the nest which is in course of construction. The nest of the Red-headed Tit is indeed a very pretty little structure. It looks at first sight like a large artificial pear made of moss. Closer inspection will show that the nest is made of hundreds of scraps of moss, cobwebs, lichen, thin stems and a few small dry leaves. At the top end of the nest, which is usually narrower than the lower end, will be found a small entrance-hole. The inside is always copiously lined with a large number of soft, downy feathers which are exceedingly soft to the feel—a cosy repository for the eggs. From five to eight eggs are laid, but usually five or six are found in a nest. The eggs have a very neat appearance, being white marked with a more or less distinct broad ring of light brownish-pink round the broad ends. There is, however, a great variation in colour. This year, for instance, on the morning of the 25th March, I took a ramble along the railway lines and found four nests containing altogether 24 eggs. Some eggs were very distinctly marked with the usual ring, but one clutch had the markings very indistinct, and one egg in this clutch was pure white. Round about Simla the nest of the Red-headed Tit is usually placed in a low bush, *e. g.*, a young oak about 3 or 4 feet high, or in a creeper. Sometimes a nest is placed in a fairly big tree, like an oak or rhododendron, either at the end of a branch or wedged in between two branches growing upwards. Occasionally one finds a nest with two holes, one being the usual entrance-hole, and the other perhaps an exit in the event of an emergency or a rejected entrance which did not meet with the bird's approval. A great variety of feathers is used for the lining of a nest, any picked-up feathers serving the purpose. The feathers of the White-crested Kalij Pheasant (*Aennœus hamiltonii*) are often used, and once a nest was found containing the feathers of an Imperial Sand-Grouse (*Pterocles orientalis*), which is most unusual, as grouse are not found in these hills. The following are the dimensions noted in my diary of a typical nest of the Red-headed Tit :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| " Greatest length | ... ... | 5¼ inches. |
| Greatest width | ... ... | 4¼ ,, |
| Diameter of entrance-hole | ... | 1½ ,, ,, |

Another pretty little bird is the White-browed Blue Flycatcher (*Cyornis superciliaris*). The male is a greyish blue bird above and white below, with a blackish broken collar that comes down either side of the neck but does not meet on his shirt-front! The female is an inconspicuous brown above and white below, but her build exactly resembles the male, so that she is easily recognised. This small Flycatcher is a bird that may be met with on any well-wooded hillside. It seems to have a decided preference for rhododendrons and oaks and shuns the thin shade of pines and deodars. The White-browed Blue Flycatcher nests in a natural hole in a tree or in a suitable place between a tree-trunk and a creeper growing thereon. The nest is a neat small cup of thin twigs, stems, etc. The eggs are of a most peculiar colour, being of a uniform brownish-pink or stone colour without any marks. The nests are not difficult to find, for you have simply to exercise a little patient observation and keep a look-out for likely-looking holes, especially if the birds are near by. For example, in the course of a work on the 16th April, 1922, I found three nests in half an hour and within a radius of 100 yards. Apparently one egg is laid every day to judge from the observations made on a nest recently. On the 30th March this year I found a nest not quite built, situated in an ivy-like creeper that was clinging to small oak which grows on a well-frequented road. On the 8th April I visited the nest again. It had been completed and one egg had been laid. On the 10th two more eggs had been added.

Early in April two more common flycatchers start building. Both species are somewhat smaller than a sparrow in size, but they are widely different in colour and in nesting-habits. One is a greyish-green bird with something of a crest and with bright yellow underparts. This is the Grey-headed Flycatcher (*Culicicapa ceylonensis*) which visits Simla in summer only. Both sexes are alike and it is therefore impossible to distinguish at sight a male from a female. The other is known as the Verditer Flycatcher (*Stoparola melanops melanops*), on account of the peculiar shade of its blue colour. Except for a blackish mark near the eyes, the whole bird is of a uniform verditer blue. The female can be differentiated by her paler hue, for, alongside the cock, she looks quite faded and dull. The Grey-headed Flycatcher builds a very characteristic nest. This species is fond of well-wooded parts and is seen near moss-covered tree-trunks. Why near moss-covered tree-trunks ? Because this bird builds its nest on such trunks. How ? It constructs a very elegant pocket of moss, lichens, cobwebs and cocoons, and this beautiful pendent nest it attaches to the moss growing on the bole of the tree by two long arms. How delicate the nest is one who has not seen it cannot imagine. It fills us with wonder to think how, first of all the eggs, and later on the young birds, remain safe in this fragile cradle, supported by a few strands of cobwebs and moss. The nest does not look strong enough to stand the strain, and yet the eggs are hatched and the little flycatchers are fledged. Four eggs are usually laid, and these are of a dirty white marked sparingly with yellowish-brown spots, particularly round the broad ends. Years ago, when I first looked for the nest of the Grey-headed Flycatcher, I was almost deluded : I had noticed that a pair of these birds frequented a particular locality, so I determined to find the nest. For three or four days I watched the birds, until one day they behaved in a very alarmed manner and I knew I was somewhere near the nest. But where was it ? A careful search revealed a snspicious bit of moss hanging from the trunk of an oak. This may not be the nest I thought ; but I went up to the tangle of moss, and lo !—I had found the nest. The measurements of this nest are given below :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Depth | 1¼ | inches. |
| Inside diameter | 1½ | ,, |
| Outside ,, | 2½ | ,, |
| Thickness | 1 | inch. |
| Greatest length of pocket | 4 | inches. |
| Length from top end of one arm diagonally to base of pocket | 7½ | inches. |
| Length of each arm | 2½ | ,, |

The Verditer Flycatcher attracts attention on account of its colouring. Who can resist looking at a beautiful bird? This species is always found along shady hill-roads, and it oft times perches on the telegraph wires and from thence pours forth a merry whistle. Its thoughts lightly turn to love and nesting about the second week of April. This flycatcher, or "Bottle" bird as the schoolboys in Simla call it, makes no pear-shaped or pocket-like nest of moss. Instead, the nest is a pad of moss lined with slender roots, or sometimes composed entirely of the latter. The rain and other factors hollow out portions of the hillside overhanging roads, and in these miniature cliffs, a tangle of roots thickly coated with mud, shows through. Such places are the nesting-sites of the Verditer Flycatcher. But the bird is also fond of building under those small wooden bridges that are constructed below so many of our hill-paths. Four eggs are usually laid, and these are of a pinky-white colour with an indistinct cap of confluent red specks and freckles. Why schoolboys call this fly-catcher the "bottle" bird I do not know ; this nickname seems meaningless.

The Streaked Laughing-Thrush (*Trochalopterum lineatum griseicentior*) is an excessively common Simla bird. It is the representative in these hills of the "Seven Sisters" or *Sat bhai* of the plains. Laughing-Thrushes are, like Jungle Babblers (or "Seven Sisters"), found in small flocks. They are about the size of Mynas, and are clad in reddish-brown, but have a streaked appearance, hence their name. On account of their colour these birds are called "Brownies" by schoolboys. The breeding season is a long one extending from March to August, so that the eggs of this species may be obtained for many months. However, as Hume rightly points out, although the Streaked Laughing-Thrush makes a fairly big nest, the birds take great pains to conceal it carefully. Consequently, a thorough search is necessary in order to find the nest, which is placed usually in some thick bush or creeper. I shall relate a recent experience of mine which bears this out. I had been watching a pair of laughing-thrushes from my office window. The birds were collecting materials for a nest. As soon as each had a beakful of twigs and leaves, it would hop off along the ground till it came to a "Bridal Bouquet" creeper, and then it would vanish from sight for a few minutes, emerging again with nothing in its bill. The nest was obviously somewhere in the creeper. For two or three days I watched the birds doing this, and then I went under the creeper and looked into it. But there was no nest visible! The next day I searched more carefully. The creeper passed over a deodar branch, and on this branch the nest rested, barely visible from below due to the thick creeper. The eggs of the laughing-thrush are, unlike the bird itself, beautiful. They are of a lovely blue colour without any contrasting markings.

That fine songster, the Himalayan Whistling-Thrush (*Myiophoneus horsfieldi temminckii*) or *Kastura*, also takes not a little trouble to guard its nest from detection. This bird is almost as big as the Common House-Crow of the plains (which by the way is not a Simla bird), and is clothed in purplish black, with a few glistening white spots on the head and shoulders, and has a yellow bill. As its name implies, it is a great songster. Its loud, ringing call sounds particularly fine when it perches on some rock in a deep ravine and sends its lay echoing up the nullah. The Whistling-Thrush is never found in flocks but is seen singly or in pairs. Its haunts are *par excellence* those rushing hill-streams, full of large boulders, waterfalls of varying size, green banks, and steep, rocky sides. Last year I came across quite a number of whistling-thrushes in a certain stream of this description, below Summer Hill railway station. During the course of a ramble along this stream I found no less than five nests, either on one side or the other among the rocky ledges of the ravine. I found also the nests of two other species, but that is another story. Very often the *Kastura* builds a nest in some inaccessible spot; or, on the other hand, if the nest can easily be reached, it is most cunningly concealed. Here are two instances showing the way in which this species builds in places difficult of access. Two years ago, I was informed of a nest placed in a hole in the wall of an hotel in a locality called Nabha. On the 23rd April, 1921 I visited this place, and with the aid of some assistants, a thick rope, and a weird-looking apparatus consisting of a small cloth bag fixed to the end of several long sticks and poles, I managed to secure the eggs. The following are extracts from my notes relating to the taking of these eggs:—

> "I tried to get at the eggs from where I stood, on fairly safe ground on the hillside, but I was not able to exert sufficient leverage at this distance. With trouble I secured the services of three natives, and making two of them hold a rope which was attached to the third man's body, I persuaded this individual to go lower down the hillside. By stretching far out the eggs could just be reached by the cloth bag. After several fruitless attempts we succeeded in getting all four eggs. The operation lasted fully an hour, but the exertion was well spent. The manner in which I obtained the eggs was the only solution of the difficulty. The nest was too high to be reached by a ladder from below, or by a ladder placed from the hillside against the building." * * * *

Again, on the 14th April, 1922, I found a nest built in a square hole in a stone wall at the end of a big natural drain water for rain-water. My note-book says: "* * * * * * * * * *

> I climbed up the ravine. This in itself was not a difficult task by any means, but once arrived at the base of the stone wall, I found that the nest was not easy to get at. I made several attempts to climb the wall, which afforded very little foothold as the lumps of mud and the scant and fragile vegetation growing thereon would come away very easily. At last, by dint of utilising every available gap and cranny in the wall, I succeeded in reaching the nest. The result was as I had expected—no eggs had been laid yet!"

As a matter of fact no eggs were laid in that nest: it was cast aside, and a new nest was built in a valley lower down. The eggs of the Himalayan Whistling-Thrush are almost as big as those of a domestic pigeon. They are of a delicate greenish-grey, minutely speckled all over with light pink.

There are a large number of birds of various species that lay their eggs in holes in trees. In the plains the Green Paroquet (*Psittacula torquata)*, the Coppersmith (*Xantholaema haemacephala indica*) and the Golden-backed Woodpecker (*Brachyple nus aurantius aurantius*) furnish the most familiar examples. In the Simla Hills we have, for instance, the Slaty-headed Paroquet (*Psittacula schisticeps schisticeps*), the Great Himalayan Barbet (*Megalaema virens marshallorum*), and several kinds of woodpeckers and many other birds. The following extract from my ornithological diary illustrates a typical experience in the finding of the nest of the Brown-fronted Pied Woodpecker (*Dryobates auriceps*):

> "*6th April.* This morning I went down the *khud* to find nests. * * * * * * * * Low down in a valley * * * I saw an oak, in the trunk of which, at the top, was a small circular hole. * * I threw a few stones at the trunk of the tree. One of the stones hit the trunk fairly and produced the desired effect. First of all a head appeared, and shortly after a *Dryobates auriceps* flew out. From the way in which the sitting bird remained in the hole till she was dislodged, I knew that she had eggs. I managed to obtain an axe from a village near by, and with the aid of this implement, I enlarged the hole. Five eggs were extracted. These were lying on wood shavings and chips at the foot of the hole. The eggs were stained, due I suppose, to the decaying wood."

It may be mentioned here that many birds that deposit their eggs in a hole lay white eggs. Owls, paroquets, barbets, woodpeckers, etc., all lay white eggs. It is easy to locate a woodpecker's " nest " before the eggs are actually laid, because the bird, in hollowing out a hole for their reception, makes a loud tapping noise which betrays the nesting-site. Strictly speaking these birds that lay in holes in trees make no real " nest " in the sense that they build a structure for the reception of the eggs.

A common garden bird in Simla is the Dark-Grey Bush-Chat (*Oreicola ferrea ferrea*). This species is a podgy bird as big as a sparrow. The male is dark-grey above and white below; and the female brown above and dirty white below. This bird is seen all over Simla, but not being of a very retiring disposition, it is not partial to dense forest. The Dark-Grey Bush-Chat does not build its nest on trees or bushes, but selects a suitable natural depression in the ground at the foot of a low bush in which to place the nest. Let me describe the nidification of this species by a quotation from my note-book. I noticed the beginnings of a nest of this bush-chat on the 9th April, 1921, at 7 A.M., when going for an early morning walk. On the 17th I watched both birds, and found that they were still building:

" *23rd April.* The nest of *Oreicola ferrea ferrea* referred to in my note of the 17th instant, was visited to-day.

* * * * * *

"I climbed up the hillside where I thought the nest had been constructed, but I was not able to find the nest at once. I searched for about ten minutes, when the female flew off and revealed the nest at the foot of a wild rose-bush. The nest held a clutch of five eggs."

The nest may be described in general terms as a rather compact cup, made of fine, dry grass stems, lined scantily with cows' hair and resting on a foundation of dry leaves intermingled with moss. The measurements, taken on the day on which this nest was found, are :—

" Greatest diameter (including moss padding on one side) 3¾ ins.
Diameter of nest proper ... ... ... 3¼ „

| | |
|---|---|
| Average thickness of sides ... ... ... | ½ in. |
| Depth ... ... ... ... | 1¼ ins." |

I had better describe the eggs using the words in my diary:

> "Clutch of five. Two slightly hard-set; three quite fresh. Ground colour a pale blue-green. Marked with a number of minute specks of reddish-brown colour, forming a zone at the large end of each egg, but being very sparingly distributed elsewhere, especially at the thin end, which is practically free from these markings."

Another bird which nests in situations similar to that chosen by the Dark-Grey Bush-Chat is the Eastern Meadow-Bunting (*Emberiza cia stracheyi*). This bunting looks very much like a common sparrow, but it has a black and white striped head, a pinkish breast and some white feathers in the tail. These characteristics serve to distinguish it at a glance from a sparrow, although the resemblance between these two species is so marked that Simla schoolboys call the Eastern Meadow-Bunting the "Rock Sparrow." There is nothing very special about the nest, but the eggs are marked in a very peculiar manner. Taking, at random, a description of a cluch of eggs (found on the 30th April, 1921) I find the following remarks in my diary:

> "Visited the nest of *Emberiza cia stracheyi*. Found that three eggs had been laid and took them * * * * Ground-colour a dull greyish-white. In all three eggs there is a zone round the large end of a mass of intricately confused black and dark-brown hair-like scrawls of varying thickness, interspersed sparingly with black dots of irregular shape. In two eggs the hair-like markings tend to approach the thin ends, but the third egg is not so marked. As stated by Hume, the pattern of the markings on the eggs of this species reminds one somewhat of a spider's web with a fly caught in it every here and there."

Mr. Douglas Dewar says that the Minivets would carry off the first prize at a beauty show of Indian birds. Although I do not hold this opinion, there is no doubt that the Minivets are hard to beat. There are various kinds of Minivets that occur in India, and they all specialize in shades of red, yellow and green. Simla has but one species, known as the Short-billed Minivet. The natives call this species the *Rajah Lal* and ornithologists have named it *Pericrocotus brevirostris brevirostris.* The male has a black head and neck, and his wings and tail are also marked with black, but the remainder of the cock's plumage is a brilliant dark red. The hen has the same scheme of colouration, but her dress is green and yellow. Minivets strongly resemble wagtails in the elegance and grace of their build. During the non-breeding season the Short-billed Minivet is seen in small flocks of about six or eight individuals, the majority of the birds being clothed in green and yellow, with one or two black and red cocks. This has given rise to the strange story that the male is the "Beloved of Seven Damsels!" But to write of their nidification. April and May are the best months to search for minivets' nests. They start building at the beginning of April. In 1922 I was able to discover many nests, three of which I found by keeping my eyes open on my way to and from office. One nest was built on a branch of a tall deodar, and the nest was directly above the main road, where hundreds of people pass daily. This year the first nest that I noticed was on the 24th March. The following extracts from my note-book will show the progress made by the birds:

"*24th March.* For some days I have seen a pair of *Pericrocotus brevirostris brevirostris* frequenting a particular locality. This morning the birds were behaving suspiciously, and a little watching showed me what appeared to be the beginning of a nest about 15 feet up on a horizontal branch of a pine.

"*27th March.* The nest is getting on well.

"*30th March.* The nest of *Periocrocotus brevirostris brevirostris* is almost complete. I stood under the nest and watched the female building. The male was observed sitting in the nest at one time. I suppose this was being done to shape the nest.

"*6th April.* * * * I sent up a climber to report on the progress made. I was informed that one egg was visible in the nest."

Thus, a Short-billed Minivet takes about two weeks to build a nest.

Without practice, it is difficult to locate a minivet's nest. Even when built it is hard to see. The nest is placed on a horizontal branch, usually on a pine or deodar; but if on a thin branch, the nest looks from below just like a natural knob, and if on a thick bough, the nest is not visible from beneath. The nest itself is a beautiful deep cup, made of thin twigs, stems, etc., and is wonderfully decorated with pieces of lichen, cocoons, etc., which closely assimilate with the branch on which the nest is placed. So well is this lichen put on to the nest that the lichen looks as if it is naturally growing there. Hume says, "I have never seen one (a nest) on any kind of fir-tree." The Short-billed Minivet lays four or five eggs. These are white tinged with pink, or even green, and are richly marked with brownish-red and pale purple, the marks being densest at the large ends.

Two birds, of quite different species, nidificate on grassy hillsides : one is a warbler and the other a pipit. The former is known as the Brown Hill-Warbler (*Suya crinigera crinigera*), and the latter is called the Upland Pipit (*Oreocorys sylvanus*). The Brown Hill-Warbler is a most insignificant bird to look at. It is a "tinie brownie" bird with a fairly long tail. The name "Warbler" must be euphemistic, for this species certainly cannot warble. Its note is a strange, but distinctive, chirrup. Schoolboys have created for it the onomatopœic name of *chikra-chu*! This is a fairly good imitation of the bird's note. It begins nesting at the commencement of the monsoons. By this time of the year the vegetation is quite green and many slopes are clothed in long grass. It is among the long grass that this warbler builds. The nest is somewhat similar in shape to that made by the Red-headed Tit, yet the material used is not moss, but strands of grass all plaited together and the gaps filled in with cotton and seed down. There is the usual round entrance-hole near the top of the nest. The nest itself is attached to a clump of grass. When freshly built the nest looks very pretty, but the green colour soon fades and the beautiful appearance is then lost. In the year 1918 I was living at Chota Simla, and just below my residence were two or three grassy slopes. In that year, by searching the grass, I found close upon a dozen nests of the Brown Hill-Warbler. The eggs are white with a ring of reddish spots round the broad end.

The other bird that frequents glass-covered slopes is the Upland Pipit, but this species prefers those hillsides where the grass is not very long. The nest is a shallow pad of grass, placed in a hollow on the ground and near a clod of earth, a rock, or a tussock of grass, which acts as a protection. The best way to find Pipits' nests is to get a few assistants and walk with them in a line across a suitable grassy hillside. The birds are disturbed, and as they fly up the places from which they rise are carefully marked and searched. The eggs are greyish-white, thickly speckled all over with reddish- or purplish-brown. Four is the usual complement. The Upland Pipit looks exceedingly like a hen sparrow, but it is not arboreal and is found sneaking about the open hillsides. Moreover, its note is very distinctive. Flying off a hillside straight into the air, the bird utters a quick call like *tick-tick tick-tick*,—and then, while returning in a graceful curve on outstretched wings, it utters a call which may be syllabised as *kut-kee-kut-kee-kut-kee*. This is not the behaviour of any self-respecting sparrow !

Swallows, like the Government of India officials, are summer visitors to Simla—they spend an agreeable time here till the winter begins to set in, and then they depart to more salubrious parts. The common swallow of Simla is known as Hodgson's Striated Swallow (*Hirundo daurica nepalensis*). I shall not describe it as everyone knows what a swallow is like, and the only swallow that the man in the street is likely to notice in Simla is this species. This swallow builds in houses, so it is easy enough to watch its nesting operations. The nest is made of mud, consisting of hundreds of pellets all joined together to form a retort-shaped structure which is affixed to the roof. When far from human habitation, the birds fix their nests to the underside of ledges of cliffs. From

April to August swallows may be observed nesting. The birds pick up small pellets of mud from some soft wet spot, *e. g.*, near a roadside water-tap, and slowly construct their nests by adding one pellet to another until the whole structure is complete. Just a little wet mud is added every day and this is allowed to dry before more is put on, as otherwise the wet mud would be too heavy and would suddenly collapse of its own weight. The inside of the nest is lined with grass and soft feathers. The eggs are pure white, and the shell is very thin and delicate.

Let us now consider the nidification of the largest bird found in Simla. This is the Lammergeyer or Bearded Vulture (*Gypaetus barbatus grandis*), already referred to at the beginning of this article. There is no need to describe it, for it is easily identified on account of its huge size. High in the air its pointed wings and long, wedge-shaped tail are always recognisable, and when it flies at a low elevation its long, black beard is quite distinct. On account of the brownish-yellow colour of the head and neck the Lammergeyer is often erroneously called here the "Golden Eagle," which is quite a different bird altogether and is comparatively rare in Simla. This grand bird builds on ledges in high precipices, and it can well be imagined that it is no easy task to secure the eggs. To go over the top is never an easy job and the feat is rendered more difficult than ever in the depth of winter. Once did I essay such a performance, but I am very doubtful whether I shall do it again! I prefer someone who is of a bolder spirit to get Lammergeyer's eggs. A dare-devil man and an unbreakable rope are essential. The nest is like that of the common vulture—a large mass of sticks with a central depression, lined with grass, hair, rags, etc. Two eggs are usually laid. These are fairly big, measuring about 3¼ by 2 inches. The eggs are marked all over with reddish-brown, and somtimes are beautifully decorated. These large eggs always attract attention in an egg-collection. It is no wonder that they provoke enthusiasm. But to get the eggs needs much daring and necessitates the preliminary finding of an orphan who will have none to mourn his loss, should he, by any chance, drop into a boulder-strewn valley from a height of more than 200 feet!

There is an interesting bird found in Simla, although it is not a common species here, known as the White-tailed Nuthatch (*Sitta himalayensis*). An account of its nesting-habits will, I am sure, prove interesting. But before describing the nidification of this Nuthatch, I shall say a few words about the bird generally. To begin with, a Nuthatch is so called, because, in addition to its insect diet, it feeds to a large extent on hard nuts, the kernels of which are extracted in a wonderful manner. The nut is firmly fixed in some crack in a tree, and being held thus as in a vice, the bird then hammers at the nut till it has made a hole through which the kernel can be picked out. The insects it finds by climbing about the trunks and branches of trees, poking and peering into every crevice and cranny. During the breeding season, which begins about the middle of March and lasts to the middle of May, Nuthatches are found in pairs, but at other times they go about in small flocks, probably family parties. The White-tailed Nuthatch could perhaps have been given a better name, as the whole tail is not white, but only the outer pairs of tail-feathers. Both sexes are alike, but the hen is a little paler: they are slaty-blue above and chestnut below. In size a Nuthatch is about as big as a sparrow. The call of this Nuthatch is repeated very quickly and sharply, and sounds to me like *kia-kia-kia-kia-kia-kia*. Let me now pass on to the nesting habits. The White-tailed Nuthatch selects a natural hollow in a tree in which to make its nest. When a suitable hole has been found it is made smaller with a sort of plaster until it measures about an inch in diameter. Stuart Baker says that the material used for narrowing the hole is mud or clay, but my experience is that a curious gummy substance is utilised. The following extracts from my ornithological diary give an account of the nidification of the White-tailed Nuthatch :—

"*11th March.* Near 'Cherriton' (the name of a house) I saw the head of a bird peeping out of a hole in a knot on the trunk of an oak. The hole was about 15 feet above the hillside. * * * * But the way in which it twisted its head about soon proved that it was a *Sitta himalayensis* * * * * *

"*17th March.* Went for a ramble this evening * * * Visited the place where I saw a pair of *Sitta himalayensis* nesting. The hole was not clearly visible as it was dusk but a light coloured patch below the hole may have been some plaster put on by the birds * * *

"*18th March.* * * * The white patch I saw last evening was a discoloration of the bark. While inspecting the hole, both birds suddenly appeared. One was carrying a chip of bark which it deposited in the hole. It then picked off another small piece of loose bark from a point a few feet above the hole, and this also was placed in the hole.

"*25th March.* The nesting-site of *Sitta himalayensis* was inspected again. No eggs have been laid yet, but the nest itself is visible on peeping into the hole. The entrance has been plastered up but the plaster is not clay. * * * Eggs should be laid about a week hence.

"*30th March.* Visited first the nest of *Sitta himalayensis.* No eggs have been laid yet.

"*6th April.* Made arrangements to obtain the eggs of *Sitta himalayensis.* I took a heavy axe and an electric torch. The entrance to the nest was plastered up and looked exactly the same as when I saw the nest on the 25th March. The diameter of the entrance-hole was just about one inch. I brought away two pieces of this plastering material. It appears to me to be composed of a mixture of moss, rotten wood, bark and a little mud (clay ?)—all held together and worked up into a hard mass with gum or some other viscous matter from trees * * * * Having removed the plaster and some pieces of wood from the knot, I flashed the torch and found that five eggs had been laid. The female was hiding in the hole in a corner away from the eggs. In three quarters of an hour (1-45 to 2-30 P.M.) the hole had been sufficiently enlarged to admit a hand. All five eggs were extracted without damage. Just before taking the eggs the female flew out. She had been sitting through all the hacking and hammering ! The nest was just a hollow pad. Moss was not used, but rotten chips of wood, bark, and some dry, *broken* oak-leaves. The following is a description of the eggs : Clutch of five. The ground-colour is white. The eggs are marked all over with freckles of reddish-brown, chiefly towards the broad ends. There are also underlying yellowish-brown freckles. Although the bird sat so close, the eggs when blown were quite fresh."

I have only been able to write about a few birds out of a host of species that nidificate in the Simla Hills. Many common birds, like the White-cheeked Bulbuls that are always found in the garden, or the Spotted Forktails that haunt the stream, or the Blue Magpies and Jays that are seen in the forest, and several others, have been omitted ; but I trust that I have been able to show that birds'-nesting is a happy combination of exercise, amusement and study. In the plains egg-collecting is, I think, far easier, but against this is to be set the climate which makes a day's ramble in the country most unpleasant; in the hills the climate has not to be contended with, but the inaccessibility of the nests of various birds is an important factor, and the exertion of climbing up and down the hills is something to be remembered.

I have had lucky days in the Simla Hills, but I have also been attended by bad luck. On one occasion I went to visit the nest of a Spotted Forktail (*Enicurus maculatus maculatus*). I walked a distance of six miles from my residence to a valley at the other end of Simla—a stream hundreds of feet below the nearest human habitation. I found the nest but no eggs had been laid in it. So I climbed up again and walked back six miles. Later on I undertook the same journey, but although I found a second nest, even this had no eggs! In trying to climb an oak to secure the eggs of a Red-billed Blue Magpie (*Urocissa melanocephala occipitalis*) I fell to the ground and rolled down the *khud*, but I escaped with a few scratches! I have risked my neck more than once, and, I am afraid to confess, have inveigled some others to do the same! Bird-watching is hard to beat, and those who do not know our common Indian birds miss, as Mr. Dewar says, "much of the pleasures of life"; and we cannot watch birds without learning about their nesting-habits. Most nests are found during the months of April, May and June; but some birds breed earlier and some later in the year.

S. BASIL-EDWARDES

# THE ROSE OF INDIA

## (ACT V; SCENE V)

[On the Mountain of Avenging Doom. A low elevation in the background up which there winds a white path. On the top of the hill there is a cluster of trees. In the distance are heard cries of joy, the clanging of cymbals, beating of tom-toms, and the ringing of bells. Discovered a group of Christians, looking down over the city.].

*1st Christian*—

How ill, alas, accord these joyous sounds
With our sad errand to this hill of doom,
And our beloved Master's Martyrdom!
Why is the people's temper thus elate?

*2nd Christian*—

The news hath reached them—the decree of war
Is cancelled. See, already to the city
Returning come the great war-elephants,
Chariots and footmen with their glittering spears
Undyed with bloodshed; 'tis the dawn of peace.

*1st Christian*—

What peace is this that flaunts upon the breeze
Its scarlet banners and makes holiday,
E'en while it stains the soul of Hindustan
For ever with the life-blood of a saint?
Alas, alas! must ever human joys
Be purchased at the cost of human woes?
Must one man's pleasure be another's dole,
And like some radiant goddess sprung to birth

Of surging ocean, from our gushing tears
Leap clear the silvery laugh on faery wing,
All heedless of the travail whence it came ?
Must pain be ever minister to bliss,
Must leisure live upon the aches of toil,
And wealth upon the want of starving men ?
Our glories rise 'mid moans of Ichabod ;
Life's path is strewn with ashes of the dead !

*3rd Christian*—

Brother it is the law of human kind
That life is only saved by sacrifice.
Look to the Cross ; behold it there proclaimed
When at the Just One's God-forsaken cry
Dawned on a world redemption.

*2nd Christian*—

Lo, he comes—
Sweet Christ, have pity! Brethren to your knees !
Thoma Muthappen, bless us, pray for us !

(*Enter St. Thomas guarded by four soldiers carrying lances, under an officer ; Sitaraman walks by his side ; a crowd of weeping Christians, Gurprashad and several Brahmins.*)

*Gurprashad* (*to Officer*)—

These people must no further. Many climb
The stopes already, and the number swells.
Haste on the execution, lest attempt
Be made at rescue.

*Officer*—

There are men enough.
Some three score lances gleam from yonder trees.

*St. Thomas—*

Suffer thus far, to bid my friends farewell.

(*Addressing Christians*)

My children, be not overmuch dismayed
At my departure; 'tis my going home,
And your distress and anguish of farewell,
Its only sadness, save the many sins
I bring for pardon to the piercèd feet
Of Him who waits for me, my Lord and God.
Now but a little hill remains to climb,
Now but a little way is left to wend,
Ere I behold Him—hear Him speak the words
Of welcome and acceptance, and exchange
My toils of pilgrimage for endless rest—
Howbeit from praise and service resting not
Nor from mine intercession for your need,
That ye once gathered in His fold may walk
Among the number of His white Elect.
Meanwhile take heed ye waver not in faith
Nor be enticèd back by error's snare
Thro' aught that may befall you. Better lose
Your breath of life than cast away your souls.
I may not linger. Nay, bemoan me not.
This morning after Holy Sacrifice
On Sitaraman here I laid my hands,
And trusted to his overseeing care
The flock that I awhile have shepherded.
God grant he tend it better, and preserve
Him for these little ones from every harm.
Now to the faithful mercies of our God,
My children, I commend you. May the grace
Of Christ enable you to overcome,

The spirit advance your growth in holiness
And keep you blameless till the Lord appear.

*(To the Officer)*

Good sir, I thank thee for thy leave of speech,
And trust I have not over-stept its bound.
May not the guilt of bloodshed rest on thee,
Nor on thy soldiers, whose keen lances pierce
The doors through which my soul her prison flies.
Mine enemies, if they would bear that name,
I pardon from my heart, which but entreats
They fail not of salvation for my blood.
I pray for blessing on Mahadevan,
On his good Queen, and on the prince, his son,
Both now the Faith confessing ; which last fruit
Of Christ His Passion hath refreshed my soul.

*(Sounds of rejoicing break out anew)*

Hark, 'tis the music of a nation's peace !
No earthly sound were sweeter to mine ear.
In peace now lettest Thou Thy servant pass.
Lead on! I come to do Thy will ; O God.

*(Exeunt St. Thomas and soldiers)*

[*The following hymn is sung by an invisible choir.*]

Now to the hills I bend
My eager footsteps home ;
My soul salutes her journey's end,
I hear a Voice and come.

Though dark the gateway frown,
Its portal swings a jar ;
God's City sheds a glory down
On pilgrims from afar.

Victim to Love I bow;
My arms the Cross embrace.
Christ, print Thy kiss upon my brow
Ere I behold Thy Face.

*Krishna*—

Hold! not so fast, Mahatma! Thou'rt stir
Betimes upon this work of butchery,
Like some fell hawk that swoops upon his prey
At dawning ere it waken and its flight
Can cheat his gaping beak and cruel claws.
Yet times there be, Mahatma, when a hawk
Must tame and hooded bide upon the wrist,
While the free skylark hymns it o'er his head.

*Gurprashad*—

Your Highness e'er excelled in imagery,
And none in riddles ever mastered him.

(*To Brahmins*)

Come brethren, we must onward.

*Krishna*—

Not so swift!
I have the hood to slip upon thy head,
To baulk thee of thy keenly sighted prey,
And plunge in disappointment's sudden night
Thine all too confident expectancy.

*Gurprashad*—

Interpreted what means thy parable?

*Krishna*—

That thou, so early come, art yet too late;
That in my breast I bear, Mahatma-ji.
The written order of Mahadevan,

Which now my joyous service 'tis to read,
While the dark furrow deepens on thy brow,
And baffled rage thy flesh a-trembling sets.

*Gurprashad*—
Read on, we hearken, since it must be so.

(*Krishna reading from scroll*)—

Thus saith His Majesty, Mahadevan ;
Whereas a prisoner, condemned to die,
The Christian Sadhu, Thomas Didymus,
Surnamed Apostle of the Golden Cross,
Hath wrought upon us and our royal house
Great blessing and relieving of distress,
In that upon our son right well beloved
Full benefit of healing hath been shed
At this most holy Rishi's prayer and touch—
Whereby he hath from Yama's dread embrace
Rescued the dying and restored him whole
To our wide opened arms and thankful heart—
We do repent us of the doom decreed
In evil hour upon this holy man,
Do cancel and revoke it, and proclaim
Beneath the shade of the Asoka tree,
Where sorrow ends in heart's ease and delight,
Our pleasure now his pardon and release.
Wherefore let those entrusted with the care
Of his most sacred person see to it,
And fail not at their peril to comply
With our most instant order and decree,
To which we duly set our hand and seal.

(*Gurprashad and the Brahmins prostrate themselves*)

*Gurprashad*—
Mahadevan hath spoken. We obey ;
And will forthwith the pardon from thine hand

Up to the stone of execution bear
For the said prisoner's deliverance.

*Krishna* (*thrusting pardon into Gurprashad's hand*)—

Despatch thee, and release him, Brahmana !
I may not further bandy words with thee.
Mahadevan himself ascends the mount.
With Gondophares and his new betrothed
The princess Draupadi, whose countenance
Sweeter and softer than the Vrihat leaf,
Lifts up its favour on her new-found love.
Come too the prince Vizayan and the Queen,
And next to them their errant Highnesses,
Prince Gad and Magudani, whose escape
At Ganges' holy stream perforce was stayed
By the King's outpost. Under guard returned
They now have won forgiveness, and await
The state observance of their nuptial rite.

*Gurprashad*—

All this upon your Highness must entail
A weight of occupation seldom borne.

*Krishna*—

Ay, Sitaraman's fall devolves on me
A multiplied array of services
That crowd out leisure and forbid delays.
Too long already have I lingered here,
And time is precious, while a human life
Hangs in the balance. Lest thy speed of foot
Suffice not, Brahmin, to prevent this doom,
Or subtlety should nicely calculate
Its pace to render null the royal hest,
'Twere better done I onward rode myself
And to the pardon gave its swift effect.

*Gurprashad*—

Were it not better to await the King,
Whose retinue e'en now hath turned the bend
And glitters bravely on the upward slope?

*Krishna (with agitation)*—

A truce to argument! The pardon, quick,
Before I slay thee! Gods, should I be late!

*Gurprashad*—

Here 'tis, your Highness. You may save him yet.

*(Delivers the pardon to Krishna who snatches it and gallops off)*

*Gurprashad*—

Methinks the scatter-brain hath drawn his bow
Of converse long enough to pierce the life
He rides to rescue; he was easy held.
So the king deems in these untoward times
We Brahmins may be slighted and ignored.
These royal unions of an hour's caprice,
This peace contrived by tyrants in their cups,
Demand a price, a victim this at least.
We will not thus be cheated of our due—
Mahadevan shall learn it, though he think,
All grace denying us, to keep his throne.
E'en for the wolves do travellers pursued,
To check their onset, cast a crust of bread,
While we get nothing. Shall we tamely brook
Starvation? Nay, by Indra's thousand eyes!

*(Enter Tulsi—runs forward and throws himself at Gurprashad's feet)*

Who art thou, slave, and wherefore comest thou?

*Tulsi*—

O Guru, I am Tulsi, once a mute,
The Apostle's most unworthy servant I,
And of all things that breathe the unhappiest.

*Gurprashad* (*drawing back*)—

Avaunt, O base-born, sacrilegious thrall,
Presuming thus upon our sanctity
Within the score of paces law allows!

(*Tulsi retreats some twenty paces*)

What wouldest thou?

*Tulsi*—

I would confess the crime
For which my master stands condemned to die;
'Twas I who slew Ram Chandra, when he raised
His hand against my master while he slept
Of bloodshed guiltless all and innocent.

*Gurprashad*—

Dog, why so late thy tale?

*Tulsi*—

I was afraid—
God pardon me—I was afraid to die—
But now would rather die a thousand deaths
Then let my master suffer in my stead.

*Gurprashad*—

Wherefore thou art a fool—for life is sweet.
Thy master's death is of more use to us
Than is the shedding of thy worthless blood.
So take thy life, and say no more of it.

*Tulsi*—

Nay, life were cursèd bought at such a price.

*Gurprashad—*

What is that, pray, to us? See thou to that.

(*Flourish. Enter courtiers, etc., carrying garlands of flowers followed by Gad, Magudani, Vizayan and Draupadi.*)

*A Courtier—*

Stay! It is here Mahadevan dismounts
To meet the Holy Rishi.

*Magudani—*

What a joy
To look upon our shepherd once again,
To end his sufferings and to welcome him
Back from the threshold of the door of Death,
In peace and honour.

*Gad—*

Yea, belovèd—yet
My eyes in shame will drop before his gaze,
Since had we waited, as he counselled me,
Not thus had been provoked Mahadevan
To peal his clarion of avenging war
Or pass his deathful sentence on the saint,
But patience had attained her crown undimmed
With anguish caused by our untimeous flight,

(*Flourish. Enter Mahadevan, Gondophares and Manashtri.*)

*Mahadevan—*

Here will we humbly wait our holy guest
Returning pardoned from the hill of doom,
And at his feet proclaim our gratitude
Ay, at his feet, forgiveness seeking first
For hasty sentence we repent us of,
Ere through the city he shall ride acclaimed
The man whose honour is the King's delight.

*Gurprashad (making a low reverence)*—

His Highness the Prince Krishna, Majesty,
Bearing the royal pardon to the hill
Hath ridden past us, and anon should bring
The Rishi back to meet the smile of Kings.

*Vizayan (to Manashtri)*—

See, mother, they are coming down the hill.

*Magudani*—

Blessed is he that cometh in the Name
Of Christ the Blessèd!

*Mahadevan*—

Praise to Him we give.
Now sound the timbrels, clap the ringing brass,
And lift the hymn of welcome to the blue!

*(Beating of drums, and clashing of cymbals, then bursts forth the hymn of welcome.)*

Thoma Rasul, to thy feet from the mount advancing,
Beautiful e'en as the sunrays on Ganges dancing,
We are come, we are come—and our music goes out to meet thee;
Our arms are full laden with jessamine wreaths to greet thee,
Thoma Rasul!

Thoma Rasul, we would welcome thy steps returning
As Koels on eastern horizon the daystar burning,
Let thy face in disdain from our eyes not turn its glory
That lights up the golden page in our people's story.
Thoma Rasul!

Thoma Rasul, to the rain of our blossoms bow thee.
Refuse not the white rose-water when we avow thee
Rishi, at whose pure presence our knees we render,
Father, as dear to our souls as thou wert tender.
Thoma Rasul!

Thoma Rasul, from the far-lands across the waters,
Visioned only in dreams by our sons and daughters,
Thou at whose glance Death faileth, to ears that wonder
Tell of the great third Day and of death trod under.
Thoma Rasul!

Tell of the joy that dawned on the night of weeping,
Tell of the Cross and the nations round it creeping,
Tell till our eyes look up and our hearts beat faster,
As lo, in our midst He standeth revealed, our Master—
Jesu Masih!

(*Clashing of cymbals and rattle of drums: Enter Krishna and Bishop Sitaraman followed by soldiers carrying a stretcher on which lies the body of St. Thomas. The music breaks off suddenly.*)

*Gad*—

O God in Heaven, what awful doom is here?

*Manashtri*—

Ah, what is this that turns our joy to grief,
Our song to lamentation?

*Mahadevan*—

Krishna, speak!

*Krishna*—

Ne'er sadder tidings fell from lips of man.
The pardon, royal Sire, arrived too late.

(*A silence. Then Tulsi from somewhere in the background rushes forward, and throws himself down by the bier, crying.*)

*Tulsi*—

O Master, Master, thou hast died for me!

(*Bishop Sitaraman bends over Tulsi as though to console him. The rest all fall on their knees.*)

(CURTAIN)

FRANCIS A. JUDD

[ *The End* ]

# MITES FROM MANY

## BRIDGE OF LOVE

### I

### I. Love's Dawn.

He loves me or he loves me not,
  Ah! he alone can tell.
With him, I'll float on sea of joy
  —I know this true and well.
His words will cool my burning ear,
  His vision will charm my eye,
His nearness waken ev'ry hair
  And fancies sweet and shy.—*Bengali Song.*

### II. Anguished Love.

She lifted th' silent Flute from dust,
  And clasped it to her breast;
She asked in accents full of tear:—
  "Love, who's thy song supprest?"
Alone she heard the mute flute song:—
  "The music of thy heart
Breath'd anguish'd love that pierced me through
  And slew with artless art."—*Modern.*

### III. Leave to Love.

Cease, cease, my friend, He's naught to me,
  O, name Him not again.
Were He my God, His creature I
  Then why my life so vain?
All I ask is leave to love Him,
  And e'en that leave's denied.

Ah! what is life and what am I
  If life of love is dried?
I love the world, I love what dies,
  And I myself am death,
But, oh, to love Him who is Love
  For, be't, a single breath!
"—Fool, but raise thine eyes above
  See, thy being all His love."—*Modern.*

### IV. Love's Mystery.

Love flashed like lightning on my heart
  And vanish'd like the lightning she,
I know not by what magic art
  On heart she grav'd a mystery.
A mystery of rapturous joy,
  A mystery that wipes out me
And makes this world a broken toy.
  And sends forth hope where none can see.—*Modern.*

### V. Shameless Love.

He came and I was wrapt in sleep,
  Alas! He waked me not,
He found me in dishevell'd plight,
  It was, oh, cruel passing thought.
The greatest shame of all my life
  Before Him shame to feel
My worst and best are all for Him
  —In love to kill or heal.—*Modern.*

### VI. Bond of Love.

Love's the bridge whereby to cross
  From world to world beyond,
Soul and God for aye unite
  By love's unending bond.

The love wherewith my God to love
Is His, descending from above.

### VII. LOVE UNSPOKEN.

"Vain, vain thy labour, vain thy love,
  Unweave that chain of tuneful flow'r ;
The lustrous, large eyes turn aside,
  To reach the heart it's void of pow'r."
"Of flow'r, forsooth, is not my chain,
  A web it is of joy and tear,
A magic mirror of the heart,
  Unspoken love's true image clear."—*Modern.*

### VIII. LOVE'S CONSUMMATION.

The night, called life, is nearing end
  And won't He keep His tryst ?
As moments pass I fear, my friend,
  The stab of Light on Mist.
I fear my flowers will die for Him,
  This fragrant breath grow stale,
The light of these two eyes grow dim,
  Say, will my whole life fail ?
I feel Him with me in my heart,
  I must in whisper say :—
Exist I not from Him apart,
  Nor He from me away.—*Modern.*

## II

## OM. AMOR INTELLECTUALIS DEI

### I. BY WHOM?

(Om, peace be unto all who hear !)

By whose will press'd does mind the Mind,
Whose will sends forth the Life to live,
Whose will transmits the speech that's spoken,
What being of light joins sound to ear,
What god sight to eye unites?

Ear of ear He, of mind the Mind,
Speech of speech He, of life the Life,
Eye of eye—of these freed, the sage
This life leaves for endless life.

Eye, speech nor mind can follow there;
To teach Him we nor know nor feel.
We know from those who taught of yore
He other is from unknown and known.

Him speech speaks not, from Him comes speech,
Know ev'n Him as Brahman thou,
Not him men worship, saying, "This."

Mind minds not Him but He the mind,
(So sages say whose thoughts are true)
Know ev'n Him as Brahman Thou
Not him men worship, saying "This."

Th' eye sees not Him but He all eyes,
Know ev'n Him as Brahman thou,
Not him men worship, saying "This."

Th' ear hears not Him but He all ears,
Know ev'n Him as Brahman thou,
Not him men worship, saying "This."

Th' nose smells not Him but noses He
Know ev'n Him as Brahman thou
Not him men worship, saying "This."

(Sayeth Master most revered) :—

If thou think Him comprehended,
Thou little know'st His nature true,
Search after Him—'tis meet for thee.

(Full of faith disciple sayeth) :—

I know not well nor do not know;
Of us who knows this truly knows,
Who knows not truly this, knows naught.

Who knows he knows not, truly knows,
Who thinks he knows, he knows not Him,
The non-knower perceives Him true,
The knower never Him perceives.

In knowledge all if this be known,
The knower gains immortality,
Self-effort gains the power to know
And knowledge immortality.

While in flesh, thus perceiving,
He's, here and after, fixed in truth,
Else, he is great destruction's prey.
In beings all, thus perceiving
The wise depart to deathless life.
(Om, peace be unto all who hear).—*Kenopanishát.*

### II. He Passeth All Understanding.

Om, Moveless, fleeter far than wind,
Whom fore-running sense-gods never reach,
Outstrips He, moveless, running gods,
In Him ,the courser of the sky,[1]
Unseen, the world's all life-work holds.

He, far and near, He moves, unmov'd
Of this all—out and in is He.

Whose, in Spirit all things views
And in things all the Spirit finds,
As holy words declare, none hates.

Who loves All-controller as th' self.
Delusion, grief, for him are not.

He, self-radiant, beyond sense-bonds, pure,
Devoid of sin, of merit free,
All-seeing, causeless, Lord of mind.
To all His creatures He assigns
Their proper ends—each his to gain,
Thro' gods, called, years unknowing end.—*Isopanishat.*

### Adieu.

These unlov'd things of love, bright joys
  Of my unnoticed cottage home,
Consoling hope, 'midst life and death,
  The lotus, born of native loam ;
My rest from hours of weary toil,
  My songs of heart, in silence sung,
O grant them love from other hearts,
  Tho' lisped, not sung, in stranger's tongue !
Sorrow shared, the sorrow heals,
  Joy, but shared, new joy reveals.

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[1] The universal Life, vital air.

## I. FLOWER OFFERINGS.

Thee I adore with flow' rets five,
  O Mother of the Universe !
Of all, Thou mother, dead or live
  Of worlds at once the cradle and hearse !
Sweet Hurtlessness the first of flowers,
  The second flower is Sense-control ;
The third is Mercy's loving showers
  On life, in ev'ry part and whole ;
Forgiveness I offer then
And Faith that saveth gods and men.—From *Sanskrit.*

## II. MY PRIDE THY PRAISE.

Thee without I cannot be,
  Thou my being's sole stay,
If aught in life with pride I see,
  My pride Thy praise always.—*Modern.*

## III. THE POET.

They worship Sun on sun-lit tower,
  E'en with water is worshipt Sea,
Sweet Spring is worshipt with her flower,
  With this song I worship thee,
  Th' song is thine, tho' sung by me.

MOHINIMOHAN CHATTERJI

# MOHAMED—THE PROPHET OF GOD

We shall do honour to our Prophet not in the old, traditionary style which contented itself with fairy-tales and unattested reports, but in a manner more in accord with the critical and progressive spirit of the age. We propose to take our stand on the solid ground of facts testified to by a cloud of witnesses, facts which none can question or deny. And the historical Mohamed is certainly a figure of towering intellect, of gigantic achievement and of abiding interest. Why need we resort to legends or fictions or unverified assertions?

The adoption of a critical method when enquiring into the life of the Prophet is, to my mind, an unmistakable indication of the new spirit of the times. It betokens an advance in the direction of liberalism. It holds out promise of a still greater reform and advancement, in the near future, along the lines of free enquiry and historical criticism. It is a matter of joy to us that we are fast shaking off unreasonable prejudices, born of ignorance, and, more still, it is a splendid refutation of the charge, so persistently and maliciously made by non-Muslim writers, that Islam is stationary, stereotyped, hostile to progress. But the whole history of Islam gives the lie to this charge. Islam, indeed, has never been such. Nor is there anything in its religious system which, even remotely, is calculated to retard progress.

On the contrary, as I have always maintained, the down-fall of the Muslims and their Empire was occasioned, first and foremost, by their indifference to and neglect of those eternal principles of justice, love, righteousness which Islam enjoined and inculcated, and which its great founder amply illustrated and emphasised in his own dealings at home and abroad. We will not deny—and our admission will not in the least detract from the greatness of the Prophet—that contemporaneously with him, a new spiritual light was falling upon Arabia, and that there were men, his contemporaries (one, at least, almost a kinsman of his), who, dissatisfied with the existing religion of their country, looked ahead and around for something more liberal and more rational, something more consonant with spiritual needs, than the gross fetishism which was all that their country offered to them. But what was the nature and extent of this movement? Imperfect and fragmentary as our knowledge is, we are not in a position definitely to determine its scope or to assess its worth. We must, therefore, abandon the solution of the problem as to how far Mohamed was affected by the movement around him, or by the fact of the existence of Judaism and Christianity in the Arabian Peninsula.[1] But influenced he undoubtedly was and there are clear indications of such an influence in the Qur'an. That ideas, at variance with the prevailing religion of the Arabs, were afloat at the time of the birth, infancy, youth, manhood of the Prophet, it would be idle to deny. The Pre-Islamite poetry incessantly refers to the light of the monk guiding the way-farer in the desert, and the Qur'an often refers to Jewish and Biblical legends.

But who was it that within a brief span of mortal life called forth a nation, strong, compact, invincible, out of loose, disconnected, ever-warring tribes, animated by a religious fervour and enthusiasm unknown in the history of the world before, and set before it a system of religion and a code of morals marked by wisdom, sanity and sweet reasonableness? Who was it—it was none other than Mohamed, the Prophet of God. He may have caught the fire from his few enlightened countrymen; he may have been influenced by the Christians and Jews, but the destruction of paganism and the building-up of Islam belongs pre-eminently to him and to him alone.

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[1] Geiger, *What has Mohamed borrowed from Judaism?* Wright *Early Christianity in Arabia.*. The writer has a good deal of information to give but he is very prejudiced against the Prophet.

It was he who launched the new faith on its world-wide career. It was he who attacked heathenism in its very stronghold, its cherished sanctuary, at Mekka, the central point of Arabian idolatry.

Professor De Goeje has told us in a remarkable paper, how the prophetic call presented itself to Mohamed And whether we accept or reject his views, it is clear beyond doubt that the idea that he was the Prophet of God was born, and reborn, was formulated and abandoned, times without number, before it assumed final shape, before it took definite hold of Mohamed. The process was gradual, but nevertheless it was steady. Not that Mohamed ever doubted his mission, but he felt the magnitude of the issue, and, at times, shrank from the life and death struggle, in which the announcement of the new revelation would necessarily involve him. He felt, at times, uneasy and uncertain whether he would be able successfully to face the storm which the new religion was bound to raise.

His countrymen he knew, and he knew well enough that the old religion was the bond which united them with their ancestors, and linked them with their history and tradition, and even appealed to their less purer motives, the love of gain and the love of power, for it brought to them riches and influence alike.

All this Mohamed knew, and hence his hesitation. But the light dawned upon him, and the inner voice spoke unto him, and the decision was formed; a decision firm and irrevocable, a decision for all time. The whole history of the Prophet is an eloquent commentary on the genuineness of this conviction. Battling against the whole force of his country, arrayed against him, he stood undaunted, unshaken in his resolve. Is there one single instance of lapse from the position thus taken up? The most recent historian, Prince Caetani, has completely discredited the alleged lapse of the Prophet, involved in the acknowledgment of the three idols, as intermediaries between man and Allah, and has rejected the whole story as utterly void of truth.

No consideration could induce him to give up that which he considered as a duty entrusted to him by the Most High, the duty of proclaiming Monotheism, in its undefiled purity, and of bringing back his erring countrymen, nay the erring world, to the path of true faith. Could anything but a conviction of the truth of his mission have sustained him in that terrible struggle?

Even European writers concede that until the celebrated Hegira to Medina they have no fault to find with him; in fact, they have nothing but unbounded admiration for him and his beliefs, for his method of preaching, and the spirit in which he fought for his cause. They seem to think that a change for the worse came over him when he found himself in possession of power. Is there any truth or substance in this charge?

When enthroned as spiritual and temporal chief, what did he do to justify the most distant suggestion that he deteriorated in virtue or departed from the path of rectitude? Did he change his mode of living? Did he surround himself with the pomp of power? Did he keep a retinue of body-guards, or did he indulge in any one of those outward manifestations of earthly glory with which the monarchs of the earth, ancient and modern, have loved to surround themselves. Did he amass wealth, or leave a large fortune behind? In fact in no one single respect did he change. Power notwithstanding, and stupendous power too, for he exercised a power which the greatest of monarchs might have envied; he remained to the last, simple, unostentatious, free from pride, living with his people, with a noble self-effacement and a shining self-sacrifice rarely to be seen in life.

But it is so difficult for a European to understand the Oriental's attitude towards life and religion. With the Oriental, every act of his has a religious bearing, a religious significance. His whole life—from cradle to grave—is one series of religious performances. There is no sharp dividing-line between religion and politics. There is no such thing as 'give unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's and unto God what is God's'—Cæsar is but a representative of God and obedience to him is obedience to God. Mohamed was Cæsar and Pope in one. He had not only to regulate the ritual, frame religious ordinances, direct the worship of his followers, but he had also to attend to their material wants, to guide their political destiny.

And what Prophet of Israel from Samuel to Isaiah was not a maker of kings and constitution ? At Mekka his sphere of activity was necessarily narrow and confined—at Medina, the slow march of events added to his prophetic office the arduous duties of the head of the state. It was not a purely ideal code of ethics and morals that he was called upon to administer, but a code workable in daily life, and in conformity with the existing moral standard of the age and the people among whom he lived. The problems of statesmanship and the problems of religion are as widely apart as the poles.

He would have failed most egregiously if he had dealt with the political problems in the spirit of a visionary, in the fashion of an idealist. Take for instance his attitude towards the Jews ? Could we, in the light of the facts that we do know, censure him for his attitude towards them. Modern statesmanship would, perhaps, have taken a far less merciful view than the Prophet did. He tried his uttermost to placate them, but they would not be placated. They would not even remain neutral, but they took up an attitude of positive, aggressive hostility. They formed alliances with his enemies, and they even secretly helped them. Was he to let them alone to destroy what he was painfully and laboriously building up ?

No statesmanship would have permitted or indicated any other course than the one adopted by Mohamed.

Take again his triumphal entry into Mekka. What a glorious instance of forbearance! Arabia lay prostrate at his feet, and Mekka, the stronghold of opposition, was entirely at his mercy. Did he, then, show a spirit of revenge? And could he not, if he had so willed, have cut off the heads of every one there—those implacable enemies of his—who gave him no quarter, who forced him to leave his native land to seek shelter elsewhere, who held him up to scorn and ridicule, who persecuted him with a rancour and bitterness which was at once cruel, fierce and heart-rending.

But the personal element never entered into his actions, never not once. He rejected every token of personal homage, and declined all regal authority, and when the haughty chiefs of the Quraishites appeared before him, he asked:

"What can you expect at my hands?"

"Mercy, O generous brother."

"Be it so; you are free," he exclaimed. His simplicity, his humanity, his frugality, his forbearance, his earnestness, his steadfastness, his firmness in adversity, his meekness in power, his humility in greatness, his anxious care for animals, his passionate love for children, his unbending sense of fairness and justice—is there another instance in the history of the world where we have the assemblage of all these virtues woven into one character?

After centuries of perversion of facts and suppression of truth, the figure of Mohamed stands aloft to-day, extorting admiration from and commanding the reverence of the non-Muslim world. He is no longer a neurotic patient suffering from epilepsy, but a man of tremendous character and unyielding will. He is no longer a self-seeking despot ministering to his own selfish ends, but a beneficent ruler shedding light and love around him. He is no longer an opportunist, but a Prophet with a fixed purpose, undeviating in his constancy.

All this Europe has now acknowledged, and acknowledged freely. We have the appreciative works of Higgins, Davenport, Bosworth-Smith, Carlyle, in English; Krehl's and Grimme's in German.[1] There are other scholarly works too, but they are not quite free from those prejudices which, at one time, were the stock-in-trade of Christendom.

I will refer here to the tribute paid by Dr. Gustav Weil to the founder of Islam.

"Mohamed set a shining example[2] to his people. His character was pure and stainless. His house, his dress, his food—they were characterised by a rare simplicity. So unpretentious was he that he would receive from his companions no special mark of reverence, nor would he accept any service from his slave which he could do himself. Often and often was he seen in the market purchasing provisions; often and often was he seen mending his clothes in his room, or milking a goat in his court-yard. He was accessible to all and at all times. He visited the sick and was full of sympathy for all. Unlimited was his benevolence and generosity, as also was his anxious care for the welfare of the community. Despite innumerable presents which from all quarters unceasingly poured in for him—he left very little behind, and even that he regarded as State property."

But if Mohamed, as a man, stands as a peak of humanity, his work, no less, is strong with the strength of immortality. True, the political power of Islam has ebbed away, but its spiritual power is as young and vigorous to-day as it was when first launched on its wondrous, world-wide career. In India, in Africa, in China the Muslim missionaries have won laurels. They have succeeded signally, and succeeded where

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[1] I must mention here the scholarly work of Tor Andre, *Die Person Muhammeds*, Stockholm, 1918.

[2] Khuda Bukhsh, *History of the Islamic People*, p. 27. This is an English translation of Weil's *Geschichte der Islamitischen Völker*.

Christianity, with all its wealth and organisation, has failed most hopelessly. But its success has been confined not only to backward races. Has it not secured proselytes even in cultured Europe ?

And what is the secret of its success ? The secret consists in its remarkable freedom from the fetters of priestcraft ; freedom from the fetters of embarrassing ritual and bewildering articles of faith. Islam is the simplest of all revealed religions and it is, therefore, a religion compatible with the highest as well as the lowest grade of civilisation. Its simplicity is attractive and appealing alike to the man in the street as to the philosopher in the closet. Gœthe fell into raptures over the Qur'an, and Gibbon saw in it a glorious testimony to the unity of God. Belief in one God, and belief in Mohamed as the Prophet of God—such is the quintessence of our faith. This theoretical belief, however, is allied with a principle of infinite grace and wisdom ; namely, that it is not mere faith in the theoretical belief but purity of life and honesty of purpose, sympathy with the afflicted, and love of our fellow being ; it is the conjunction of the two, the theoretical and the practical, which ensures salvation. This is a lesson which we have forgotten, and this is the lesson which must needs be taught if we would make ourselves worthy of the great faith we profess.

It is the practical after all which is more important than the theoretical. True worship need not be limited to the chanting and singing of hymns and the telling of beads. There is as much worship, perhaps truer worship, in developing our faculties, in discharging our duties, as in the silent devotion of cloistered meditation. It is this side of religion which Islam has brought clearly to light, and it is this side which we must now cultivate more and more, if we would win the prizes of life and come out triumphant in the terrible struggle for existence which is the most distressing feature of our modern civilisation.

"Among us, Europeans," says Pierre Loti,[1] "it is commonly accepted as a proven fact that Islam is merely a religion of obscurantism, bringing in its train the stagnation of nations, and hampering them in that march to the unknown which we call 'progress.' Yet such an attitude shows not only an absolute ignorance of the teaching of the Prophet, but a blind forgetfulness of the evidence of history. The Islam of the earlier centuries evolved and progressed with the nations, and the stimulus it gave to men in the reign of the ancient Caliphs is beyond all question. To impute to it the present decadence of the Muslim world is altogether too puerile. The truth is that nations have their day, and to a period of glorious splendour succeeds a time of lassitude and slumber. It is a law of nature. And then one day some danger threatens them, stirs them from their torpor and they awake. This immobility of the countries of the Crescent was once dear to me. If the end is to pass through life with the minimum of suffering, disdaining all vain striving, and to die entranced by radiant hopes, the Orientals are the only wise men. But now *that greedy nations beset them on all sides their dreaming is no longer possible. They must awake, alas*!"

And do not the signs of the times unequivocally point to their awakening ?

What did Mohamed bring to the world, and wherein lies his immortal service to humanity ?

To a people steeped in the grossest form of fetishism he brought a pure and uncompromising monotheism, belief in one God, the Creator of the universe. And, indeed, this gift was meant for the whole of mankind. It is an error to suppose, as it has been supposed by some European writers, that originally Islam was meant for Arabia and his own people alone. The *Sura Fateha* speaks of the Lord of the Universe, and it is impossible to imagine that the Lord of the Universe ever intended his light for the guidance and illumination of only a small fraction of humanity. There is not one single passage in the Qur'an which warrants the conclusion that Islam was addressed to the Arabs only. Facts, indeed, point the other way. To us, monotheism might seem commonplace enough, but it was not so when Mohamed delivered it to the world. By the side of the corrupt religion of the Arabs and the strange perversions of Christianity it shone with all the lustre and brilliance of a newly-discovered truth. To preach monotheism, such as that of Islam, to a world such as that in which Mohamed lived, was an instance of rare courage and heroism. And it was a work which could never have succeeded without divine light, and help and support. Its success, more than anything else, is a convincing proof of its divine origin. But with this most valued gift he bestowed another, of no less importance in the history of human belief and human morals. He awakened in man the idea of responsibility to his Creator. To the Pre-Islamic Arab it was the immediate present which was of importance and of real consequence. He cared not for the past, nor did he show any interest in the future. Like the pagans of yore, his life was one continual orgy, undisturbed by any serious thought, or unrelieved by any care for the morrow. Mohamed opened the eyes of humanity to the fact that man, as a rational being, endowed with the gift of understanding, was a responsible being, fully accountable to the Almighty for his deeds and misdeeds. What a tremendous step forward this meant for mankind! It is impossible for us fully to realise the importance of this doctrine, this article of faith. Man, henceforward, became a moral being. He was, so to speak, born again, and born with a conscience, that inward judge whose vigilance none can evade, and from whose judgment there is no escape.

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[1] Loti, *Egypt*, pp. 72-73.

Nor can we forget the sublime idea of brotherhood in faith which he, for the first time, introduced into the world. All Muslims were brothers. There was to be no wall of division, no difference founded on the score of nationality, and no distinction begotten of colour. Islam truly realised 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world.' I am not insensible to the fact that it was far too beautiful a scheme to last for any length of time. But nevertheless it was a splendid achievement. It was a beautiful ideal to aim at, to strive for, to live up to. For the Muslim the whole world was his home, entire humanity his kinsmen.

This broad and liberal doctrine found its counterpart in the splendid democracy which Islam set up. The head of the State and the Church was a popular nominee with very clear duties and very distinct obligations.

Read the inaugural speeches of Abu Bakr and Yazid III—documents whose value is inestimable on a gold basis. Nothing like it has ever been realised in the East, and Europe itself has hardly any example to cite of so perfect a democracy as was the one established by Islam. True it was short-lived, but its existence, however brief, is a crowning glory to Islam. A new view was opened, a fresh direction was given, a new starting-point was made;— the whole past was obliterated, a new Arabia arose, and a new Arabian nationality was summoned into existence to take its place in the history of the world, and to hold aloft the torch of monotheism to guide erring humanity to the path of the true faith.

Glory to Mohamed for the light and illumination, for the joy and comfort and consolation which he brought to sad, suffering humanity.

## II

## MOHAMED'S CALL TO PROPHETSHIP [1]

In the truth of his mission as the Prophet of God Mohamed believed whole-heartedly. So firm and deep-rooted was this conviction that nothing could shake or dislodge it. Long before he came to power he had attained this conviction—a conviction which was shared by many, and some, to be sure, of no mean rank and position How did he come by it ? A period of severe strain and excitement preceded his *début*.

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[1] Translated from the German of Prof. De Goeje in the first volume of *Nöldeke-Festschrift*, pp. 1-5.

The recognition of the one, all-powerful Creator of the Universe who wishes that mankind should serve him, who has fixed a splendid reward for those who carry out his command in purity of heart and steadfastness of purpose, and a terrible punishment for those who neglect and disregard it; the conviction that the Day of Judgment was near at hand, and that his tribesmen could not escape verdict and judgment if they failed to accept the true faith in time; the oft-recurring question whether he might not himself have to step forward as the Preacher of repentance; and the doubt whether he, nervous of temperament as he was, would be able to stand the ridicule and contempt of his coreligionists—all this had brought him to a frame of mind akin to despair. Often and often had he heard himself giving expression in passionate language to the thoughts filling his soul, and he was seized with a dreadful terror that he was possessed of a demon who spoke out through him.

Fasts and prayers brought no solution to him, nor did solitary strolls. To rid himself of this terrible mental anguish he even thought of putting an end to his life. Then, all at once, there came to him the Call which set clearly before him what he was to do.

How did this Call present itself ? Tabari, 1, 1153, has the following tradition. Abu Kuraib has related to us that Waki has said on the authority of Ali Ibn-ul-mubarik, on the authority of Yahya Ibn Abi Kathir, who said : I asked Abu Salama as to the first that was revealed of the Qur'an. He said : the first that was revealed was " O, thou Enwrapped One " (Sura 74). I said: People say, however, that the first words revealed were : Read in the name of thy Lord who has created thee (Sura 96). He replied: I asked Jabir

Ibn Adbullah who said: I shall only relate to thee what the messenger of God has related to us. I had retired, said the Prophet, for devotion, to Hira, and when I had finished, I came down, and lo! I heard a voice. I looked to the right and I saw nothing, I looked to the left and I saw nothing, I looked ahead and I saw nothing. I looked backward and I saw nothing—then I lifted my head and I saw something. Then I came to Khadija and said: Wrap me up and poured water upon me. She covered me up and poured cold water upon me. Then was revealed—O thou enwrapped in thy mantle. (See note 3 to p. 3 of Rodwell's translation of the Qur'an.)

The 'something' which Mohamed saw, is described in another tradition, which is also to be found in Ibn Ishaq, and which, adorned and embellished as it is with other legends, yet retains the main outline of the original tradition. I borrow from it the following words put into the mouth of the Prophet: I came rushing down, out of a rock, with the determination of putting an end to my life and thereby securing peace at last. But when I was about midway I heard a voice from heaven saying, O Mohamed! thou art the messenger of God, and I am Gabriel. I raised my head towards heaven, and I saw Gabriel in the form of a man (at prayer). He said; O Mohamed! thou art the Prophet of God, and I am Gabriel. I remained standing looking at him—altogether forgetting what I had resolved upon, and moved neither backward nor forward.

I began to turn my face in various directions, and indeed to whichever side I turned I saw him. Neither advancing nor retreating, I stood fixed to the ground until Khadija sent out her messenger to look for me, and the messenger came to Mekka and returned home, while I stood rooted to the spot. Then he (Gabriel) disappeared, and I returned home to my family (at the foot of Hira).

Two passages in the Qur'an prove that this account rests in the main on truth. Sura 81, Verses 15 *et sqq.*: "And I swear by the stars of retrograde motion, which move swiftly and hide themselves away, and by the night when it cometh darkening on, and by the dawn when it clears away the darkness by its breath, that verily this is the word of an illustrious Messenger, Powerful with the Lord of the throne, of established rank, obeyed by angels, faithful also to his trust, your compatriot is not one possessed by Jinn; *for he saw him in the clear horizon*: nor doth he keep back heaven's secrets, nor doth he teach the doctrine of a cursed Satan."

And Sura 53, Verses 1 *et sqq*: "By the stars when they set, your compatriot erreth not, nor doth he go astray, neither speaketh he from mere impulse. Verily the Qur'an is no other than a revelation revealed to him: One terrible in power taught it him, endued with understanding. With even balance stood he, and he was in the highest point of the horizon: then came he nearer and approached closely, and was at the distance of two bows, or even closer,—and he revealed to his servant what he revealed—His heart falsified not what he saw: will ye then dispute with him as to what he saw?"

In reviewing Dr. V. Pautz's. "*Muhammeds Lehre von der offenbarung quellenmaszig untersucht*" in *theologisch tijdschrift* 1899, I wrote: "Dr. Pautz and many with him have looked upon this phenomenon as an hallucination. But the simple, straightforward manner in which this event is related in the Quran and in the tradition alike throw a great deal of doubt upon the correctness of the view set forth by Dr. Pautz. I hazarded an opinion long ago that Mohamed saw a hazy shadow of his own self, similar to the phantom seen on the 'Brocken.' If the observer finds himself between the low-standing sun and a bank of clouds he sometimes finds his own shadow projected upon the latter enormously enlarged and generally surrounded by a coloured circle which we call an aureole or a halo of glory.[1] It appears that Mohamed noticed this apparition early in the evening—a fact which would explain the anxiety of Khadija. It would also explain how the man who was timid by nature and who only slowly and gradually became conscious of his mission, and who was wellnigh on the point of despair as to how he was to fulfil his destiny—how, such a man, suddenly stepped courageously forward, strengthened and fixed in his innermost conviction that the voice which urged him onward to announce, with becoming dignity, the revelation of God, was the voice which came from above."

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[1] Compare Symonds' *Life of Cellini*, p. xxi, note.—*Tr*.

A colleague of mine to whom I had sent a copy of this article wrote to me: "There is much to say in favour of your explanation of Mohamed's hallucination, and it appears to me to be a very good account of the various versions of the story. If I still entertain any doubt it is to be ascribed to the fact that your argument fails in one important element; namely, in the proof that such phenomena, as are observed in the misty Brocken have been observed in the sunny neighbourhood of Mekka. Perhaps such is the case in the 'land of mirage.' My doubt is due, to a certain extent, to my want of knowledge."

I regret that I am unable to supply the desired element. As for the "phantom seen on the Brocken" (*Brockengespenst*) I find the following in Badeker :—

When the rising or setting sun stands at the same altitude as the Brocken, and on the opposite side down in the valleys mists gather which rise along the Brocken, whilst the Brocken itself, free from the mists, stands between the mist and the sun, the sun will throw the shadow of the Brocken, with all that may happen to be on it, on this bank of mist, on which gigantic figures are formed which soon grow smaller and smaller as the mist comes nearer or recedes further and further. The phantom is rare, and it occurs about once every month.

In the description of the hazy figure in the Qur'an we find the nearest approach to the phenomenon just described. Probably this phenomenon is of extremely rare occurrence at

Hira. It may also have taken place in the morning, which would better fit in with the story, according to which Mohamed saw it while wandering about in the hills after a dream that had frightened him overnight.

Mohamed could have had no idea of such optical illusion. For him what he saw was a divine phenomenon which announced to him what he had already in his heart: he was the messenger of God to his people. In great excitement he returned home. Wrap me up! wrap me up! he called out to Khadija and then he had one of those overpowering nervous fits with which he was henceforward attacked each time that he was supposed to have heard the voice of God in his heart. Unconscious, in this condition, he never was. The fits were the outward manifestations of inward, mental struggle antecedent to spiritual revelation. No sooner was the struggle over than he recovered himself and uttered the revelation. The first revelation in all probability is Sura 74: O thou enwrapped in thy mantle! Arise and warn! And thy Lord—magnify him! And thy raiment—purify it! And the Abomination—flee it! And bestow not favours that thou mayest receive again with increase; and for thy Lord wait thou patiently.

With the belief in the certainty of his divine mission—a heavy load was off his mind. He was rid for ever of the thought that he was possessed of the devil. Certain it is that the attacks with which Mohamed suffered were not of the nature of epilepsy ( *Cf.* Müller, *Der Islam,* p. 56, note 1). It is also very much to be doubted whether he had these attacks before his prophetic mission. I cannot accept Sprenger's assertion that Mohamed was hysterical.[1] The picture of the Prophet, such as we know it, with his more than twenty years of unresting activity, is certainly not a picture which corresponds to that of one suffering from neurasthenia.

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[1] Compare Krehl's *Mohamed,* pp. 52 *et sqq.*—*Tr.*

We find in him that sober understanding which distinguished his fellow-tribesmen : dignity, tact, and equilibrium ; qualities which are seldom found in people of morbid constitution: self-control in no small degree. Circumstances changed him from a Prophet to a Legislator and a Ruler; but for himself he sought nothing beyond the acknowledgement that he was Allah's Apostle, since this acknowledgement includes the whole of Islam. He was excitable, like every true Arab, and in the spiritual struggle which preceded his call this quality was stimulated to an extent that alarmed even himself ; but that does not make him a visionary. He defends himself, by the most solemn asseveration, against the charge that what he had seen was an illusion of the senses. Why should we not believe him ?[1]

S. KHUDA BUKHSH

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[1] Nicholson. *Lit. Hist. of the Arabs*, p. 179 ; Cambridge Medieval History, Vol. II, p. 327.—*Tr.*

# A GARDEN OF POMEGRANATES

Said the Caliph turning to the royal mason "build me a wall around my garden, and see that it be not as the wall of a prison that shuts out light and air, but as a garden wall should be, light and low—for I would have the stars to shine and the winds of Heaven to play around the fairest lady that walks therein." But the three Viziers who reclined amongst silken cushions on the outer edge of the carpet, wrung their hands and cried, "O Caliph stay thy commands, ere evil come of them, for thou art young and we be old, and thy words are as of a young man—spoken heedlessly and without wisdom. For over a wall not high thieves may leap—and over a low wall eyes may see. Lo! hath the sage not written, 'he who wears a jewel must guard it zealously.'"

And the first Vizier prostrating himself thrice in front of the Caliph said, "O my Sovereign, they learn best who learn from the mistakes of others. I pray thee hearken to my tale and the foolishness of one, Menelaus, King of Sparta. A valiant king, O Caliph, who had for wife Helena, a lady so fair that even the Goddess of Beauty hailed her as fairest of women on earth. So, was the Spartan king famous and blessed—till he planted him a garden of pomegranates wherein the queen walked daily. A low-walled garden, for there it was a stranger youth men called Paris beheld her first. And after that, alas Sire, who can say—perchance he had a guileful tongue, perchance she bade him enter and gather the pomegranates that grew therein—but sure it is they fled together. A fatal flight, that caused a war one hundred years to wage, before the walls of Troy. And the joy of the Spartan king was turned to sorrow and his life was void and dark, as a dawn that knows no morrow—and a singer without a song—

" Caliph a honeyed word may win a lady's heart, but on a brick wall it hath no effect—"

And the second Vizier prostrating himself thrice before his sovereign said, " Sire, I pray thee hearken to my tale and the heedlessness of one Onnes, mighty captain of the still more mighty army of Ninus, King of Nineveh. For Onnes had for wife Semiramis, a lady like unto himself courageous, and lovely withal, the red gold of whose hair still shines in song and story. So was the valiant captain renowned and blessed. Till for an act valorous of the lady Semiramis he planted him a garden of pomegranates wherein she walked daily, a low-walled garden for there it was Ninus beheld her first. After that, alas Sire, who can say? Mayhap her brave deed dazzled the mighty king. Perchance he had a gracious charm—perchance she bade him enter and gather the pomegranates that grew therein—but sure it is they sought together the royal gardens which men say hung in mid-air in Babylon. And the joy of Onnes was turned to sorrow and his life was void and dark, as a gem without a lustre—and a temple without a shrine.—Caliph! a winning air may gain a lady's heart, but on a brick wall it hath no effect.—"

And the third Vizier prostrating himself thrice before his sovereign said, "Sire, I pray thee hearken to my tale for it bears me back to the dawn of all time, to the carelessness of Adam, father of mankind. For Adam dwelt as all know with the dark-haired and amber-eyed Lilith who was his first wife, in the Garden of Eden. Ah me, the walls of Paradise methinks were over-low, for there it was Lilith beheld and was beholden, of one of those fabulous creatures who then inhabiting the earth were lower than angels yet far superior in beauty and power to mankind. Mayhap this being had a spell of magic grace—perchance the lady Lilith bade him enter and gather the golden pomegranates that grew within—but sure it is they fled together to the fair far gardens that bloomed on the borders of Persia. And the joy of Adam was turned to sorrow and his life was void and dark, as a rose without a perfume—and a night without a moon—Caliph, a tender glance may melt a lady's heart—but on a brick wall it hath no effect."

Said the Caliph turning to the royal mason:—"Sirrah, forget the commands I gave thee but a little while ago—O son of a slave, make not thy wall light and low, but as the height of three men multiplied by three, and gird it top and bottom with the ninety coils of barbed wire which I shall send thee.—"

M. KHUNDKAR

mutilated
pp 451–74
Bhattachar
26/11

I'd wonder whence their rudders tracked
  And whither were they bound;
I'd laugh at travellers who lacked
  The quiet I had found.

Would I? Or would I feel an urge
  To quit the tranquil shore,
To breast the ever-roaring surge,
  A wanderer once more?

WAYNE GARD

mutilated
Hp 451-74
26/11/79

# SLUMP IN THE COAL TRADE OF BENGAL

The present depression in the coal trade of Bengal and Bihar is ascribed to the fact that the markets of Western India and of the Far East, which were, before the Great War, to a large extent, served by the Coal Fields of Bengal and Bihar, are now being supplied with coal from Natal. A large number of collieries in Bengal have been shut down, principally collieries that are responsible for second class coal. To remedy this evil it is asked that a duty of Rs. 5 per ton should be imposed on imports of Natal coal and the Railway freight should come down on coal to Bombay by Rs. 2 to Rs. 2-8 per ton. The Indian Mining Federation and the Indian Merchants' Chamber, Bombay, have been asking for this in order to counterbalance the subsidy of Rs. 7 granted to Natal coal by the Natal Government by reduction in Railway freight to this extent from the collieries to the port.

## ( I ) FROM RAILWAY POINT OF VIEW.

Let us first deal with the question from Railway point of view. Now the existing railway freight on coal from the Jherria Field to Bombay is as follows (on public coal and loco-coal) :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Rs. 15-6-0 per ton. | Rs. 13-14-0 per ton. |
| On public coal— | On Railway Locomotive coal— |

Besides, the rate for carriage from the collieries to Bombay there is included in the lump sum rate of Rs. 15-6-0 for public coal, the following terminal and Ghaut charges. The latter represents the charge payable to the G. I. P. Railway, over and above the mileage rate, for heavy working expenses of hauling the traffic and wagons over the Western Ghauts (Thull Ghaut incline in this case):

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B. N. Railway terminal | Rs. 0-4-0 | per ton |
| G. I. P. Railway terminal | Rs. 0-4-0 | do. |
| Ghaut charge ... | Re. 1-0-0 | do. |
| Total | Rs. 1-8-0. | |

So that the actual mileage rate comes to Rs. 13-14-0 which is as follows :—

Deduct Rs. 1-8-0 from Rs. 15-6-0 = Rs. 13-14-0 (or 2,664 pies) which on the distance of 1,151 miles from Bhaga (Jherria Field) to Bombay *viâ* Nagpur gives a rate of 2·31 pies per ton per mile, or ·085 pie per maund per mile. And the same rate is applied *viâ* Jubbulpore, in which case the mileage rate per ton comes to 2·25 pies per ton per mile (Rs. 13-14-0 = 2,664 pies ÷ 1,182 miles—the distance from Jherria to Bombay *viâ* Jubbulpore—E. I. Railway 566 miles + G. I. P. Railway 616 miles) or ·080 pie per maund per mile.

Next, let us see what is the statistical cost of haulage from the Jherria Field to Bombay, both *viâ* Nagpur and Jubbulpore, over the Railways concerned.

The statistical cost of working of the B. N., E. I., and the G. I. P. Railways was as follows :—

*Average cost of hauling traffic (one ton for one mile).*

| | 1920-21<br>Pies. | 1921-22<br>Pies. |
|---|---|---|
| B. N. Railway | 2·62 | 3·01 ($\frac{1}{9}$ pie or ·11 pie per maund per mile). |
| E. I. Railway | 1·98 | 2·71 (or say ·10 pie per maund per mile). |
| G. I. P. Railway | 4·26 | 5·48 (or ·20 pie per maund per mile). |

Of course, these figures of statistical cost of working do not represent the actual cost of carrying traffic like coal, which is cheap to carry owing to full train and wagon loads and regularity in despatches, but in this connection it may be best to make certain comparisons, as it is so very difficult to work out the cost of carrying any particular traffic.

Before the War, the rate on coal from Jherria to Bombay was Rs. 11-4-0 per ton (or 2160 pies), which worked out to 1·87 pies (or ·067 pie per maund per mile) per ton per mile on the distance *via* Nagpur (1151 miles), and 1·84 pies per ton per mile (or ·065 pie per maund per mile) on the distance *viâ* Jubbulpore, whereas the statistical cost of working of the railways concerned was as follows:—

*Average cost of hauling one ton one mile.*

| | 1907. | 1915. |
|---|---|---|
| | Pies. | Pies. |
| B. N. Railway | 2·26 | 1·59 (·059 pie per md. per mile). |
| E. I. Railway | 1·55 | 1·21 (·045 pie per md. per mile). |
| G. I. P. Railway | 2·93 | 2·51 (·093 pie per md. per mile). |

From the above figures we find that the rate earned on coal and the statistical cost of Railway traffic in 1915 and in 1921-22 were as follows:—

| | *Rate earned.* | | *Average Statistical cost of working.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1921-22. | 1915. | 1921-22. | 1915. |
| | Pie per maund per mile. | | Pie per maund per mile. | |
| B. N. Railway ... | ·085 | ·067 (*viâ* Nagpur) | ·11 pie | ·059 |
| E. I. Railway ... | ·080 | ·065 (*viâ* Jubb.) | ·10 pie | ·045 |
| G. I. P. Railway ... | ·080 and ·085 without the ghat charge and terminal. | ·065 and ·067 (*viâ* Jubb. and Nagpur respectively.) | ·20 pie | ·093 |

It will thus be seen that in the case of the B. N. Railway and the E. I. Railway in 1915, when the average statistical cost of working was about $\frac{1}{16}$th pie per maund per mile for the former and less than $\frac{1}{20}$ th pie for the latter, they carried traffic at rates of $\frac{1}{15}$th pie per maund per mile, so that even at the statistical cost of working there was a margin of difference, and at the actual cost of working this particular traffic (coal), which cost must have been much below the average, there was a reasonable profit for the two railways, but in the case of the G. I. P. Railway, it must be taken that its margin of difference between the cost of working and the rate charged was much smaller than that of the E. I. Railway or the B. N. Railway. Taking the average statistical cost the traffic was carried by the G. I. P. at a rate lower than the statistical cost, by 27%, but as coal costs much less in hauling than the average statistical cost it may be assumed that there was some margin of profit. The high rates of the G. I. P. Railway on cotton, grain, etc. (compared to those of the E. I. Railway), enabled the G. I. P. Railway to carry the coal traffic at such low rates and left, on the whole, a fair margin of profit between the total earnings of the Railway and the total working expenses. The margin has now been very greatly reduced and the profits have dwindled down to very low figures on the G. I. P. Railway:—

| | *Percentage of working expenses to gross earnings.* | | *Percentage of net earnings on total capital outlay.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1915 | 1921-22 | 1915 | 1921-22. |
| B. N. Railway ... | 50·43 | 71·46 | 5·07 | 3·67 |
| E. I. Railway ... | 39·42 | 62·81 | 8·89 | 5·52 |
| G. I. P. Railway ... | 62·67 | 91·02 | 4·71 | 1·31 |

It is, therefore, a matter for grave consideration whether it would be advisable to force the G. I. P. Railway to accept traffic at very low rates, especially when such traffic involves a very large amount of empty running of wagons. The conditions, under which the Railways can transport traffic, ought to have a large influence in determining the rates. If there were, however, plenty of wagons available and the facilities of the railways were such that the railways could turn round the wagons quickly, there would be no harm in accepting traffic at low rates. When wagons go in large numbers to Bombay it means that they are locked up for days, which not only denudes the railways of wagons but deprives the public from having an adequate supply not only for coal but for other traffic. Even at the rate of 100 miles a day and taking two days in Bombay, the total time for which each wagon would be away from the coal district with only one consignment would not be less than 26 days (12 days at the rate of 100 miles per day, which is a very high average, on the outward journey and 12 days on the return empty journey and 2 days in Bombay). Even at the present rate of railway freight the G. I. P. Ry. is not able to earn even 1½ % nett return on its capital outlay, and it is doubtful whether traffic at very low rates, involving empty haul of at least 6 days per trip on the G. I. P. Ry., would benefit that railway in any way so far as nett earnings are concerned. The G. I. P. Ry. present rates give them a return of ·10 pie per maund per mile *viâ* Nagpur and ·09 pie per maund per mile *viâ* Jubbalpore; when the terminal and the Ghaut charges are included in its proportion for purposes of seeing what money the G. I. P. Ry. actually gets, whereas its statistical cost of haulage is ·20 pie per maund per mile or nearly double the rate. So that even at present the G. I. P. Ry. are carrying traffic at 50% lower charge than the average cost of haulage. Compared with the rise in the total working expenses the increase in the rates has been less.

The railway freight has risen from Rs. 11-4-0 in 1907 to Rs. 15-6-0 or the increase in the rate has been 37 per cent., whereas the rise in the cost of hauling traffic or working the traffic has been as follows :

On the B. N. Ry. from ·059 to ·11 or 50 per cent.
On the E. I. Ry. from ·045 to ·10 or 55 per cent.
On the G. I. P. Ry. from ·093 to ·20 or 55 per cent.

It is admitted that the average cost of haulage shewn herein is not the cost of hauling coal but the comparative figures show what has been the rise in the working expenses.

It is very doubtful whether under such circumstances a reduction in the railway freight, under existing conditions would be justifiable.

It may be pointed out that the rate on Loco coal is less, *viz.*, Rs. 13-14-0 against Rs. 15-6-0 for public coal, but it is to be borne in mind that if railway coal is not carried cheap the cost of working railways would become still higher and there would be necessity for further increase in the rates and fares on the western railways.

Then there is another point. Would it be possible for the reduction in the rate, if it were at all made, to be divided between the E. I. Ry. or the B. N. Ry. on the one side, and the G.I.P. Ry. on the other, in the ratio of 70 per cent. to the former and 30 per cent. to the latter, so as to save the burden of reduction to the non-paying line? Or, in other words, out of the proposed reduction of Rs. 2-8-0 or 40 annas, let 28 annas be borne by the E. I. Ry. or the B. N. Ry. (as the case may be) and let the G. I. P. Ry. bear the balance of 12 annas. The average statistical cost of haulage per mile on the G. I. P. Ry. is ·20 pie against about ·11 pie on the B. N. Ry. and ·10 pie on the E. I. Ry. It is true that this method of division would be opposed to the decision of the Secretary of State in the matter of division of through rates :—

> "the principle of mileage division under clearing house arrangements may be fairly applied to Indian lines,

> whatever their original cost of construction or their present cost of working."

But the acceptance of the principle of allowing Re. 1 per ton extra to the G. I. P. Ry. on account of their expensive Ghaut working has already meant deviation from this principle.

But there is a better solution. It is better to encourage traffic to Bombay by rail and sea route, *viâ* Calcutta, and the railway freight from Jherria to Calcutta, on traffic to Bombay, *i.e.*, for shipment, may be reduced to $\frac{1}{10}$th pie on the distance *viâ* the B. N. Ry. (200 miles) and applied also *viâ* the E. I. Ry. (170 miles); the freight would come to Rs. 2-13-0 against Rs. 4-0-0 now levied, *i. e.*, exclusive of the dock dues and the Ry. terminal of 4 pies per maund. And further suppose if the rate is made at $\frac{1}{10}$th pie on the distance *viâ* the E. I. Ry. the rate would work out to Rs. 2-6-7 per ton or Rs. 2-15-6 including terminal, etc. The present rate including terminal from Jherria to Calcutta in Docks, being Rs. 4-8-6 the reduction would be Rs. 1-9-0 per ton, but the Port Commissioners of Calcutta ought to come down in their Dock dues, which would be a much better arrangement from all points of view compared with carrying traffic to Bombay by rail all the distance at Rs. 12-14-0 (*i.e.*, less than the present rate of Rs. 15-6-0 by Rs. 2-8-0 per ton). The results of herein-suggested reduction of rates, to Bombay, *viâ* Calcutta, in Railway Revenue are given below:—

Rate to Calcutta, say Rs. 2-6-0 per ton or $\frac{1}{10}$th pie for 170 miles Jherria to Calcutta (excluding terminals of 0-9-0 per ton at the Docks).

Rate $\frac{1}{10}$th pie per maund per mile × weight per wagon say 500 maunds × distance 170 miles = Rs. 44-4-0. 170 miles would mean two days in transit at the average speed of 85 miles per day on the outward journey and 2 days on the return empty journey, and 2 days for loading and unloading = 6 days. Therefore 365 + 6 days gives 61 trips per wagon in a year, hence 61 × Rs. 44-4-0 would give say Rs. 2,700 (in round figures) per wagon in a year (to Calcutta).

Now, for 1,181 miles Jherria to Bombay (*viâ* Jubbulpore over E. I. Railway and G. I. P. Railway). Rate Rs. 12-14-0 per ton or $\frac{1}{13}$th pie per maund per mile. $\frac{1}{13}$th pie × 500 maunds × 1,181 miles = Rs. 237 (*viâ* Jubbulpore).

Say 1,200 miles at 100 miles per day would mean 12 days on the outward journey and 12 days on the return empty journey, *plus* 2 days in loading and unloading would give a total of 26 days:

365 ÷ 26 = 14 trips × Rs. 237 per trip = Rs. 3,318 per year per wagon (to Bombay) in a year.

### *Nett Results.*

Taking the cost of hauling wagon per mile we find the following results:

(1) To Calcutta:

E. I. Railway 22 pies per wagon per mile × 170 × 2 = 340 × 22 = 7,480 pies or Rs. 39-0-0 × 61 trips = Rs. 2,379. But assuming the actual cost in the case of hauling coal wagons at $\frac{1}{3}$ of this figure we come to Rs. 793, which deducted from Rs. 2,700 (gross earning at $\frac{1}{10}$th pie per wagon of 500 maunds to Calcutta) gives a net return of Rs. 1,907 per year per wagon per annum.

(2) To Bombay:

E. I. Railway 22 pies × 566 miles × 2 = Rs. 129-11-0
G. I. P. Railway 56 pies × 616 × 2 = Rs 359-0

Total 1,182 miles = Rs. 488-11-0.

Rs. 488-11-0 × 14 trips = Rs. 6,842-0-0 against an earning of Rs. 3,318 only. However, taking one-third of the above statistical cost (*viz.* Rs. 6,842) as the cost of carrying coal it would come to Rs. 2,280 and again assuming the figure was still less or say Rs. 1,500 only the nett earning would be (Rs. 3,318 *minus* Rs. 1,500) Rs. 1,818 per wagon per year.

The difference between the nett gain in a year per wagon to Calcutta and to Bombay will be Rs. 89 in favour of Calcutta. So that on every wagon there would be a gain of Rs. 89 which on say 10,000 wagons would mean a gain of Rs. 8,90,000; this latter amount represents a nett gain on the above number of wagons to Calcutta as compared with those to Bombay.

Under the circumstances, from Railway point of view, it would be 'uneconomic' to reduce the freight to Bombay, and if at all a reduction is made it should be made in the export rate to Calcutta. As it has already been seen at the present moment even with the high rate of freight on coal over the G. I. P. Railway to Bombay the working expenses of this Railway came to over 90 per cent. of gross earnings and the return on the capital outlay was but 1⅓ per cent. This being the position any further reduction in the rate to Bombay would not be justified, especially as there will be tremendous empty running of wagons and the time the wagons would be out of use from carrying actual traffic in a year must be very considerable, thus affecting the trade and traffic of India as a whole. If, therefore, any reduction is to be made it should be in the direction of Calcutta.

It is said that at present the prices of coal at pit's mouth are close upon following figures :—

| *1st Class Coal.* | | | *Per Ton.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Raneegunge | (Kajora Seam) | ... | Rs. 9-0-0 |
| Jherria | (No. 14 Seam) | ... | „ 9-8-0 |
| Do. | (No. 15 Seam) | .... | „ 10-8-0 to 11-0-0 |

| *1st Class Coal.* | *Per Ton.* |
|---|---|
| Jheria (No. 17 Seam) ... | Rs. 11-0-0 |
| Deshergarh Seams ... | „ 12-8-0 to 14-0-0 |
| *2nd Class Coal.* | |
| Jherria 10 to 12 Seams ... | „ 4-0-0 to 5-0-0 |
| 3rd Class Seams and downwards | „ 2-6-0 to 3-6-0 |

It is said that while the prices of second and third class coal are at low figures the cost of raising is not less than Rs. 5-8-0 to Rs. 7-8-0 per ton, the rate varying according to the conditions under which collieries are worked. With the present railway rate of Rs. 15-6-0 per ton to Bombay and supposing that a price of Rs. 9-0-0 per ton was paid for at pit's mouth the total would come to Rs. 24-6-0. Taking quality for quality and weight for weight the price of good second class Bengal coal in Bombay should not be more than Rs. 26-6-0 or Rs. 27-0-0 against Natal coal price of Rs. 29-0-0 at present, but it is said that Bengal coal of second class quality, when compared with Natal coal, is subjected to a reduction of 10 per cent. in weight by the buyers.

It is said, however, that first class Bengal coal has its demand elsewhere, if not in Bombay, even under present circumstances, with a margin of profit.

But apparently higher price than Rs. 9-0-0 is asked for first class Bengal coal, and second class coal does not come quite up to the standard of Natal coal, *i. e.*, it is more economic for the consumers to pay a higher price for the same weight of Natal coal than for Bengal coal of second class quality.

To enable second class Bengal coal to reach Bombay and to compete with Natal coal it is asked that the railway freight to Bombay should be reduced by Rs. 2-8-0 per ton and that a duty of Rs. 5-0-0 should be imposed, in addition, on Natal coal, which would raise the difference in price between Bengal and Natal coal more in favour of Bengal coal, in Bombay, by

Rs. 7-8-0. It is to my mind not very economic to reduce the railway freight on coal to Bombay, carried by all-rail route, for various reasons already stated, but there is no reason why a reduction could not be made in the rates to Kidderpore Docks (Calcutta) for exportation of coal to Bombay and other places, if reduction in railway freight is considered necessary. Such an action would be the most natural course to adopt, because before the Great War the major portion of this traffic used to be carried *viâ* Calcutta Port, partly by rail and partly by sea, and the Railway facilities for this traffic to Bombay are better by the rail-*cum*-sea route *viâ* Calcutta than by all-rail route. In the first place, the nett gains in the railway earnings per wagon per year would be better if the traffic is carried to Bombay (*viâ* Calcutta) by the rail-*cum*-sea route. This has already been shown. Secondly, each wagon would make 61 trips in a year to Calcutta against 14 to Bombay, or, in other words, if the coal is carried *viâ* Calcutta to Bombay each wagon will account for roughly 30,500 mds. of coal within a year against 7,000 mds. per wagon per year if the traffic is carried by all-rail route to Bombay (these figures have been arrived at by taking the average load at 500 mds. per wagon per trip). Thus there would be a large saving in wagon capacity by carriage of coal by the rail-*cum*-sea route to Bombay (*viâ* Calcutta).

If it is not advisable to reduce the railway freight now and if Natal coal price does not go up and the consumers do not find it economic to give preference to Bengal coal (second class), then it may be time to consider either the proposal of imposing a duty on Natal coal or of reducing the freight to Kidderpore Docks on coal exported.

It may, however, be argued that if Natal Government Railways can encourage their export coal traffic in order to cut out the Indian coal from Indian coal-consuming markets, why cannot the Indian State-owned railways do the same thing to cut out the Natal coal from Bombay. This is a very important point. The fact that although the East Indian Railway, the Bengal Nagpur Railway, and the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Companies work the State-owned lines they could not be expected to carry traffic at what may be non-profitable rates, (even if these were State lines worked by the State), as the policy adopted by the Government of India in the matter of all State-owned railways is different to that of the South African Government railways. Sir W. W. Hoy, General Manager of Railways and Harbour, South African Government, in his evidence before a Commission of Enquiry in South Africa (1916) summarised the policy of South African Railways as follows:—

"I am satisfied having regard to local conditions and experience that South Africa can best develop its resources and build up a sound national prosperity by having its railways under State control. * * Broad features of the tariff policy of the South African Railways are low rates for exports, raw materials for manufacture, agricultural produce, minerals, and other raw products of the country, with a view to stimulating agricultural and industrial development. Internal * * commercial development has also been stimulated by low distribution rates designed to afford internal traders equality of opportunities as regards railway tariff in competing with coastal merchants for the internal trade."

Even the South African Act of 1909 prescribes that "all profits after providing for payment of interest, depreciation and betterments are to be utilised in the reduction of tariff."

As a contrast to the South African Railway policy, the policy of State Railways in India is to earn money for the public Treasury and to exist as commercial concerns, pure and simple, and as such they cannot be expected to reduce the railway rates simply to counteract the effect of the subsidy granted by the Natal Government Railway on the export coal, which has the effect of affecting Bengal coal in the Bombay market, unless the rates (that the Indian Mining Federation and Indian Merchants' Chamber and Bureau, Bombay, ask for) are paying. But the facts and figures given above do not show that with the present cost of transportation, at least of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, the reduced rates (by Rs. 2-8-0 per ton) would be paying to this line.

## II. FROM COAL CONSUMERS' POINT OF VIEW.

From the consumers' point of view there is one important point to be taken into consideration. Let us recall the conditions of 1909-10, when there was a slump, and in this connection I wrote as follows in my book entitled "Indian Railways and Indian Trade" (1911):—

"There does not appear to be any great necessity for any further rapid development in coal mining in second class coal, as the evils of over production have already been keenly felt and it is said that out of the raisings every year the lower grade of coal known as the second class quality only came to sight but did not find purchasers."

The period preceding this was one of high prices for the Bengal coal and writing on the conditions prevailing during that period I remarked as follows in the book mentioned above:—

"It will be seen that high prices prevailed in the years 1907-08, the effect of which is so well known that it does not require much recapitulation beyond the remark that the markets in the Far East, Ceylon, and the railways in Western India were compelled to turn their attention to Natal and Australia for their coal. The large profits, made by the colliery proprietors in India, did not satisfy them, and they were so expectant of prices going higher and higher that they were reluctant to make forward contracts, which drove their customers, principally railways, to buy far in excess of their actual requirements, although this course meant blocking up of enormous sums of money without interest, but even this they were ready to risk as the fear and the serious consequences of rapid increase in the prices was great. The mills in Ahmedabad, which had been taking Bengal coal, were compelled to use wood from the Godhra and Rutlam forests. Besides, the smaller collieries which were, perhaps aware that they would not survive in the long run, and were, therefore, most anxious to make as much profit as possible to bring quick and large returns on their capital, did not take so much care to keep to the quality of coal they contracted to supply. Thus Bengal coal got a bad name. This is, however, not said of respectable miners. Such a condition can never succeed in establishing the prosperity of any trade on a sound basis, nor can it be considered beneficial to the country.

" Even the colliery proprietors who in their short-sighted policy raised the prices to almost impossible figures, had to suffer in the long run, for the slump in the coal trade, the result of the loss of some of the important foreign markets, and the overstucking of the coal depots of Indian railways, causing supplies to be in excess of the demand, affected the colliery people seriously towards the beginning of 1909. Some idea of the rise in the prices at the consuming markets can be formed when it is shown that Bengal coal was available in 1905 in Bombay at prices varying between Rs.10-0-0 to Rs. 12-0 0 per ton, against the price of English coal at Rs. 12-8-0 to Rs. 18-6-0 per ton, but during 1907-08 Bengal coal was selling in Bombay at Rs.16-0-0 and Rs. 17-0-0 per ton respectively."

Therefore, suppose a duty of Rs. 5-0-0 is imposed on Natal coal and it is shut out of India, Bombay will have to fall back upon Bengal for its coal supply, and it will thus be open to Bengal collieries to charge fancy prices, if not in Bombay but on despatches elsewhere in India, which have not the benefit or advantage of foreign coal competition. This is a contingency which requires to be guarded against.

## III. FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF BENGAL COLLIERIES.

Those collieries, which have been shut down, are deserving of every sympathy, for considered from their point of view it is not right that Natal coal should be in a position to compete in Bombay and oust Bengal coal. Above all money paid on Natal coal goes out of India, whereas money paid on Bengal coal remains in India. Moreover, the shutting down of Indian collieries raising second class coal means that there would be more consumption of first class coal for purposes for which second class coal would have done. This is harmful, from economic point of view, to a country, which is not said to possess abundance of first class coal. From these points of view a protective tariff, with a condition that it should be subject to control of prices by the Government, should that be necessary, would seem essential, but the best course would be to refer the matter to the Tariff Board for enquiry.

## IV. HOW ECONOMIC RAILWAY WORKING CAN BE INTRODUCED BY REGULARISING THE ROUTINE OF TRAFFIC.

In the matter of coal traffic and coal traffic transportation the first and the foremost point is to avoid wastage in wagon capacity, as far as practicable, in view of the wagon shortage, and limited carrying capacity of different sections and block sections of railways. To attain this object the best must be got out of the existing wagon capacity and facilities (until adequate number of wagons are available and proper facilities afforded) and, particularly, cross movement of empty wagons and unnecessary long time in transit are to be avoided. Now to send coal to Agra, Delhi and the Punjab, from collieries in Bengal and Behar (situated on the B. N. Railway) *viá* Bilaspur, Katni, Bina, Jhansi, Agra and Delhi is wastage of wagon capacity indeed, for loaded wagons as well as empties traverse a 46 per cent. longer route. Of course in times of pressure, such as was the case during the Great War, any route available should and must be used, as the object then is to get the traffic through, but it is different at other times, when most economic methods of working should be devised, taking India's State Railways as a whole.

Besides wastage in wagon capacity there is another factor. The shortest route from Jherria to Delhi is *viâ* E. I. Railway direct—the distance being 740 miles, and the rate at say $\frac{1}{10}$th pie on this distance would be 74 pies. This rate is allowed to be charged by the longer route *viâ* Bilaspur, Katni, Bina, Jhansi, and Agra—the distance being 1,084 miles, and on this latter distance the rate of 74 pies would work out at ·069 pie. The statistical cost of working of the G. I. P. Railway is ·20 pie, it was so at least in 1921-22. Even if the cost of carriage of coal is taken at $\frac{1}{4}$ this figure or at ·05 there would hardly remain any margin for profit when the empty haulage of all wagons used is taken into account.

All coal traffic from Bengal aud Behar for the Punjab and the United Provinces ought to be carried by the E. I. Railway route whether booked from E. I. Railway or B. N. Railway stations in Bengal and Behar coalfields, and the amalgamation of the E. I. Railway and the O. & R. Railway will make matters somewhat easy in this respect.

I wrote in this connection in July 1921 suggesting that the B. N. and the G. I. P. Railways should give up this circuitous route, in my note on Coal Traffic Transportation, and make over the N. W. Railway traffic to the E. I. Railway at Gomoh and so also the traffic for Agra, Delhi. Copies of this printed note were sent both to the Railway Board, and to the Agents of the E. I. and B. N. Railways at the time. This note now is reproduced as Appendix IV of Indian Railway Economics, Part III, published lately. Attention is hereby drawn to pages 8 and 9 and paras. 18 and 19 of the said Appendix.

Now let us examine the position as to the facilities by the routes to which the traffic is proposed to be diverted.

Doubling of the line from Allahabad to Tundla has been pressed for years. As the traffic is routed and carried at present this doubling is a necessity in the near future.

My rough idea is that if an account is taken of the traffic arriving at Moghalserai from east thereof (from the directions of Gya and Dinapore, *i.e.*, from the Grand Chord and the Main lines of the E. I. Railway), it would perhaps be seen that more than 67 to 70 per cent. of it goes past Moghalserai over the E. I. Railway in the direction of Allahabad and that it is only about 33 to 36 per cent., or less, that drops at Moghalserai for carriage by the O. & R. Railway route. For the carriage of traffic up to Moghalserai from the eastern direction there are the double line of the E. I. Railway Main or Chord line, and the partly double and partly single line of the E. I. Railway Grand Chord line, which it is believed, will be doubled ere long.

Moghalserai to Allahabad is also double line. At Allahabad about 33 of the traffic, which leaves Moghalserai on its onward journey over the E. I. Railway in the direction of Delhi, drops and goes to the Allahabad-Jubbulpur (or rather the Naini-Jubbulpur) line. The balance of 67 per cent. (out of traffic leaving Moghalserai *viâ* E. I. Ry.) goes beyond Allahabad and the quantity remains intact up to Tundla more or less. The up loaded traffic hauled on the section Cawnpore to Tundla is about the same as on the length Allahabad to Cawnpore.

On the section Tundla to Ghaziabad, however, the traffic is nearly 66 per cent. that hauled from Cawnpore to Tundla, the reason being that great bulk of traffic (nearly 33 per cent.), principally coal for the R. M. Railway and beyond, is sent *viâ* Agra and thus goes off at Tundla. It is this quantity (that is carried from Tundla and above, *i.e.*, the traffic that is now carried over the E. I. Railway from Tundla to Ghaziabad and beyond) that can be divided and a portion diverted from Moghalserai to the O. & R. Railway, and thus a relief afforded to the Moghalserai-Allahabad-Tundla Section, so that Punjab coal from collieries on the B. N. Railway can take the E. I. Railway, or the E. I. Railway and the O. & R. Railway combined route.

The O. &. R. Railway has two lines between Benares Cantt. and Lucknow, *viz.*, (*i*) the Loop line *viá* Fyzabad and (*ii*) the Chord line *viá* Partabgarh. And if one looks at the map carefully he will find that there is another route from Benares Cantt. to Phaphamau and Phaphamau to Unao.

From Lucknow to Balamau the O. & R. Railway has only one single route; but from Balamau to Shahjahanpur there is another line, *viz.*, the loop *viá* Sitapur. And again from Shahjahanpur to Bareilly the O. &. R. Railway route is single. From Bareilly, however, there are two alternative routes,—one goes *viá* Rampur to Moradabad and the other also goes to Moradabad *viá* Chandausi (the point of junction for the Chandausi-Aligarh branch). From Moradabad one line goes to Ghaziabad and the other to Saharanpur. Thus a portion of the traffic for the Southern Punjab and *viá*, for Delhi itself, *viá* Delhi, B. B. & C. I. Ry., the D.U.K., for the Ghaziabad-Meerut line, can take the Moradabad-Ghaziabad route and the traffic for the N.W. Ry. beyond Ludhiana (north and north-west) and beyond Ferozepore (north and north-west), can take the Saharanpur-Amballa route.

But the stumbling block is the section from Lucknow to Bareilly. One would suggest double line from Lucknow to Bareilly would meet the difficulty. But to my mind, as the Benares-Janghai-Phaphamau-Unao route is the shortest and would avoid congestion in Lucknow yard, it would be much the best thing to link up Unao with Balamau, and between Balamau and Shahjahanpur advantage should be taken of the alternative O. & R. Ry. second route *viá* Sitapur, and thus if the section from Shahjahanpur to Bareilly only is doubled it would be all that is wanted unless the Rosa-Hapur line is made. If this latter line is constructed then all that is required is to link up Unao with Balamau.

The position should be carefully examined with a view to ascertain whether (*i*) Cawnpore-Tundla doubling would be the best, or (*ii*) the Unao-Balamau link combined with Shahjahanpur-Bareilly doubling would meet the requirements, or (*iii*) the Unao-Balamau link combined with the proposed Rosa-Hapur Railway (if not abandoned) would suit all requirements. It should also be seen at the same time which of the three would be the cheapest to provide.

It is not only that diversion of coal traffic from collieries on the B. N. Ry. to the Punjab, from its present route (*viâ* Bilaspur, Katni, Bina, Jhansi, Agra and Delhi), to the E. I. Ry., or to the E. I. Ry. and the O. & R. Ry. combined route is needed, but it is also necessary to get as much grain traffic as possible from the O. & R. Ry. and the N. W. Ry. stations (such as are in U. P.) to the Calcutta port for further economic working.

When the Agra-Kurrachee (broad gauge) connection is made Kurrachee traffic would go this way *viâ* Agra, but coal traffic for the Punjab would go *viâ* the E. I. Ry. or the E. I. Ry. and O. & R. Ry. combined route.

We have also to consider how the empty running from the north and north-west to Bengal could be minimised even though to a small extent. The tendency of traffic in grain from the O. & R. Ry. to move to Kurrachee in any quantity is a development, within the last 10 years, and in view of the fact that the E. I., N. W., G. I. P. and O. & R. Railways will all be State Railways, it may be worth while renewing the question of minimum rates to Calcutta being fixed, on account of much cheaper working of the Calcutta line, on a lower basis than the minimum rates to the western ports in respect of traffic from O. & R. R. and E. I. R. railway stations, west of Lucknow and west of Cawnpore respectively, in the United Provinces.

Whenever the question of lowering the minimum rates to Calcutta was considered in the past the obstacle in the way was the loss to the G. I. P. and the N. W. railways, and gain to the E. I. Ry. but as in near future both the E. I. and the G. I. P. railways would be state-worked lines, same as the O. & R. Ry. and the N. W. Ry., this would enable the question to be considered from a broader point of view. But it is the case of the B. B. & C. I. Railway that remains to be considered; it would be seen that even though this line were allowed to quote the same rates it would be no gain to that line to carry the traffic at such low rates; on the other hand, their loss will not be much as most of the traffic is carried *viâ* Cawnpore to Bombay or *viâ* Agra (over the G. I. P. Ry.) to Bombay from the O. & R. Ry. and the traffic from the N. W. R. (rather north of Gaziabad) goes to Kurrachee *viâ* N. W Ry. mostly.

It is, of course, taken for granted that when the E. I. and O. & R. railways are amalgamated the traffic in grain to Calcutta from the O. & R. Ry. would be carried in return empty wagons of coal, which on their return journey from the Punjab could be diverted from Delhi, Ambala and Saharanpur for loading on the O. & R. Ry. to the extent required for sending grains and seeds to Calcutta.

The chief thing is to arrive at the best net results in the Indian State Railway earnings taken together, without increasing the cost of India's produce in the consuming markets of Europe.

The diversion of grain traffic from U.P. to Calcutta would tend to increase the net profits of the Government from the State railways owing—

(*i*) to this traffic being carried to a port which has the cheapest railway in the matter of working expenses,

(*ii*) to the carriage of such traffic to Calcutta involving no extra wagons to haul (as wagons returning to Bengal after discharging coal on the O. & R. Ry.

and N. W. R. stations would carry traffic in grains as return loads), and

(*iii*) to saving in both loaded and empty haulage on the N. W. R. of grain wagons to the extent to which traffic would be carried to Calcutta instead of to Kurrachee.

Then next to come to Bombay traffic in coal. This traffic would be better carried from the coalfields in Bengal and Behar to Calcutta by rail and then from Calcutta to Bombay by sea, until there is appreciable decrease in the railway working expenses of the G. I. P. Ry. This would mean a greater net gain to railway earnings of the Government of India, as the same number of wagons would clear four times more traffic *viâ* Calcutta (to Bombay by sea) than the all-rail-route. Wagons would make at least four round trips to Calcutta against one to Bombay during the same period of time.

And in respect of such coal traffic as must continue to be carried by rail to Bombay, a compromise might be arrived at. In return for the B. N. Ry. giving up the Punjab traffic to the E. I. Ry. from its collieries, the B. N. Ry. to be allowed to carry the traffic in coal to Bombay (out of what is carried from the E. I. Ry. collieries *viâ* Jubbulpore) to the extent the B. N. Ry. gives up the Punjab traffic or even to the extent its route can cope with. At present, by far the largest amount of coal traffic to Bombay, when carried all the way by rail, is conveyed over the E. I. Ry. *viâ* Jubbulpore. The following comparative figures of three financial years by the two routes will conclusively prove the statement :—

| Coal traffic to Bombay. | Year ending March 31st | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1913-14. Mds. | 1919-20. Mds. | 1920-21. Mds. |
| *Via* E. I. Ry. Jubbulpore. | 10, 22, 437. | 1, 93, 35, 427. | 1, 49, 37, 737. |
| *Viâ* B. N. Ry. Nagpur. | 3, 59, 140. | 70, 18, 976. | 39, 41, 074. |

The routing of the Punjab traffic entirely by the E. I. Ry. or *viâ* Moghalserai will avoid cross movement of a large number of empties on the G. I. P. Ry. over a long length (350 miles), *viz.*, between Delhi-Jhansi and Jhansi-Bina. At present, B. N. Ry. wagons that are returning empty after discharging coal in the U. P., Delhi, Agra and the Punjab, meet the empty wagons that are coming back from Bombay to Cawnpur, Agra and Delhi after discharging grains and seeds at that port. Two strings of empty wagons pass one another in opposite directions all the way from Bina to Delhi. The Agra, Delhi and the Punjab coal traffic originating on the B. N. Ry. collieries and diverted to the E. I. Ry. route *viâ* Gomoh or Asansol, will avoid this cross movement of empties over a distance of 350 miles (Delhi to Bina) if this has not already been done.

The B. N. Ry. despatch a large amount of traffic in coal to the north-west *viâ* Bilaspur, Katni, Jhansi, Agra and Delhi from collieries on their line. The pre-war and post-war figures of coal traffic from the B. N. Ry. to the Punjab are given below :—

| Traffic for | Year ending March 31st | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1913-14.<br>Mds. | 1919-20.<br>Mds. | 1920-21.<br>Mds. |
| *Viâ* Delhi E. I. Ry. and beyond ... ... | 98, 489 | 1, 23, 265 | 2, 67, 859 |
| N. W. Ry. ... ... | 14, 49,499 | 13, 91, 962 | 14, 87, 217 |
| Total ... | 15, 40, 988 | 15, 15, 227 | 17, 55, 076 |

Taking the average carrying capacity of a wagon to be say 540 maunds and the average number of wagons on a train to be 40 the following result shows the total number of wagons employed to carry the traffic during the periods mentioned above :—

| | 1913-14. | 1919-20. | 1920-21. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Number of wagons used... | 2,850 ... | ... 2,800 ... | ... 3,250 |

So in 1921, say 3,000 loaded coal wagons were hauled over a circuitous route and were again hauled back empty over the same route. Over and above this there was cross return of empties, because at the same time the G. I. P. Ry. carried loaded wagons of grain and other traffic on the entire distance from Delhi and Bina (350 miles) for Bombay in 1920-21 to the extent of 3,75,732 mds. and hauled empty wagons back for this traffic. Besides this grain and other traffic from Agra to Bina (*en route* to Bombay) with back haulage of empties to the extent of 77,493 mds. was added at Agra, and 17,86,725 and 4,24,127 mds. at Jhansi arriving there from Cawnpur and Manikpur respectively for Bombay. This busy section of the G. I. P. Ry. had thus to account for 17,55,076 mds. of coal and empty haulage of wagons (for this coal traffic) in one direction, entailing the use of 3,250 wagons, and 26,62,077 mds. of traffic in grains, pulses, seeds, cotton, etc., using say 4,200 wagons in another direction ; in both cases very great majority of wagons went back empty. This was in addition to the local traffic on the G. I. P. Ry. Bina to Delhi—all on single line of railway.

Therefore, it is most essential (*i*) first to avoid wastage haulage of about 3,000 wagons loaded in one direction and empty in another direction by a circuitous route which is *46 per cent. longer than the E. I. Ry. direct route*, and (*ii*) to prevent avoidable congestion on the length Bina to Delhi; especially between Bina-Jhansi, (*iii*) to prevent cross haulage of empties, and this is why it is proposed that the B. N. Ry. should give up the Punjab and the U. P. Coal traffic, entirely to the E. I. Ry. to be carried either *viâ* the E. I. Ry. direct or *viâ* the O. & R. Ry. And to compensate the B. N. Ry. for this traffic and to relieve the Moghalserai-Allahabad section and the Allahabad-Jubbulpore single line, the B. N. Ry. might be allowed to carry a share of the coal traffic to Bombay out of what is now carried *viâ* Jubbulpore.

What India wants is cheap coal. Cheap coal is as essential to the Railways as to the industries. And any step that will tend to increase prices should be discouraged.

### *Summary.*

That Indian coal should as far as practicable replace Natal coal is recognised by all in India; but the point is how this should be done, without increasing the cost of coal to industries and Railways. Of the total quantity of coal mined in India during 1919, 1920, and 1921 more than $\frac{1}{4}$th and sometimes $\frac{1}{3}$rd was used by railways.

The total coal mined in India and the Indian coal consumed by railways was as follows :—

| | Coal Mined in India. | Indian coal consumed by locomotives on Indian Railways. |
|---|---|---|
| | Tons. | Tons. |
| 1919 | 22,628,037 | 6,055,492 (1919-20) |
| 1920 | 17,962,214 | 6,287,068 (1920-21) |
| 1921 | 19,265,916 | 5,478,902 (1921-22) |

The quantity of foreign coal imported and proportion consumed by railways were as under :—

| | Coal imported. | Foreign coal consumed by railways. |
|---|---|---|
| | Tons. | Tons. |
| 1919-20 | 39,657 | 860 |
| 1920-21 | 86,996 | 586 |
| 1921-22 | 1,878,560 | 710,066 |

It was the rise in cost of Bengal coal and also shorter output that enabled foreign coal to come into India but even the quantity of Natal coal is not much compared to Indian coal raised.

Rise in the cost of coal can only mean increase in the cost of production of manufactures and of railway transportation—

the latter again will affect every one because of consequent rise in railway rates and fares. One of the reasons for rise in the working expenses of the Western, North-Western and Southern Railways, situated far away from the coalfields of Bengal—as compared with the cost of operation of the Bengal lines—was the cost of coal. Compared with 1914-15, the cost of fuel per engine mile on the North Western in 1920-21 was more by say 2 annas per engine mile, annas 6·02 in 1914-15 against annas 8·04 in 1920-21, which on a total of 1,550 engines and taking 45 miles per engine per day amounted to over 31 lakhs of rupees in a year. It is the rise in the price of coal that we have to contend with, which is principally in Indian coal.

The cost of raising coal in Bengal and Behar has become higher, firstly, on account of rise in cost of labour and, secondly, on account of deeper mining operations. And India wants cheap and steady supply of coal for her railways and rising industries. During recent years the Indian output of coal has been supplemented by foreign productions, *e.g.*, Natal coal. Such coal has been able to compete successfully in Bombay, Kurachee and some places, not very far away from the Western and Southern ports of India, because of--

(1) Low railway freight granted by Natal Government railways on Natal coal for export.

(2) Rise in cost of Bengal coal.

(3) Rise in railway freight in India, due to heavy rise in railway working expenses.

(4) What is said to be, high port dues.

The points now for consideration are :—

(*i*) Will Natal coal be a sure, cheap, abundant and safe source of supply.

If steamer freights rise or if Natal coal gets a better market elsewhere it must fail to be a sure and cheap source of supply. Even if Natal coal is a sure and safe supply it is far from being an abundant supply.

Is it right that Natal coal should oust Bengal coal from some of the markets of India.

Even if Natal coal was a safe, abundant and sure source of supply it is necessary to revive the coal industry of India, for demand for coal will go on increasing, provided of course in favouring Indian coal unduly high prices have not got to be paid.

And yet the problem as to how to afford this relief is not an easy one to solve. The cost of railway operation, particularly of the G. I. P. and of the N. W. Railways is high; wagons if used for long distances, *e.g.*, with Bombay coal, mean wagon shortage because of the very long time taken in turning them round, mainly because of railway facilities to move the wagons to and from the north and the west to and from the coalfields not being adequate, and, moreover, this again means less nett earning per wagon per year and less traffic carried by the same number of wagons within a given time, as compared with the number of trips a wagon can make if it carried traffic for distances varying from 150 to 250 miles.

## *Suggestions*

Coal rate for distances from 150 up to 250 miles to be reduced up to the level of $\frac{1}{10}$th pie per maund per mile if necessary, particularly in the way of rebate. This will enable Bengal coal to find a cheap outlet by sea from Calcutta to Bombay, Madras, Kurachee, etc., and again, if a similar rate is also granted on the other side, *viz.*, from Madras, Kurachee and Bombay for distances of 150 to 400 miles, the two combined would afford some relief. This reduction in the rate for distances of 150 to 400 miles is suggested because coal from Bombay and Kurachee to the interior will be carried in wagons that return from these ports after discharging grains, seeds and cotton. And as these wagons have now to be hauled back (empty) in any case any freight that they earn even for a part of the return distance, would be a gain. And in this connection a limit of 250 miles for the low rate might be withdrawn, it may be extended up to say 400. But for the safeguarding and fostering of the Indian coal industry it is most essential that the suggested reduced rates from the ports of Bombay, Kurachee and Madras should be confined to Indian coal (or in other words Natal coal must pay the existing rates and should not get the same benefit as the Indian coal from the ports to the interior). Unless this were done the reduced rates from the ports to the interior would be harmful to the Indian coal industry. The Central Provinces coal people have rightly pointed out that reduction in the coal rates by the G. I. P. Railway for distances beyond 400 miles would not help them. Therefore if reduced rates on Indian coal are applied to distances 120 or 150 to 250 miles from the coal-fields, and 150 miles to 400 miles from the western ports it would meet the case.

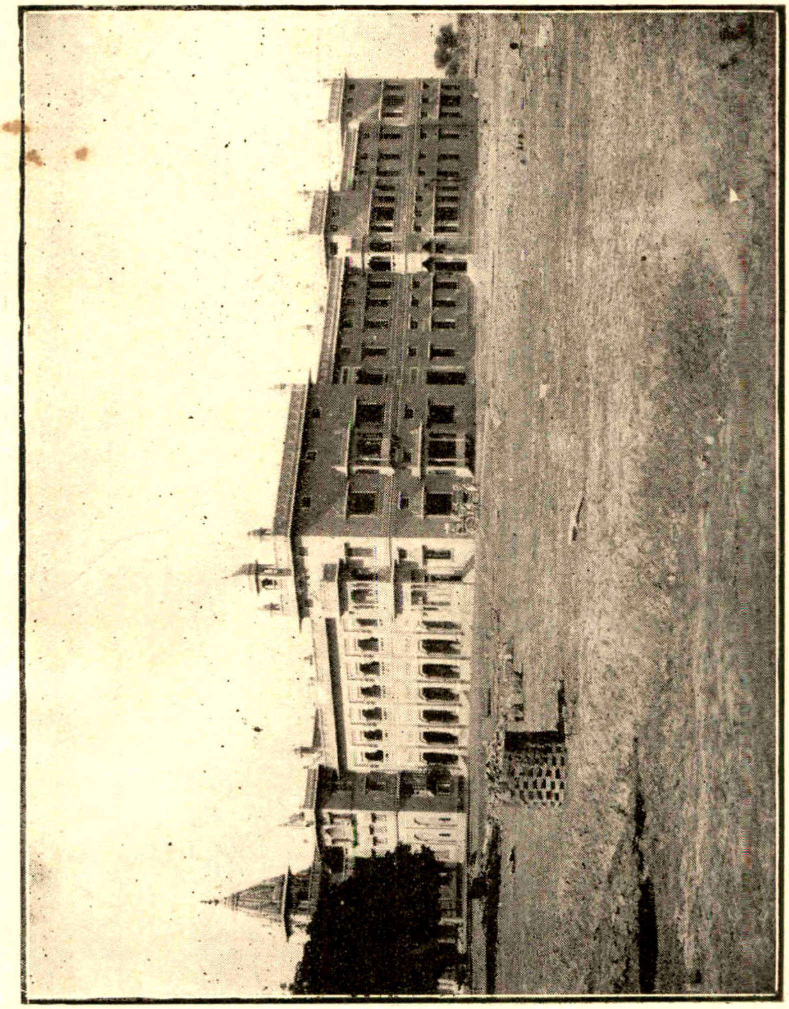
It has already been shown that reduced rates (up to $\frac{1}{13}$th pie per maund per mile) from the Jherria Field to Kidderpore Docks (Calcutta) are not non-paying and will in the long run tend to increase nett earnings of Railways. And it has also been pointed out that it practically costs nothing to carry coal from Bombay and Kurachee to the interior in return grain wagons. So in these two directions the railway rates may be reduced, but this remedy in the matter of railway rates would not be effective unless wagons are supplied freely for downward traffic to Kidderpore Docks, from the Jherria and Raniganj Fields. There are more facilities in the downward direction than in the upward direction. From Burdwan the traffic is divided; that to Howrah takes the Burdwan-Howrah Chord and that to Docks takes the Main line to Naihati and from Naihati the E. B. S. Railway line is quadruple. And both the Burdwan-Howrah Chord and the line from Burdwan to Naihati have double lines. It is the bit from Asansol to Burdwan that requires to be quadrupled. So that it is more easy to carry traffic to the Docks than to Bombay or to Kurachee, by all rail routes, over many miles of single track (*e.g.*, from Adra to Nagpur and Cheoki to Itarsi, *viâ* Jubbulpore which are single lines). During the period from 20th July to 15th of November the capacity of railway lines is not fully used and wagon supply is also better, as the grain, seeds and pulses traffic slackens down and cotton despatches to any appreciable extent do not start till about middle of November. It is during this period only that reductions in rates for long distances might be given. It would be the means of earning some money for wagons lying idle, and the lines being more free the wagons could be turned round comparatively sooner than in busy seasons and thus at a lesser cost.

The Port Commissioners should come in next, with reduction in port dues, as the Khidderpore Docks are nothing like full. And the question of protective duty should certainly be taken before the Tariff Board with a view to see whether a protective duty should or should not be imposed, if the suggested reductions in the raliway rates and in port dues may not be considered sufficient. Now that there is a Tariff Board and as they are having sittings in Bengal, there is no reason why an application by the Coal Industry to the Tariff Board should not be allowed. Coal is most important to all industries and since the main object of the Tariff Board was to give protection to Indian industries, where necessary, it is but reasonable that the case should be referred to them. Even if a protective duty is not allowed it would be a satisfaction to the Indian Coal Industry to know that their case was fully considered. But before anything is done it is most essential that the colliery people in Bengal and Behar should do their utmost to reduce the price of coal. There is one thing, *viz.*, there are a large number of middlemen, who earn commissions, sometimes varying from six annas to one rupee and more per ton. This can be avoided by direct purchases from the collieries, and the coal industry and the milling industry and the railways should take action in this direction, and further as the cost of raising coal varies from Rs. 6 to Rs. 8 per ton and since it is said to cover managing agency and supervising charges over and above labour cost, it can also be reduced by reducing managing agency, allowance and commission, etc. Some such action in these directions are essential; before the collieries take their case to the Tariff Board or ask for reduced rates they should do what is required of them, and the mill-owners and the railways should make it a point to purchase direct from collieries. Before the coal industry can expect any consideration and help from the public and the Government, they have to show that they are doing their best. Every colliery should be given the chance to sell direct and told to reduce its overhead charges. And small colliery proprietors must not have to sell coal through bigger coal companies.

Time will come when the railway lines, that have been projected or will be under construction soon (such as the Hesla-Chandil, the Talchir, the South Karanpura), will be opened, and with the State-owned railways having their own collieries (which the Government are acquiring and have acquired for them), and when these are worked, more coal would be available and reduction in cost will come. And above all, when in addition the connection from Hesla to Katni is made, through the Central India and the Central Provinces coal-fields, there would be a reduction in the distance to the west and north-west not only from the Bengal and Bihar coal-fields, but the Central India and the Central Provinces coal-fields themselves would be nearer still, meaning lower rates and with cheap labour becoming available, by the opening out of the hitherto undeveloped tracts of Central India, the cost of Indian coal in the markets of India at least must become less, but in the meanwhile some action to meet the present situation seems essential.

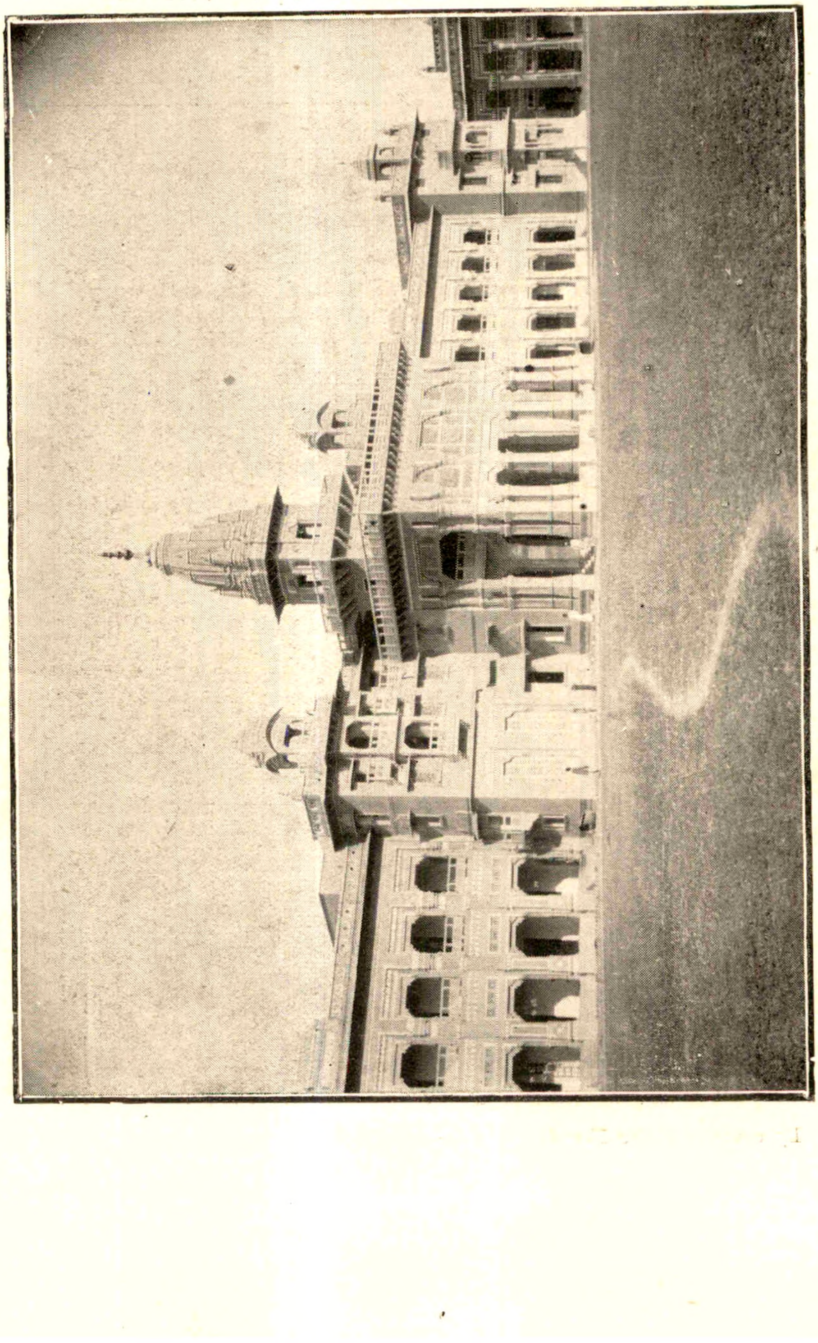
S. C. GHOSE

# THE HINDU UNIVERSITY, BENARES

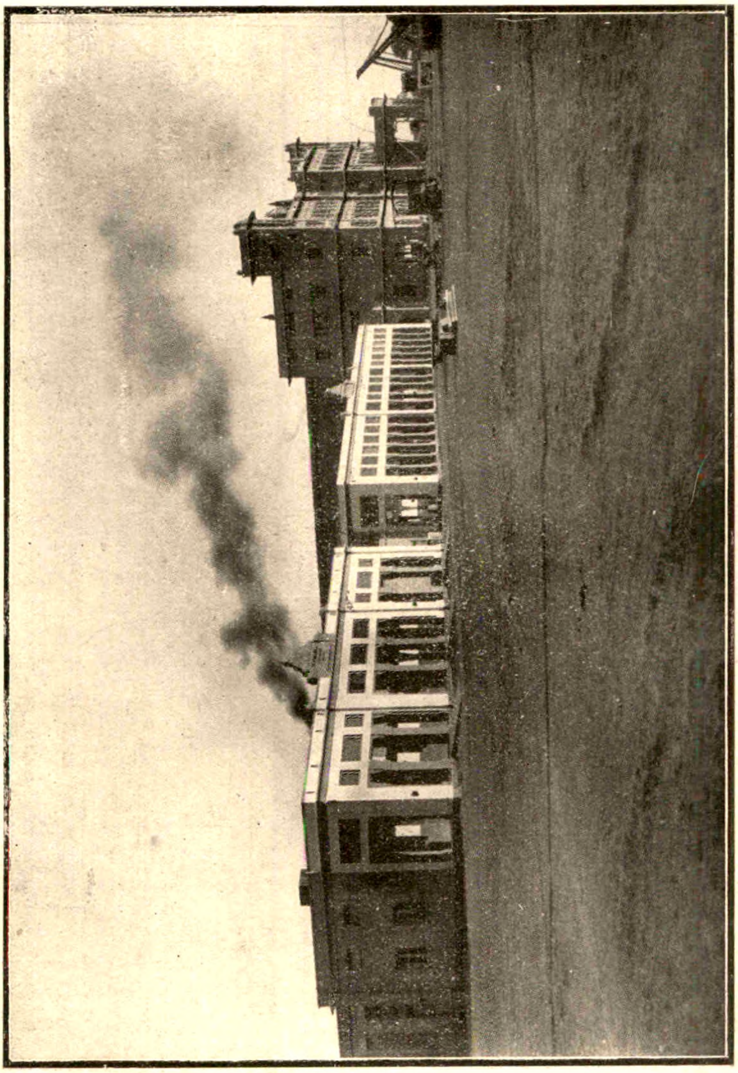


The College.

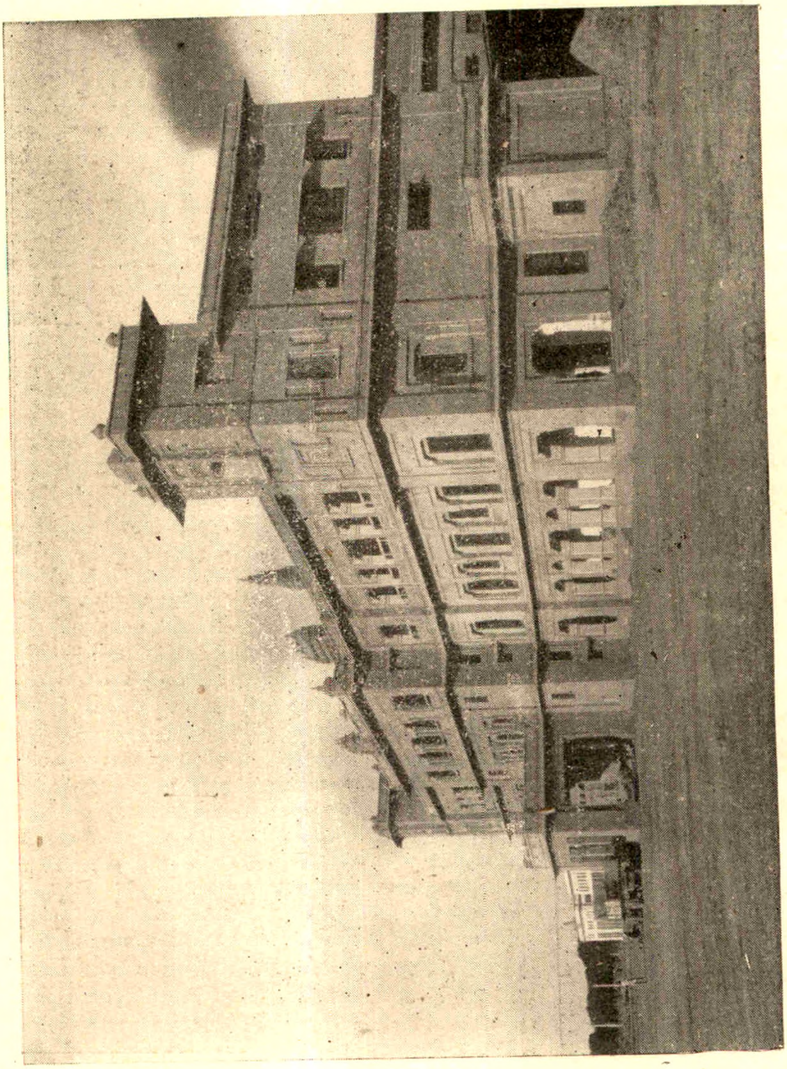
By courtesy of the *Bharati*



The Physics Laboratory.



The Engineering College, with the attached Workshop.



The Power House.

# Reviews

**Present-Day Banking in India,** by B. Ramchandra Rao, M.A., Lecturer, Calcutta University, published by the University of Calcutta, 1922.

The book contains 301 pages, divided into 14 chapters and an appendix. In it, the author seeks to describe the existing banking system and offers suggestions for banking reform so that credit might be properly organised and play its due role in the economic regeneration of India. A special comprehensive treatise of this type was a great desideratum, and it has been a welcome addition to the economic literature of the country.

The special features of the book are its clearness and lucidity of exposition, comparisons of certain features of banking in India with those of other countries, and suggestions for banking reform. Beside short-term credit, which is the special field of operation of the ordinary commercial banks, the author has considered the question of long-term credit for the financing of industry and agriculture in three special chapters. The attention of the reader may, however, particularly be drawn to the chapters on "The Indigenous Banker" and "Banking Reform,' in which has been presented a mass of interesting information and valuable suggestions. The nature of the indigenous banker is thus well described in the following words: "They never reveal their transactions to the public. They shun the light of publicity and refuse to publish figures revealing the extent and magnitude of their business. They are most courteous and indulge in gossiping. They entertain you on a variety of topics but they set a seal on their lips as soon as the drift of conversation turns to their private matters."

The *bania* or the *mahajan,* as Mr. Rao rightly observes, could indeed perform more valuable services to society if he followed 'the higher aims and loftier ideals' of banking, and did not look merely to his own interests; but it does not seem that he is going to abandon his traditional lines and methods of business in order to earn the appellation of a 'true banker.' What is needed, therefore, is the extension of banking facilities of various kinds throughout the country. As the author has aptly remarked, "What India wants is not bankers of this type but banks."

The chapter on "Banking Reform" deals with various interesting matters like the growth of banking capital, the creation of banking habit, the branch bank system, the training in banking, the banker's association, the cheque system, the deposit rate, the bank balance-sheet, etc. The author advocates the extension of the branch bank system for the creation of banking facilities, and pleads for the inauguration of an organised and uniform policy in banking methods.

The subject of long-term credit has been treated in the chapters on "Joint-Stock Mortgage Banks" and "Land Mortgage Banks"; but the distinction between the two chapters does not appear to have been made sufficiently clear. Neither has the subject of Co-operative Banking received its due share of attention. To add to the greater usefulness of the book the subject of co-operative credit should have been more fully discussed. The usefulness of the book could further be increased by appending a summary of the chief provisions of the Imperial Bank Act. It is to be hoped that the author would consider these points when bringing out the second edition of the book.

On the whole, it must however be said that Mr. Rao's book is one of the best books—if not the best book—on the subject of Indian banking; and it would prove highly useful to students of Indian Economics who are interested in that subject.

B. K. S.

**Gandhi's Letters on Indian Affairs,** pp. 175, V. Narayanan & Co., Madras, Price Re. 1-4-0.

M. K. Gandhi is undoubtedly the most dominant personality in Indian politics to-day, and no student of contemporary history, whether he agrees with him or not, can afford to ignore him. Newspaper readers are familiar with the letters first brought together in this little volume, but none the less, the publishers have rendered a real service, for nowhere else do we find the personality of this unique man more vividly revealed.

S. N. S.

**Degeneration—A World Problem**; P. N. Bose, pp. 91.

According to the author, and he quotes a number of well known European observers in support of his view, the human race has of late degenerated both morally and physically. This degeneration he attributes to the materialistic civilisation of the west in general and the industrial revolution in particular. The remedies hitherto applied are mere palliatives, medicines for example do not prevent epidemics. The only remedy to this evil is, according to Mr. Bose, a return to the village life and revival of cottage industries. The book is interesting reading. The author condemns the modern craze for vocational education and upholds the cult of *charka.*

S. N. S.

**On the Sand-Dune**, by K. S. Venkataramani (Ganesh & Co., Madras).

Another fleet of "paper boats" is welcome. About the same size as its predecessor this one touches the deeper problems of our common humanity. What the world thirsts for to-day amid all the welter of strife and hatred and feud is a reinterpretation of the Divine message which from time to time the great Teachers had brought. This same message—the message of Love and Brotherhood—is being poured into the ears of the World to-day. The world has been made too deaf by the din of strife to listen or to catch the full message. But the din shall cease ere long and our friend strives to do his share in the stilling of the noise. This little book is clearly full of the message, both to the East and the West, and undoubtedly it will do its share in bringing near the Day of Peace. For the message will find an echo in many a heart all the world over.

BOOKWORM.

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"**The Monarch of the Fenland and other Poems**," by Francis Arthur Judd (the Faith Press, 1919), is a collection of poems with illustrations some of which are remarkable for their simple and yet deep piety and in many of which Christian legends skilfully selected are rendered into charming and ennobling poetry with great success. Mr. Judd possesses the true poet's "raptured gaze" and in "vision deep his spirit reads high mysteries of blessedness and praise." The volume before us is rich in melodious verse of which the diction is really poetic and also in metrical variety. We are specially attracted by the beauty of such pieces as "The Shrine of St. Cuthbert," "The Sacred Fire," "Phillippes," "Per Crucem Tuam," "Hyde Park in May," "A June Day Reverie" and the Swedish poet Levertin's "A Young Poet's Song" in English paraphrase.

J. G. B.

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"**Secret Shrines**"—by Helen Donovan (Hodder and Stoughton, London, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

The story is well conceived bringing vividly before us mid-eighteenth century England with its courtly costume and manners and holding our attention fast till the end. It is full of highly interesting situations and incidents, some of which are romantic, through which the strange disguised figure of Prince Charles Edward ("the King's enemy") flits enhancing considerably the interest one feels in the plot development which at times becomes quite fascinating by its intricacy (*e.g.* in Ch. IX).

The shadow of an awful tragedy hangs over the whole story from its very start in the weird scene at the Wayside Inn in that fateful night of Sir Harry Raymond's nondescript legal marriage with Jennifer contrived by his friend Robert Brand, the family solicitor, to its almost tragic finish. The adventurous prince's leave-taking in Mademoiselle Stéphanie's Paris boudoir is deeply affecting in its artless simplicity and the scheming but defeated siren-like Stéphanie redeems herself by her sincere love and devotion to "*mon Prince.*"

The central theme is the tragic fate of Sir Harry who falls a victim to the diabolical machinations of his enemies and is unjustly condemned of high treason, after being treacherously murdered by Stéphanie's brother, Jérôme, for harbouring the Pretender in his London residence without an opportunity to clear his good name or save the family heritage from the cupidity of his intriguing cousin George Raymond. There is something sublime in the touching tragic episode of Jennifer's sudden and weird discovery in an unexpectedly strange place—a miserable Streatham inn—of the dead body of Sir Harry on her way from Cradley Hall to London, taken there as a reluctant witness in Sir Harry's trial under the charge of the Sussex Magistrate Mr. Thurles, who, by the way, is a kindly soul full of sympathy for the overwhelming misfortunes of the Raymond family in which poor Jennifer finds herself entangled. This is a sombre and pathetic scene of horror into which the story skilfully leads the reader showing wonderful craftsmanship in the writer so full of inventiveness.

Jennifer's life history is one long tragedy through which this poor woman passes with a firm and quiet fortitude that never fails to appeal to the reader's heart. Fate drags her along life's thorny path to her doom but the patient sufferer draws to herself the dowager Lady Raymond, Thurles, Brand and last but not least the honest servant girl Katty. Another redeeming feature is her grateful attachment to her protectress Lady Raymond whose dignified kindliness is worthy of her high rank and sense of duty.

True that "too tired for further strife" Jennifer can hardly refuse "safety, honour and love" proffered at last by the penitent Brand, yet this happy ending does not wholly commend itself to us even though we feel that Brand having made amends to her for the wrong done by him doubtless deserves from her something more than mere forgiveness.

Chapters XII and XVIII are a bit sensational but VI or XI narrating Jennifer's encounter with Brand, VII her encounter at midnight with her betrayer George, XV relating to George's diabolical scheme with the aid of the vile Captain Thomas to ruin Sir Harry and specially XIX revealing to Brand the tragic history of the injured Jennifer are very powerfully written. The authoress has skill in minute description of natural scenery, of the countryside, of the interior of an old aristocratic house, of the back-streets and shady corners of London and Paris and even of the dresses worn in the age to which the story belongs. But (to quote her own words) "a good deal of ingenuity has been expended on detail."

The characters are well defined and varied. We have George Raymond the malicious villain of the piece and his adversary Sir Harry young, gay, pleasure-loving and a bit selfish, Captain Thomas a dirty rogue, cardsharper and despicable spy, Mary Shore a ruthless London harpy, Robert Brand a trusty friend of Sir Harry keen about Raymond family honour, Lady Raymond the dignified personification of immovable aristocratic courtesy and polished manners,—and Jennifer the unfortunate ill-used woman ever under fortune's powers thrown in between. Young Stéphanie is a scheming beautiful coquette who plays a deep political game as a worshipper of the fallen Stuart in which Sir Harry, bewitched by her charms, is used as a pawn to his utter undoing. Stéphanie's idealistic vision to which she sacrifices her adorer Mr. Quillion is indeed a secret shrine where she ensconces herself against her prudent consumptive brother Jérôme's ferocious upbraidings.

We have noticed one or two printing mistakes (on pp. 14, 85 and 272).

J. G. B.

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**History of Jessore and Khulna,** Vol. II, by Prof. Satischandra Mitra, pp. 885, Price Rs. 6.

Prof. Mitra has rendered a distinct service to the Bengali Historical Literature. Although he deals mainly with the history of Jessore and Khulna, the volume under review is by no means of parochial interest. It should find its way to the shelf of every Bengali student, for what Bengali is there who will not like to know as much as he can about Pratapaditya and Sitaram. With uncommon industry Prof. Mitra has tapped all the available sources of information and brought together all that is known about Pratap and Sitaram. Unfortunately, however, his work leaves an impression that after all we know very little about these two heroes. For lack of absolutely reliable historical materials Prof. Mitra has often to depend on local traditions, the main value of his work lies in the results of the field work done by the author. He has, often at the risk of his life, visited all the historical places in the two Districts and his observations therefore about old sites demand a respectful consideration. Prof. Mitra's work is entirely free from patriotic bias, he has critically examined the evidence at his disposal with an unprejudiced mind. If he has failed to believe many unfounded charges against Pratap and Sitaram he has not hesitated to point out the real drawbacks of their character. We congratulate Prof. Mitra on his brilliant achievement and we are eagerly awaiting the third volume of his History.

Surendranath Sen

**A History of Hindu Political Theories,** By U. N. Ghosal, M.A., Ph.D., Professor, Presidency College, published by the Oxford University Press.

It is a handy volume of about 300 pages, in which the learned author has traced the development of political theories in ancient India. The author proceeds systematically and has taken chronology into account. The book is divided into seven chapters. The first chapter is devoted to a consideration of the political concepts of the Aryan people during the age of the Vedas and the Upanishads. In the second chapter which deals with the political ideas found in the Dharmasutras and the Buddhist canon the author gives us an idea of political speculation during an age which he calls an "epoch of growth and development." The third chapter sets forth the political thought of the Arthaśāstra, that remarkable treatise on the art of government attributed to the celebrated Kautilya. In the fourth chapter we have a consideration of the various political theories which are found in the various chapters of the Sāntiparva, and the Manusamhītā. In three subsequent chapters the author gives us a summary of the views of later authors pointing out their relation to earlier thinkers. Moreover in these he has traced the beginnings of decline as far as Indian political speculation is concerned.

All these chapters show his grasp of the subject, and present to us a comprehensive survey of the history of Hindu political genius. They bear testimony to the author's scholarship and industry. He has practically ransacked the whole of Hindu and Buddhist literature, and has utilised all the material at his disposal. Moreover his treatment of the subject is not only accurate and scholarly, but shows the true spirit of historical enquiry. His comparative illustrations add to the value of his account. In many places he has come to the assistance of his reader by giving parallel illustration from European history, thereby enabling him to make his ideas clear and well defined. Lastly, the author deserves the fullest amount of credit for his ably-written introduction, attached to the book. Within a short compass, he has given us a clear idea as to the nature and type of political evolution in Ancient India, and has established the originality of the Indo-Aryan political ideas and of those cultural ideas which arose out of it. He deserves moreover the congratulation of his countrymen for having exposed the fallacy of an argument, which while it extolled the superiority of Hindu speculation denied India "a place in the political history of the world."

While the author deserves nothing but praise for his treatment and his method of enquiry, his views on particular topics leave much room for difference of opinion. To quote a few such instances—the author's exposition of the Divine nature of Vedic royalty shows that the author's mind is obsessed with corresponding theories of Royalty in Ancient and Mediæval Europe or elsewhere. There is indeed no denying the fact, that Vedic royalty was lauded,—the holder of the office often identified with the gods—nay, he was often regarded as the "part taker of the gods"—yet there is nothing to prove that the office of king or the holder of that office was in essence divine. The above identification with the gods—was nothing but a reflexion of the idea of a universal order—The king performing services on earth, similar to those with which the divine powers were entrusted. Later on, indeed, veneration for the holder of royal office increased and he was regarded as the incarnation of the eight great gods. This again does not establish a divine theory of kingship which gained in the west. Again when we consider the Hindu theory of social contract we find nothing which justifies us to hold the king as a divine personage. The contract was a true bilateral contract with rights and obligations on both sides. Lastly, the fiction of a divine king falls to the ground, when we bear in mind that the moral right of revolution resided in the people—who could destroy or depose an unrighteous king.

His views on another such topic call for a difference of opinion. (See pp. 65-66 note.) Thus the author has tried to refute the views of Dr. Banerjee and Dr. Bhandarkar, that " the conception of the king as the servant of the State was one of the basic principles of political thought in Ancient India." In the face of express texts which regard the king as the servant of the people, the author shows his leanings towards the acceptance of the view " implied rather than expressed " that the king was the servant of God, and practically rejects the value of the texts cited as being of too exceptional a character to be accepted."

Other such instances may be cited. His date of the Sukraniti is far from being acceptable. Similarly, his views as to the Arthaśāstra being older than the Santiparva is again doubtful and requires a discussion. Lastly, the author's attention may be drawn to the fact that the concept of the state has not received the amount of attention it deserves.

Inspite of room for difference of opinion, Dr. Ghosal's book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Ancient India.

NARAYAN CHANDRA BANERJEE

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**Indian Teachers of Buddhist Universities,** by Phanindranath Bose, M.A., published by the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras.

This is a little book, which is sure to serve as a faithful book of reference, and can be safely placed in the hands of the students intending to be initiated into the study of Tibetan Buddhism developed chiefly on the basis of the writings of the Professors of different Buddhist Universities at Nālandā, Vikramaśilā and other places. The book claims no originality of material gathered by its author. It brings together the results of previous researches and presents them in a very charming and readable form. The freshness with which an old tale that was getting otherwise stale and dull has been retold is certainly the most redeeming feature of the book.

B. M. BARUA.

**Science of Living**—a booklet of about 110 pages, by Harimohan Banerjee, is a thoughtful treatise intended mainly for the Christian World. The author calls upon his reader to give up false hopes and vanity, to purify life and to rest his hopes in Jesus, who stands for his Saviour. The book is written in a clear style, and speaks well of the author and his original thoughts on the subject.

N. C. B.

**India's Flag** by C. Rajagopalachar and published by Ganesh & Co., Madras, is a booklet which records the struggle of India for her flag, which symbolises her honour and her very life. It contains an article by Mahatma Gandhi and also quotes several others from his "Young India". It tries to impress upon Indians the seriousness of the struggle and the principle involved therein and calls upon us to take all penalties which we ought to prefer to dishonour.

N. C. B.

**True Love**: by S. M. Michael, 2nd Edition, Madras, 1922. Price Re. 1.

We have here a series of twenty poems, the theme being, as the title of the collection indicates, love. The author's lines run smooth, and his English has a genuine English ring, unlike that of many an aspirant after poetic fame in country seeking the help of the imperial tongue. Some of the poems are beautiful, and some have a mystic ring, which is one of the modern notes in love-poetry—a note which is inherited and modified from the erotistic symbolism of mediæval devotional poetry. The book seems to have been well received, for it is in its second edition, and on the whole, we can say that Mr. Michael's muse has pleased us.

S. K. C.

# Correspondence

## ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA

I was so long merely reading or hearing of the insidious influence which environments exercise on the mind of man. But never did I realise it so well, I should say, so dangerously, as when I was re-searching some researchers. The atmosphere of my room then smelt so much of half-truths, untruths, carelessnesses and inaccuracies that I did not then know that it was to some extent causing mental aberration and throwing me actually into one blunder and one exaggeration. On p. 313 of the last issue of the 'Calcutta Review,' while appraising the critical value of Mr. Chanda's work, I have made the assertion that in his 'Indo-Aryan Races' he nowhere shows his indebtedness to the 'Vedic Index.' This assertion is unwarranted, and I very much regret the blunder into which I have fallen. Whatever else I have said about his work is, I think, well-founded. The exaggerated statement to which also I have to plead guilty has occurred with reference to MM. Haraprasad Sastri. I have said I have not yet found any paper of his which contains footnotes. As a matter of fact, there are a few papers with such footnotes. But they are so few, and so far between that the role of the *āpta* that he wants to play cannot for a moment be a matter of doubt.

I express extreme regret for the inaccuracies into which I fell. I can well imagine some of my critics making great capital out of it and trying to show to the world that all my criticism is thus valueless. Let me, however, wait and if these are all the points on which they assail me. They ought to ask Mr. Chanda to produce the manuscript of *Dānasāgara,* which has *Varendre* instead of *Varendro.* Above all, they should induce Mr. R. D. Banerji to finish off his 'crushing' reply to Prof. Luders' damaging criticism againts him, which, they say, is very nearly ready. Unless these replies are forthcoming, my critics' attempt to run me down is of no avail.

On p. 316 occurs a misprint. In l. 16 instead of "three 'Bengali' scholars" there should have been "'three' Bengali scholars." A well-wisher of mine fears that persons belonging to the camp of the 'Modern Review' will purposely misinterpret it and spread the rumour that I imply that when Prof. Bhandarkar came to Calcutta in 1917, there were no good scholars in Bengal. I submit that, in the first place, this does *not* follow from what I have said. Secondly, this is not a fact at all. If the quality, and not the quantity, of work is to be taken into consideration, by far the best scholar Bengal has produced since the time of Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra is the late Babu Mon Mohun Chakravarti. But he contributed all his articles to the learned Journals, and never mixed himself with the politics of the literary sphere. He is therefore known to very few of his countrymen. Nevertheless, it is perfectly true that he was a first-rate scholar. But he was a Bengali, and was living when Prof. Bhandarkar was appointed to the Carmichael Chair. Another first-rate Bengali scholar was the late Dr. Satischandra Vidyabhushana. But he too like Prof. Bhandarkar committed the sin of connecting himself with Sir Asutosh Mookerjee and was therefore run down in certain quarters. There was also a third first-rate scholar in Bengal when Prof. Bhandarkar came. He is Babu Bijaychandra Mazumdar. Happily he has yet been spared for us, and the whole of Bengal is looking forward to the day when he, possessed of philological acumen, will bring out a critical edition of *Bauddha gāna o dohā.*

DHABALA GIRI

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# THE STUDY OF LAW[1]

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, TEACHERS, AND STUDENTS,

Let me assure you at the outset that to me it is a great pleasure and privilege to address an audience in this great University whose progress and development are objects of solicitude to every Indian, whatever his race or creed. Had not such a feeling animated me, I would have respectfully declined the difficult and delicate task which has been imposed on me, namely, to discourse to young aspirants for admission to the field of law on the study of their subject.

In order that you may not misunderstand my purpose, let me tell you at once that I shall not take upon myself the responsibility to advise you, my young friends, on the choice of a profession. The selection of what will be the vocation for life is about the most difficult task that presents itself to a young man, his guardians, friends and advisers; for, on the one hand, the choice is generally irrevocable; on the other, a mistake may be fatal. I am a believer in the doctrine that that is done best which is done gladly and with feelings of pleasure. If a man is compelled to follow a calling which is distasteful, because unsuited to his powers and inclination, he is liable to court failure from the start. Let me read to you the words of wisdom of John Ruskin:

"We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will, and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all."

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[1] An address delivered by Sir Asutosh Mookerjee on the 4th August, 1923, on the occasion of the inauguration ceremony of the Department of Legal Studies in the Benares Hindu University.

A young man should consequently look into his own heart before he chooses his profession. It is not for others to dictate whether he will serve the community better if he selects one path rather than another, for instance, if he goes into law rather than into medicine. But, let me give an emphatic warning that there is no royal road to success in law. Law is not easy as a profession; its field is enormous; its boundaries are ever widening. The period of study and self-instruction never comes to an end in the department of law; even the most assiduous amongst us have realised from experience that the frontier of the domain of knowledge of law steadily recedes before each new step in advance.

You will not expect me, on the present occasion, to embark upon so perilous an adventure as the framing of a definition of the term "Law" which has baffled generations of jurists and publicists. I shall content myself with an extract from the famous opening passage of the Digest of Justinian:

"Law is the art of what is good and equitable, of which lawyers are deservedly called the priests, for they cultivate justice and profess a close knowledge of what is good and equitable, separating the equitable from the inequitable; distinguishing the lawful from the unlawful; desiring to make men good, not only from fear of punishment but also the influence of rewards; maintaining, if I err not, a true, not a pretended philosophy."

Law is thus coeval with society and society cannot exist without law; there is nothing higher or nobler, open to human effort, than the administration of justice and right between man and man, between the individual and the State. It is consequently the paramount duty of the lawyer to promote reverence for law. Laws may be unjust or unsuited to the times; but so long as they stand unrepealed, it is the high office of the lawyer to see that they are respected and obeyed. Reverence for law makes for social order, which, in the words of an illustrious lawyer, must be the political religion of every progressive nation. Thus the opportunities of the lawyer for public service and social advancement are of no mean order. His natural opposition to absolute power makes him invaluable as a minister of justice, so that the forces for good government should be maintained everywhere in full and constant action. It is this aspect which makes the lawyer an object of dread to the class known as persons in authority. Let me remind you of a story of Peter the Great, who travelled far and wide with a view to ascertain by personal observation what had been accomplished by modern governments. The great Emperor was so forcibly struck by the numbers and privileges of the English Bar that he told one of his informants that there were only two lawyers in the Empire of Russia and he proposed to hang them on his return. From the standpoint of the mighty Monarch that was no bad policy; the lawyer is by nature and by training unfriendly to absolute power; for his activities are conditioned on the existence of a government of laws rather than of men. The story of Peter the Great may or may not be apocryphal; but its moral is reflected in a celebrated passage of an oration by the profoundest political thinker of the eighteenth century. Edmund Burke traced the untractable spirit of the American Colonists as the growth and effect of their system of education which included an extensive study of law:

"In no country, perhaps, in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces takes the lead. The greater number of deputies sent to Congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavour to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. This study of the law renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defense, full of resources."

De Tocqueville emphasised the same conclusion from a different standpoint:

"By birth and interest lawyers belong to the people; by habit and taste to the aristocracy; and they may be looked upon as the natural bond and connecting link of the two great classes of society. They are attached to the public order beyond any other consideration, and the best security of public order is authority. If they prize the free institutions of their country much, they value the legality of these institutions far more. They are less afraid of tyranny than of arbitrary power."

You will not be surprised to find that this ideal of the fighting quality of the lawyer—this fighting for other men—appealed to the Roman jurist as his true title to public regard. Listen to this passage from the Code of Justinian:

"Advocates who decide the doubtful fates of causes and by the strength of their defense often set up again that which had fallen, and restore that which was weakened, whether in public or in private concerns, protect mankind not less than if they saved country and home by battle and by wounds. For, in our warlike empire, we confide not in those alone who contend with swords, shields and breast-plates, but in advocates also, for those who manage others' causes, fight as, confident in the strength of glorious eloquence, they defend the hope and life and children of those in peril."

We must not, however, lay stress on this fighting aspect of the public service of the lawyer and disregard another function which is not only no less valuable but is indeed far more worthy of admiration. The lawyer as the peacemaker is by no means a rare phenomenon in the ranks of the profession, and there are many who take to heart the eloquent injunction of Abraham Lincoln when he urged lawyers to keep their clients out of Court whenever they could: "Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbours to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser in fees, expenses and waste of time. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a superior opportunity of becoming a good man. There will always be enough business. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this." The lawyer has thus ample and diversified opportunity to shape the course of others in the conduct of life and through them the conduct of the community.

Let me next emphasise that law is neither a trade nor a solemn jugglery, but is a true and living science, and it is open to each and every one of you to love law as a science and to feel the full dignity of being a minister at its altars. We have opened a new chapter in the history of world and there has undoubtedly been no period during which the study of the law, in the broadest and most enlightened spirit possible, has been of equal importance, not only to the profession but also to society at large as it is constituted to-day. We are face to face with novel problems of diverse kinds, beyond the reach of the imagination of our ancestors; these problems require for their adequate solution a deep and wide knowledge of the principles of law. No true friend of our people will at this critical stage of the development of our national life decry, much less retard, the study of law, which, when rightly pursued, has the most liberalising effect. It is calculated to call into exercise the highest powers and capacities of the human mind; it is capable of that critical, historical and comparative treatment which is the glory of modern science, and surely it deserves a high rank in the curriculum of University studies along with political philosophy and sociology.

I have already indicated that a serious student of law must for ever abandon all hope of a life of ease ; for no method has yet been discovered that will relieve him of the necessity of close applications and serious study which must continue during the whole period of his active connection with his profession. In this domain of knowledge, at any rate, no true gospel has been found save that of hard labour. We cannot overlook that though books have multiplied and the bounds of human knowledge have been vastly extended, the human mind has made no corresponding improvement, if, indeed, it has not, as some maintain, lost its primitive vigour. It is not for me to judge, whether in every single department of learning the acquisition of accessible knowledge will exhaust the labours of the longest life. This, at any rate, may be affirmed that of all the branches of learning, none is more extensive or more complex than that of the law. Law had its origin in remote antiquity, and on the principle that law was made for man and not man for law, it has adapted itself, notwithstanding all the imperfections of its mode of development through ages, to all the wonderful complications of modern life. Trace its history, and you will discover, as others have done before you, that it embodies the constant longing of men for an ideal system of justice and bears within itself the marks, however obliterated by lapse of time, of long-forgotten social customs, conflicts and revolutions. The story of this ever continuous struggle must be recalled by all who seek a proper understanding and interpretation of the law and harbour the honourable aspiration to associate themselves with its future development. Believe me, I do not thus refer to the vast extent and intricacy of the law with a view to cool your ardour or to paralyse your ambition. I desire to urge you to devote yourselves to a life of unrelenting study and labour. This applies with special force to the

Indian student of law, who must undertake, even if he desires to attain only a tolerable measure of success, a far more comprehensive course of study than is customary for the student of law brought up under other systems. No Indian student of law can afford to avoid a close and critical study of Hindu Law and Mahomedan Law, which constitute monuments of Asiatic genius of two fundamentally different types. The Indian student must, at the same time, acquaint himself, to the best of his ability, with the products of ever active Indian Legislatures—Provincial and Imperial. The imperfections of our codified law make it obligatory upon our students to acquaint themselves with that elusive body of rules, known as the principles of justice, equity and good conscience, which, it was wisely ordained a century and a half ago, should be invoked whenever the matter in controversy was not completely covered by a specific provision of the law. These principles of justice, equity and good conscience have naturally meant the importation, often without careful scrutiny, of the analogies of English Law whenever deemed applicable to Indian society and circumstances. The Indian student cannot thus escape an intelligent study of the principles of English Law, which further permeate many a legislative enactment. If he is wise and industrious, he will not be content with exploring its foundations in its native soil but will also study its wonderful development, amidst novel and progressive surroundings, in the United States and in the British Colonies and Dependencies. He will master the monumental institutes and commentaries of Coke and Blackstone, of Kent and Burge. But, beyond and above all this, the Indian student of law must acquire a competent knowledge of the principles of the Roman Law which has pervaded the jurisprudence of every civilised nation. The Roman Law, as Prof. James Bryce asserted, is perhaps the most perfect example, which the range of human effort presents, of the application of a body of abstract principles to the complex facts of life and society. The Roman jurists assimilated theory and practice in a remarkable manner. Their theory was so thoroughly worked out as to be fit for immediate application, and their practice was uniformly ennobled by scientific treatment. In every principle, they saw an instance of its application, in every concrete case, the rule whereby it was determined; and their mastery was incontestable in the facility with which they passed from the universal to the particular and from the particular to the universal. The study of law, it has been maintained by an illustrious German jurist, is from its very nature exposed to a double danger; we are apt, on the one hand, to soar through theory to empty abstractions, and, on the other hand, to sink through practice into a soulless handicraft. Roman Law, if studied aright as a science, provides an effective remedy against both dangers. It holds us fast upon the ground of a living reality; it binds our juristic thought, on the one side, to a magnificent past, and, on the other, to the legal system of many a civilised nation. Let me assure you that a discriminating study of the principles of Roman Law is of inestimable value, not merely as a mental discipline, but as a broad foundation for the full appreciation of comparative jurisprudence. You owe it to yourselves and to the great profession you desire to enter, not to be mere mechanics, but, so far as is possible, to be jurists, and, even to be reformers of that law, which is not an invention of jurists and legislators, but has grown and is blended with the social life of the people. When you thus realise the magnitude and nobility of the task which lies before you, you will not be surprised at the assertion that the study of law requires and deserves lifelong attention of the most exacting and undivided character. Let me read to you the testimony of one of the most accomplished workers in this field, Joseph Story, Advocate, Professor, Judge and Jurist:

"The law is a science of such vast extent and intricacy, of such severe logic and nice dependencies, that it has always tasked the highest minds to reach even its ordinary boundaries. But eminence can never be attained without the most laborious study united with talents of a superior order. There is no royal road to guide us through its labyrinths. These are to be penetrated by skill, and mastered by a frequent survey of landmarks. It has almost passed into a proverb that the lucubrations of twenty years will do little more than conduct us to the vestibule of the temple; and an equal period may well be devoted to exploring the recesses." . . .

Be not, however, appalled by the magnitude of the task which lies before you. It is not inconceivable that after a quarter of a century of diligent study of the science to which you propose to devote yourselves, you will have a more profound and abiding sense of ignorance than oppresses you at the present moment. But you should realise, at the same time, that the last enemy we have to conquer is ignorance, the foe that meets us on the threshold, at our entrance into life, and ceaselessly attends us at every step of our career. Fortunately, though art is long and life is short, though the immense body of the law may profoundly impress us with a sense of despair if not helplessness, there is this encouraging factor that law is essentially a science of principles. The chief purpose of legal education is to impart to the student a knowledge not of practical details but of fundamental principles, to teach him to draw the right conclusions from the premises. If the student has thus been brought face to face with principles and conclusions, if his mind has been illuminated by an exposition of their relation to other necessary truths, if he has been conducted down the historic path of social and legal evolution until he has reached the present rules of law, he cannot have failed to absorb and assimilate the reason of the law. He will then have mastered law as the science which helps to eliminate and enforce right and to detect and punish wrong. Let then the student discover these principles from the dry husks of text books, statutes and reports. Let him extract, master and retain the principles he has brought to light, for his success as a student of law will be measured by the success which has attended his efforts to pursue this process of analysis and assimilation. Let then the student avoid with scrupulous care that self-deception which is destructive of all sound knowledge. He may by artful cram delude his examiners and obtain admission to his degree; but let him rest assured that he will never delude the judge, much less his adversary who will not be slow to take full advantage of his profound ignorance. He will then realise, when too late, that if a man commences practice without a knowledge of the principles of law, he never learns them afterwards. Let him not seek solace in the example of men of ability, who may have, in exceptional instances, attained distinction, though without liberal equipment; their careers would have been still more distinguished, their mark on their generation graven still deeper and their contributions to the wisdom of the world still weightier, had they the benefits of scientific legal training before they entered upon the arduous and responsible duties that awaited them.

It is impossible for me within the time at my disposal to speak to you about other matters of vital importance, such as the unlimited opportunities of the lawyer for public service and social advancement, specially in the role of judges and legislators; but let me emphasise that the members of the profession have been held responsible for evils which they have neither brought about nor sought to perpetuate. It is frequently overlooked that law must be administered as it exists, though, as a result, a Court of justice may, in rare cases and for the purpose of a particular judgment, be upbraided as a Court of injustice. The remedy lies, in very many of such instances, with the legislature, which, though influenced, cannot, for manifest reasons, be dominated by men trained in the principles of legal, political and social philosophy. Legislation, it may be conceded, must be in harmony with public opinion; but it is often ignored that the products of the legislature have a strange vitality and survive on the statute book long after public opinion has altered its course. It is the duty of the lawyer, who has studied statutes as documents which set out the ideals of society that have been strong enough to reach that final form of expression, to assist in the change as the dominant will changes with the progress of the times from century to century.

Let me remind you finally of the famous estimate of the legal profession, made by Lord Bolingbroke, as "in its nature the noblest and most beneficial to mankind, and in its abuse and debasement the most sordid and the most pernicious." I shall not pause to consider whether this description may not be accurately applied to many a sphere of human activity. I shall only urge you to make an unhesitating choice of the only honourable of these alternatives. Read at large the biographies of illustrious lawyers, such fascinating works as Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors and of the Chief Justices of England and Lewis's Lives of the Great American Lawyers. You will feel ennobled by the careers of men, who have risen from the ranks and consecrated themselves in the service of society, always striving to aid in the worldwide effort to make law and justice one and the same. Let me, in conclusion, place before you the ideal of the true ambition of the lawyer in the impressive language of an eminent judge:

"To serve man by diligent study and true counsel of the municipal law; to aid in solving the questions and guiding the business of society according to law; to fulfil his allotted part in protecting society and its members against wrong, in enforcing all rights and redressing all wrongs; and to answer before God and man, according to the scope of his office and duty, for the true and just administration of the municipal law. There go to this ambition, high integrity of character and life; inherent love of truth and right; intense sense of obedience, of subordination to law, because it is law; deep reverence of all authority, human and divine; generous sympathy with man and profound dependence on God. These we can all command. There should go high intelligence. That we cannot command. But every reasonable degree of intelligence can conquer adequate knowledge for meritorious service in the profession."

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# Ourselves

## CONFERENCE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

*The 12th July, 1923.*

We published in our last number (p. 347 *ante*) a report of the proceedings of the Conference held at Government House on the 12th July last under the presidency of His Excellency the Chancellor. We have now been furnished with the following report of the opening Address by His Excellency :

HIS EXCELLENCY THE CHANCELLOR : Before I come to the business of this meeting, there are two things which I want to say. The first is to express my personal regret at the absence of the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. B. N. Basu, and my sympathy with him for the indisposition which has kept him away. I feel sure that everybody in this room shares that regret and sympathy.

Secondly, I want at once, to clear away any suspicion that there may be in the minds of the members of the Senate regarding the object or possible consequences of this meeting. Professor Raman has been good enough to send me a copy of the letter which he has written to the Press. I have learned from that letter that Professor Raman and perhaps other members are a little apprehensive as to my object in calling this meeting. He fears lest I may give a version of the past events which may be unacceptable to the members of the Senate and which they may feel it necessary to contradict—thus leading to an unpleasant controversy. The learned Professor seems to think that I have invited you here in order to say to you, " Gentlemen, we have been quarelling for nearly a year; I propose to explain to you that in that controversy we have always been in the right and you have been in the wrong, and since you are enjoying the hospitality of my house, I hope that you will not be so uncivil as to contradict me!" The second fear he has expressed in that letter is lest I may make some new proposal to you and ask you to express your opinions on it before you have had time to think the matter over, and carefully weigh your answers. I want to assure you at once that I have not the slightest intention of doing anything of the sort. My object is to allay controversy not to create it. I have no intention of going back at all. My object is to get on. I am very much indebted to Professor Raman for pointing out to me the dangers which lie in my path. I can assure you that I shall be scrupulously careful to avoid them. My only reason for saying what I have to say to you in person instead of in the form of a written communication, is that I have found by past experience that the meaning and substance of official communications are apt to be misconstrued. However careful one may be, there is always the danger of some word or phrase being misunderstood and conveying a meaning the exact opposite of what was intended. I am a great believer in a personal discussion of this character which enables one to say what I have to say to you and gives to my listeners an opportunity of saying whatever they may wish in return. If I say anything which is misunderstood or which gives an impression of the kind which I want to avoid, I hope it will be immediately taken up, explained and set right.

I now come to the point of this meeting. You will remember I had a discussion with some of you in December last. I gave an assurance on that occasion that Government had no intention of introducing their Bill until they had fully discussed it with you. I hoped that that meeting would have served to allay any misgivings you may have had regarding our intentions. I am obliged to confess that I was not very successful, because I find that the fears in the minds of the

Senate as to the intentions of Government have increased rather than diminished since then. Gentlemen, when you come to know me better, you will learn that I am a person not easily discouraged by failures of this kind. I am determined to make another attempt. It is with this object that I have invited you here to-day. I think perhaps it would have been wiser, if instead of being content with merely giving you an assurance, I had been more precise and given you an opportunity of discussing how that assurance could best be carried out. On account of that omission some controversy, you will remember, arose as to whether the Conference or discussion between Government and the University should take place before or after the Bill had been submitted to the Government of India. If we had discussed that question at the time, I feel almost sure this controversy would never have arisen. Be that as it may, it is not my intention to re-open it at the present time.

As you know the Bill, which was drafted by the Government about a year ago, has been considered by the Senate and their opinion presented to us in writing. That Bill has also been considered by the Government of Assam, and they too have sent to us their views in writing. All these views together with the comments of the Government of Bengal have been submitted to the Government of India. Considerable correspondence extending over several months has taken place between ourselves and the Government of India on the subject and I had the occasion of a personal discussion on this subject with His Excellency the Viceroy and the Hon'ble Member in Charge of Education. I am happy to say that there is complete agreement between the Government of India and ourselves regarding our competence to legislate and the objects we seek to attain by this legislation. The views of all the parties have been expressed, but there has been no opportunity as yet of bringing the various parties together with a view to securing a discussion of the points at issue and, if possible, an agreement. That is the only stage which now remains to be completed. We have had correspondence. Conferences and Committees have been suggested. But no actual meeting has as yet taken place. Now it is my earnest wish that such a meeting should take place at the earliest possible moment. It is with the object of discussing with you the date and the manner of such a meeting that I have invited you here. Remembering what Dr. Raman has said, let me again assure you I have no intention of asking you to commit yourselves to-day to any decision with regard to the procedure which I am going to suggest. I only want to afford you an opportunity of saying anything you may care to say regarding the suggestions that I put before you.

As has already been indicated by a brief communique in the Press, we propose to invite the representatives of the Senate and the representatives of the Government of Assam to meet us at an early date. The Government of India have kindly consented to be present at that Conference and to assist us in the discussion. Of course their representatives will not take any side. They will be there to give friendly advice to both parties. I may say, and I am sure you will agree with me, that it will very materially assist us to have present at the Conference representatives of the Government of India with whom rests the ultimate decision of matters in dispute between ourselves and the University. With regard to the date which would suit me best, I propose the third week of August. As I have already said, I will ask you for no decision. But I shall be very glad to hear the views of those present with regard to the date. As regards the number and personnel of the University representatives, these matters can be settled in consultation with the Vice-Chancellor. Whatever date may be selected, I am anxious that the representatives of the University should come to this Conference with authority to express the opinion of the University on the main points under discussion. The final decision, of course, will rest with the Senate, but we could not get on unless at the meeting itself those who represented the Senate were able to tell us what the University thought about this or that question which may come up for discussion. At this meeting we shall explain what are the objects of Government in the legislation which we contemplate. You will have an opportunity of saying how far you are in agreement or disagreement with those objects. I have every hope that when we have discussed the matter, we shall find that there is substantial agreement between us. The points on which we agree we can put into the Bill. When we have exhausted all the points on which we agree, there may be—I do not say there will be—some points on which we disagree. We will then discuss in the Conference itself the best way of dealing with those matters. I suggest that probably the best course will be for us to place at your disposal the services of a draftsman and for you to instruct him to put in the form of clauses the views you hold regarding either amendments of or additions to our Bill. When we reach that stage, we shall embody in the Bill the points on which we agree and shall omit those points on which we disagree. We shall then have before us an actual draft. This draft can be sent to the Senate and discussed by them. I suggest that we should then meet again with this draft and see whether we can come to an agreement and finally if there are points on which we fail to agree, the whole matter can be placed before the Government of India for their decision. We shall submit to them our Bill and you will, of course, be free to send up your alternative suggestions. Now I submit, gentlemen, such a procedure seems to me to be fair to all parties. I leave it to you. I ask no decision. I want you to consider the matter and to tell me if I have said anything with which you do not agree.

Let me conclude by expressing the hope that when we come to sit round a table and discuss fully and freely all the points at issue, it will be found that the differences between us are not so great as they have been represented. I have every hope that we shall be able to agree on the main points. If disagreement remains on some minor points, that disagreement should not be and I hope will not be such as to impair the friendly relations between the Government and the University, which ought, in the interest of both, to be preserved. It all depends on the spirit in which we come together. I can assure you that as far as Government is concerned, we shall meet you with the strongest desire to secure agreement. I shall spare no effort to achieve that end, I have every confidence that our meeting will be beneficial to the University if your representatives come in the same spirit.

My last word is this. In dealing with all questions concerning the University, I have no consideration other than what I conceive to be the benefit of the University. I have no concern either for my own personal reputation, or for that of anyone else. I may be right or wrong. But in the views which I hold I have no thought whatsoever except to promote, to the best of my abilities, the interests of the University, its teachers, professors and students.

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## UNIVERSITY LEGISLATION.

Since our last issue the question of University legislation has made further progress. The Conference at Government House held on the 12th July last was followed by the following correspondence;

FROM—SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL,
TO—THE REGISTRAR, CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY.

*Calcutta, the 28th July, 1923.*

With reference to your letter No. G-642, dated the 12th June, 1923, with which was forwarded copy of a resolution adopted by the Syndicate at their meeting held on the 9th June, 1923, dealing *inter alia* with the appointment of a representative committee to investigate the various matters connected with the Calcutta University legislation, I am directed to refer the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate to the speech delivered by His Excellency the Chancellor on the 12th July last to the members of the Senate in Government House. The Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate will perhaps agree with Government that in view of this speech it will be desirable to drop the committee suggested in the previous correspondence and to have a conference on the lines indicated by His Excellency the Chancellor. In accordance with the assurance given by him, I am now to communicate with you officially and invite your concurrence regarding the date on which the conference may be held and the procedure to be followed.

2. I am to inform you that the 20th of August at Government House at 9-30 A.M. would be a convenient date for His Excellency who desires to be present at the first meeting. It is proposed to invite representatives of the University as well as the representatives of the Government of Assam to this conference which will also be attended by two representatives of the Government of India whose function will be to help and advise, should any advice be sought. As regards the number and personnel of the University representatives, it is proposed that these will be settled in consultation with the Vice-Chancellor.

3. The Government of Bengal will place confidentially before this conference as a basis for discussion the two Bills dealing with Calcutta University and with secondary education, copies of which have already been submitted to the Senate. The representatives of the Senate and of the Government of Assam will then have an opportunity of stating whether they object to any legislation, what amendments they desire to make in these Bills, or what alternative proposals they desire to substitute for them. If, after discussion, agreement can be reached regarding the amendment of the Government Bills or the lines on which new Bills should be drafted, new drafts to carry out this agreement will be prepared and submitted to the Senate. Where there is disagreement regarding either amendment of the Government Bills or the substitution of alternative Bills, the conference will determine how to proceed, but I am authorised to state that the Government of Bengal would be prepared, should such a course be desired, to depute their draftsman to embody in the form of clauses the changes desired by the representatives of the University or of the Govt. of Assam. It is proposed that the conference should meet later in the year to discuss the revised drafts of the Government Bills and the clauses drafted on behalf of the University or of the Government of Assam. If then agreement is not reached on all points the Government of Bengal will submit their revised Bills to

the Government of India for the sanction of the Governor-General to introduce them into the Legislative Council. They will also forward to the Government of India, if so desired, the alternative proposals of the University and of the Govt. of Assam and the reasons why the Government are unable to accept them.

4. I am now to request that, with the permission of the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate, Government may be informed, at a very early date, whether the Senate have any suggestions to make with regard to the procedure and whether the date provisionally fixed will suit the University representatives.

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FROM—OFFG. REGISTRAR, UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA,

TO—

THE SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL,

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.

*Senate House, the 30th July, 1923.*

Your letter No. 2173 Edn., dated the 28th July, 1923. Pending consideration of your letter by the Syndicate and the Senate, I am directed by the Vice-Chancellor to request you to be good enough to communicate to me the number and personnel of the representatives of the Governments of Bengal and Assam on the proposed Conference. This information will be very helpful in the selection of our University representatives as there are members who are common to the University, the Legislative Council and the Government. As the Syndicate will meet on Thursday next it is desirable that the information should reach this office on or before that date.

A meeting of the Senate will be held early next month and a further communication will follow.

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FROM—SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL,

TO—THE REGISTRAR, CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY.

*Calcutta, the 2nd August, 1923.*

With reference to your letter No. G. 64, dated the 31st July, 1923, I am directed to say that as His Excellency the Governor is on tour, it is not possible to communicate to you the number

> and personnel of the representatives of this Government on the proposed University Conference. A further communication will, however, be made as soon as these questions are settled in consultation with him. Meanwhile to facilitate matters, I am to request that the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate will be so good as to inform Government the number and personnel of the University representatives on the Conference.
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> 2. The Government of Assam have already been addressed as regards their representatives.

On this correspondence the Syndicate on the 2nd August, 1923, recorded the following resolution.

> That the correspondence be placed before the Senate with the recommendation that the views of the Senate, as recorded below, be communicated to the Government in reply to their letters :—
>
> 1. That, while welcoming the Conference for the discussion of fundamental principles regarding University Legislation, the Senate is convinced that it is essential that the Conference should be followed by a Committee for a detailed consideration of the very large mass of important and complex facts involved in the question of reconstruction of the University.
> 2. That, as the number and personnel of representatives of Government on the Conference have not been indicated, the Senate should be allowed to elect the same number of representatives on the Conference as the Government of Bengal.
> 3. That, while the Conference may be appropriately opened by His Excellency the Chancellor, the Conference should have a Chairman and it is desirable that the Vice-Chancellor of the University should be the Chairman.
> 4. That, in view of there being holidays from 22nd to 24th August, it will be convenient if the Conference commences its sittings on the 22nd instant.

The Senate, on the 11th August 1923, passed these resolutions with modifications. The following motions were adopted:

Mr. Ramaprasad Mookerjee—

"That the Government be informed that if the Bills be treated as a basis for discussion in the Conference, the Senate Reports on the Bills should also be placed before that Body with the permission of His Excellency the Chancellor."

Professor Pramathanath Bannerjea—

"That, in the opinion of the Senate, it is desirable that the two bills dealing with the Calcutta University and Secondary Education together with the Reports of the Senate thereon be published at the time they are placed before the proposed Conference and that an authorised report of the proceedings as well as the conclusions of the Conference be made available to the public."

Professor C. V. Raman—

"That the delegates of the University be requested to press on the Conference the views of the Senate as expressed below :

(*i*) The Conference should be free to consider the whole question of University reconstruction, in its various aspects including finance ;

(*ii*) The recommendations of the Conference should be based on the Report of the Sadler Commission with such modifications as may be rendered necessary by financial or other considerations ; and that no useful purpose would be served by taking the two Government Bills as the basis of discussion.

(*iii*) To make any reconstruction of the University of any use, it is absolutely essential that the Governments concerned should grant the University financial assistance on a reasonable scale."

The following letter was subsequently received by the Vice-Chancellor from the Secretary to the Education Department on the 14th August :

"I notice that at the meeting of the Senate held on the 11th August last, a resolution was carried recommending, *inter alia*, that, in view of there being holidays from August 22nd to 24th, it would be convenient if the Conference on University Legislation commenced its sittings on the 22nd. His Excellency is, however, particularly anxious that he should attend the first meeting before he leaves for Darjeeling. He trusts, therefore, that the Senate will be able to accommodate him and agree to the Conference being held on the 20th instant, the date suggested in my official letter No. 2108 Edn., dated the 28th July 1923. The Government of India and the Government of Assam have agreed to send their representatives on that date.

The representatives of Government at the Conference will be—

(1) The Hon'ble the Minister.
(2) The Hon'ble Maharajadhiraja Bahadur of Burdwan.
(3) The Hon'ble Sir Abdur Rahim.
(4) Secretary to the Education Department.
(5) Director of Public Instruction.
(6) Mr. Stapleton, Secretary.

The Syndicate on the 16th August adopted the following resolution :

(*i*) That the following representatives be elected to the Conference :

The Vice-Chancellor.
The Hon'ble Justice Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, Kt., C.S.I.
Sir Nilratan Sircar, Kt., M.A., M.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

Rev. W. S. Urquhart, M.A., D.Litt.
Dr. A. Suhrawardy, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt., M.L.C.
Prof. Pramathanath Banerjea, M.A., D.Sc., M.L.C.

(*ii*) That Rev. A. E. Brown, M.A., B.Sc., be also elected as a representative of the Mofussil Private Colleges on the Conference if the Government sees no objection to the University having six representatives on the Conference in addition to the Vice-Chancellor.

The Senate confirmed the above resolution on the same date.

The Conference met on the 20th and 22nd August, 1923. The proceedings of the Conference were not open to the public, and no authoritative information is available as to the deliberations. His Excellency Lord Lytton presided throughout. The members present were as follows:

*I. Representatives of the Government of India*:

1. The Hon'ble Sir Narasimha Sarma, K.C.S.I., Member for Education, Executive Council of the Governor-General of India.
2. Mr. J. A. Richey, M.A., C.I.E., Educational Commissioner with the Government of India.

*II. Representatives of the Government of Assam*:

3. The Hon'ble Rai Bahadur P. C. Datta, B.L., Minister to His Excellency the Governor of Assam.
4. Mr. J. R. Cunningham, M.A., C.I.E., Director of Public Instruction, Assam.
5. Maulvi Abdul Karim, B.A.
6. Mr. Kamini Kumar Chanda, M.A., B.L.

*III. Representatives of the Government of Bengal*:

7. The Hon'ble Sir Bijay Chand Mahtab, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., I.O.M., Maharajadhiraja Bahadur

of Burdwan, Member, Executive Council, Bengal.

8. The Hon'ble Sir Abdur Rahim, Kt., M.A., Member, Executive Council.
9. The Hon'ble Mr. P. C. Mitter, C.I.E., M.A., B.L., Minister for Education.
10. Mr. J. N. Roy, O.B.E., Secretary, Education Department, Government of Bengal.
11. Mr. W. W. Hornell, M.A., C.I.E., Director of Public Instruction, Bengal.
12. Mr. H. E. Stapleton, M.A., Inspector of Schools, Dacca Division, Member and Secretary.

*IV. Representatives of the Calcutta University:*

13. Mr. B. N. Basu, M.A., B.L., Vice-Chancellor, Calcutta University.
14. The Hon'ble Justice Sir Asutosh Mookerji, Kt., C.S.I., M.A., D.L., D.Sc., Ph.D.
15. Sir Nilratan Sircar, M.A., M.D., D.C.L., LL.D.
16. Rev. Dr. W. S. Urquhart, M.A., D.Litt., Scottish Churches College, Calcutta.
17. Dr. Abdulla al Mamun Suhrawardy, M.A., Ph.D.
18. Rev. A. E. Brown, M.A., B.Sc., Wesleyan Mission College, Bankura.
19. Professor Pramathanath Banerjea, M.A., D.Sc.

It is understood that as a result of the discussions at the Conference, the Government of Bengal have asked the University Representatives to arrange to formulate provisionally proposals for reconstitution of the University. This is obviously the appropriate course to follow, and this is precisely what had been suggested on behalf of the Senate when the Government Bills were first sprung upon them.

The Syndicate on the 31st August, 1923, appointed a Committee to deal with the question.

The Committee has been constituted as follows :

Mr. Bhupendranath Basu, M.A., B.L.
The Honble Sir Asutosh Mookerjee, Kt., C.S.I., M.A., D.L., D.Sc., Ph.D.
Sir Nilratan Sircar, Kt., M.A., M.D., D.C.L., LL.D.
Mr. Herambachandra Maitra, M.A.
Mr. G. C. Bose, M.A.
Rev. Dr. G. Howells, M.A., Ph.D., B.Litt., B.D.
Rev. Dr. W. S. Urquhart, M.A., D.Litt.
Dr. Abdulla al Mamun Suhrawardy, M.A., Ph.D.
Mr. Pramathanath Banerjee, M.A., B.L.
Rev. A. E. Brown, M.A., B.Sc.
Professor Pramathanath Banerjea, M.A., D.Sc.

Mr. Pramathanath Banerjee will act as Secretary to the Committee.

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SIR RASHBEHARI GHOSE TRAVELLING FELLOWSHIPS.

The Board of Management of the Ghose Fund have nominated the undermentioned gentlemen for the Travelling Fellowships for 1923-24 :

(1) Mr. Probodhchandra Bagchi, M.A., University Lecturer in the Department of Ancient Indian History and Culture.

*Subject*—Chinese, Japanese and Tibetan.

(2) Mr. Surendramohan Ganguly, D.Sc., University Lecturer in the Department of Pure Mathematics.

*Subject*—Higher Pure Mathematics.

(3) Mr. Sahayram Bose, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer in the Carmichael Medical College, Calcutta.

*Subject*—Botany.

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## SIR HENRY HAYDEN.

We are deeply grieved to hear of the tragic death of Sir Henry Hayden who was for many years a Fellow of this University. In 1913 the University conferred on him the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Science in recognition of his valuable contributions to Indian Geology. It will be recalled that he was in our midst in December, 1921, when he revisited India as a member of the Committee appointed by the Government of India to report on the condition of the Tata Institute of Science at Bangalore. He had held out hopes of coming back to India to deliver a course of Readership Lectures embodying the result of his exploration of Tibet.

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## DR. NIKHIL RANJAN SEN.

Information has just been received that the University of Berlin has conferred on Professor Nikhil Ranjan Sen the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy for a dissertation which has been approved *magna cum lande.*

## JUBILEE RESEARCH PRIZE.

The Jubilee Research Prize for 1923 has been awarded to Mr. Jyotischandra Ghatak, M.A., who submitted a thesis on "The Dramas of Bhasa." The thesis was examined by Sir Asutosh Mookerjee and M.M. Ganapati Sastri of Trivandrum, both of whom commended it in high terms. The thesis will be published in the Journal of the Deptarment of Letters. Mr. Ghatak is now a Lecturer at the Diocesan College. He had a distinguished career and took his M. A. Degree in Sanskrit, Group I, 1918, in Ancient Indian History and Culture, 1919, and in Pâli, 1922.

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## TAGORE LAW PROFESSORSHIP.

We are disappointed to learn that the Tagore Law Committee has reported that the theses and introductory lectures submitted by candidates for the Professorship for 1924 are not of sufficient merit to justify the appointment of any of the candidates.

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## ANCIENT INDIAN CULTURE ASSOCIATION.

On the 31st August, the Post-Graduate Staff and the Post-graduate students of the Departments of Sanskrit, Pali and Ancient Indian History and Culture mustered strong under the presidency of Sir Asutosh Mookerjee to inaugurate the Ancient Indian Culture Association. Professor Bhandarkar and Dr. Barua explained the objects of the Association. We hope to place before our readers a fuller statement on the subject.

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## NEW PUBLICATION.

The University Press has just published the first instalment of Typical Selections in Assamese prepared by Srijut Hemchandra Goswami in the series started some years ago in furtherance of the scheme outlined by Sir Asutosh Mookerjee for higher study of Indian Vernaculars. The Typical Selections in Bengali by Dr. Dineschandra Sen; in Uriya by Mr. Bijoychandra Majumdar and in Hindi by Lala Sitaram have been welcomed by scholars, and Assamese is now included in the list. The next volume in the series, we are informed, will be on Guzrathi.

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## UNIVERSITY GRANTS IN ENGLAND.

Recently a large sum has been voted by the Parliament for the University of Cambridge. In England, women enjoy the full rights of citizenship, but Cambridge, still under conservative influence, refuses to admit women to full membership of the University. In this country such a grant would, therefore, have been saddled with conditions; but responsible members of the Parliament thought otherwise, for in England the public would not tolerate any inteference with University affairs. The *Observer*, an influential Sunday paper in its issue of July 22, very pertinently remarks :

> "Much as we regret that Cambridge has not yet seen fit to take the step, one day inevitable, of admitting women to full membership of the University, we are not sorry that the Commons declined to place them under the statutory duty of doing so. Only a week or two back Parliament voted money to the Universities without insisting upon the control of its expenditure, and wisely. The autonomy of the Universities is essential to the value and variety of the contributions they make to national life. They must remain responsible bodies. Parliament was well advised not to impose its wisdom upon Cambridge, especially in a matter where, in the fullness of time, Cambridge will come to wisdom by itself."

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## MR. P. D. MOOKERJEE ON CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE,
GENEVA.
*23rd May, 1923.*

League of Nations.

DEAR SIR,

Your book on the Co-öperative Movement in India has recently arrived at the International Labor Office and has been passed to me as Chief of the Co-öperative Service. I am very glad of this opportunity of stating that I have read it with great interest and profit, and can assure you that it will be favourably mentioned in our *International Labour Review*.

I may say that we have always been very anxious here to contribute towards spreading in other countries the knowledge of the growing Indian Co-öperative Movement, and have been very fortunate in securing from Mr. Henry Wolff on article on "the Co-öperative Movement and Labour in India" which appeared in the *International Labour Review* (February, 1922). Your book, which of course possesses greater fulness of documentation, will, I am sure, serve the same purpose.

Although it seems intended mostly as a reliable guide for Indian practical co-operators and also for students of Economics it shows such a sound and sympathetic understanding of fundamental principles and supplies such accurate and up to date information on the efforts, development and needs of the Indian co-operative movement and even of the various co-operative movements in other countries, that in my opinion it places the general public considerably in your debt.

Yours faithfully,
G. FAUQUET,
*Chief of the Co-operative Service.*

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## DR. GHOSAL ON HINDU POLITICAL THEORIES.

EDINBURGH,
4, CRAWFURD ROAD,
*25th July, 1923.*

DEAR SIR,

I am in receipt of your letter Misc. 8258-XXVIII of the 27th of June forwarding to me a copy of Dr. Upendranath Ghoshal's work on A History of Hindu Political Theories.

I have read with much interest this work, and I am glad to be able to say that I think it is unquestionably one of the most considerable contributions yet made to this interesting topic. The author's information is extensive, and, what is more important in this matter, his judgment is normally extremely sound, and his views are effectively and clearly expressed. His acceptance of the traditional date of the Arthasastra is a matter on which I disagree, but fortunately comparatively little turns in this case on the date.

I have accordingly to ask you to convey to the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate my high appreciation of their courtesy in sending me this work, and my sense of the valuable service which they are rendering to the cause of Indian studies by the publication of scholarly treatises of this kind which are calculated to remove prevalent misconceptions regarding Indian political thought.

Yours very truly,
A. BERRIDALE KEITH.

The Registrar, Calcutta University.

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## DR. BANERJEE ON HELLENISM IN ANCIENT INDIA.

Dr. Reinhart Muller of Harthau, the distinguished German critic, has recently noticed Dr. Gauranganath Banerjee's Hellenism in Ancient India, in the XXIst Volume of Mitteilungen zur Geschichte der Medizin und der Naturwissen-schaften, Berlin. We append below an English translation of the same:—

After an Introduction, the learned Indian Professor arranges his Book in these principal divisions: Greek Influence on the Art of India, Development of Scientific and Literary Culture in India and Greece, as also Independent Evolution of Religion, Philosophy, Mythology and Fables in these countries. In the middle portion, Chapters V and VI are devoted to Astronomy and Mathematics, the former in its relation to the Alexandrine School and the latter in its independent existence among the Hindus. The elaborate VIIth Chapter deals with the discussion on Medicine. Regard being had to the present position of scientific research, the author has not anything very new to say, yet his presentation and handling of the subject are notable. After a survey of the Medical Sciences in India, the dispute regarding their age and the denial of any foreign influence on them, the Anatomy and Physiology among the Greeks and Indians are dealt with exhaustively. Hippocrates is dated with all plausibility before Susruta. The success of post-mortem system of the Alexandrians is perhaps rated too high, just as Anatomy among the Greek artists. There is a comparative disparagement of the Talmud Osteology. Next is discussed the Burning of the Dead among the two peoples and finally, the analogy between the Indian and Greek Medicine which is drawn from Jolly and which is quoted in original, as also ample use has been made of other German authorities on the subject. To each chapter a bibliographical register is attached. A good Index concludes the work.

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In the May number of the "Indian Antiquary," *the leading Indian Journal of Research*, an illuminating review has appeared on Dr. Banerjee's book and we wish to quote it *in extenso.*

"It says much for Dr. G. N. Banerjee's handling of this important subject that his book has gone to a second edition in the year succeeding the appearance of the first. It is wide to a bewildering extent and demands for its adequate treatment a matured knowledge of many of those studies that make up the "humanities." Dr. Banerjee has shown himself to be not afraid of tackling any part of it.

Taking Hellenism to be the spread of Greek culture and the Hellenes to be the people who accepted the Greek mode of life, and contemplating the story of the give-and-take conflict of centuries between Greece and the lands intervening between it and India, and also of the lands within their respective borders in ancient times, one cannot but say that *primâ facie* the reciprocal influence must have been very great. How far that influence can be said to have been actually felt as regards India is the riddle that Dr. Banerjee has set himself to solve, so far as a solution is possible. He has not shirked his task and considers it from all points of view—architecture, sculpture, painting, coinage, astronomy, mathematics, medicine, writing, literature, drama, religion, philosophy, mythology, fables and folklore. The view is comprehensive enough in all conscience *and its study is history in excelsis.* Such a width of view demands an enormous amount of varied reading and what is more, an unusual capacity for absorption and assimilation of what is read. *Dr. Banerjee has grasped his nettles with a firm hand and has honestly attempted to crush out of them all that they have to give him. He has his opinions, but he states his grounds fairly, and though experts may find what appear to them to be flaws in apprehension and deduction, yet he is so transparently honest and fair that his views and efforts cannot but command respect.* He is not afraid of cross-examination and gives his authorities in a series of admirable bibliographies attached to each section of his work. These are not always as complete as they might be, but at any rate one does know exactly on what he bases the faith that is in him. *In this way he has produced a work that is a credit to him and his University.*

The results of his detailed study of his subject Dr. Banerjee sums up in a single sentence: "Greece has played a part, but by no means a predominant part, in the civilisation of ancient India." One is not disposed to quarrel with him in this general view. It is in the details that the interest lies, and here I would like to quote again and again from his pregnant pages; but obviously in a "review" one should leave the reader to Dr. Banerjee's paragraphs themselves. I will merely content myself with remarking that, however much one may be disposed to disagree with the individual opinions expressed by Dr. Banerjee, his book is well worth a scholar's examination."[1]

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## APPEAL FROM GOETTINGEN STUDENTS.

Ever since economic conditions arising from the depreciation of the German mark have steadily been becoming worse, the position of a great number of students of the Georgia Augusta University has become very precarious. Many of these students, who for some years past have been doing important research work, but have not yet completed their course are indeed being forced to discontinue their studies finally, owing to lack of funds and are forced to seek other work in order to earn a bare livelihood.

Therefore we, the foreign students of the Georgia Augusta University, feel ourselves called upon to appeal to all student-bodies of foreign Universities and in particular to our own compatriots, and to ask them to assist us in our efforts to assist German students and to come to the aid of German science.

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[1] The italics are ours.—ED. C. R.

From the University authorities as well as from the student-body of the Göttingen University we have received only kindness both now and before the war. Our wishes have been met in many ways and after careful consideration we are trying to requite them in some way by taking this step.

We must trust that our appeal for help will not pass unheeded and that a serious effort will be made to raise some funds of the older and really needy students of the Georgia Augusta University at Göttingen. Communications can be addressed to the committee of the foreign students at the Göttingen University:

Göttingen, Universitätsaula, Wilhelmsplatz I

van der Merwe (South Africa)
Reiffer (Switzerland)
Dobreff (Bulgsria)
Dr. Harada (Japan)
D. P. Rayshaudhuri (India)
Nanny Rydberg (Sweden)

Dr. Nikuradse (Georgia).
Wei (China Shanghai).
Dr. Taikalinos (Greece).
Gaviola (Argentine).
Dr. Fermin (Italy).

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## PROF. SYLVAIN LEVI.

Our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Probodhchandra Bagchi, University Lecturer, who was awarded a Ghose Travelling Fellowship last year to enable him to specialise in Chinese and Tibetan, continues to make satisfactory progress, as will appear from the following extract from a letter written by Professor Sylvain Levi :

*Paris, 1st August, 1923.*

"DEAR SIR ASUTOSH,

My young friend P. C. Bagchi has already sent an application to the University of Calcutta in order to get his travelling scholarship extended to next year. It is my pleasant duty to support his request through your kind commendation. The more I get acquainted with P. C. Bagchi, the more I am thankful to you for your entrusting him to my care. I have not to remind you the work he has been doing with me while in India, at Santi Niketan and in Nepal. After sailing from Colombo last October, he visited with me a good part of Indo-China; the very kind help of the French Government enabled him to make a thorough examination of the magnificent group of buildings known as "the Monuments of Angkor (*i.e.*, Nagor, Nagara) in Cambodia, the noblest and grandest remains of Indian civilisation in the Far East; he is undoubtedly the first Hindu traveller and scholar who could get such a technical acquaintance with these remains. In Southern Annam, too, he could also visit the monuments of old Champa; owing to the kindness of the French Resident, he could attend a Sivaite Puja performed in the "tower" of the Mia-trang; he was the first and, I am afraid, also the last Hindu to attend such a service, as, in spite of the efforts of the French administration, the relics of the Indian civilisation in Champa are disappearing very fast under the pressure of the Annamites. At Hanoi, in Tonking, he was admitted as a temporary "Pensionnarie" in the French School of Far Eastern Researches; there he found a magnificent library put at his disposal, and he spent one full month working—rather over-working—with the help of some fellow-students to make himself familiar with this field of Indian research, so much neglected or practically unknown in India. May I add that he made himself dear to everybody there on account of his lovely character and his steadiness at work?

After leaving Indo-China, we sailed to Japan. First we put up at Tokyo; the winter which happened to be severe proved rather trying for his weak constitution, and I felt for a time a real anxiety about him. Nevertheless he would not stop working, and although he did not find with the Japanese scholars and students in Tokyo the help I had hoped, still he pursued his study of Chinese literature and of Japanese language. Kyoto and the University of Kyoto proved much more hospitable; he could push on strongly his researches on Japanese Buddhism and the Buddhist literature in Japan—another step in his extensive inquiry in Buddhism he had started in Nepal.

He has already got a fairly good knowledge of practical French and when the vacations are over he will be perfectly able to follow any course of lectures in any French institution. His chief aim is, as it was understood before our leaving Calcutta last year, to prepare himself to be a sound Chinese and Tibetan scholar, for the sake of science and for the sake of a better knowledge of India. I have already introduced him to some of his professors who have given him initiatory directions.

I do not want to give you a report of the different works he is preparing for publication; I hope he will have sent it himself; but I ought to add that—in spite of a weak health which causes me some preoccupations,—the works he has in hands are proceeding well and will certainly be completed during his stay here. I am absolutely sure the will be highly creditable to Indian science.

I see from your last address published in the "Calcutta Review" that many books have been published by the University Press since I left India. Can I get some of them which are particularly interesting fo me, first of all the posthumous work of that splendid scholar Satischandr Vidyabhushana on the History of Indian Logic; next, Medhatithi' Version by Jha, and the Dhammapada of Barua and Mitra, and th History of Indian Medicine by Mookerjee? Can I get a regular despatch of the Journal of the Department of Letters, of which I possess onl a few numbers, that is Vol. II, Vol. VI (which I received from you per sonally, and Vol. IX in which my lecture was printed)?

While speaking of my lecture, I am reminded of the short, but hap days, I had in the University during the last year, and of the friend kindness you have shown me in so many occasions, of the deep emoti that pervaded me when I saw you, with our dear Rabindranath, com to the station to tell me a last farewell. Allow me to tell you sim and frankly that, though I had only a few opportunities to meet yo I keep and cherish a deep impression of your powerful personality, a that I follow with a loving admiration your noble struggle for the liber of this University to which I am proud to belong, and which, as a re and not nominal University, is entirely your work.

Believe me,
DEAR SIR ASUTOSH,
Yours very sincerely,
SYLVAIN LEVI.

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